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POETICAL
MISCELLANIES,

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J. PAYNE COLLIER.



LONDON.

1867.

TOTTELL'S MISCELLANY, published in	-	-	1557
PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES	-	-	1578
GORGEOUS GALLERY OF GALLANT INVENTIONS			1578
PHENIX NEST	-	-	1593
ENGLAND'S HELICON	-	-	1600
ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS	-	-	1600
DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY	-	-	1602

GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

TOTTELL'S "Songes and Sonettes", by Henry Earl of Surrey "and other", published on 5th of June, 1557 (although hitherto not supposed to have made its first appearance until 31st July in that year), has usually been considered our oldest Poetical Miscellany, and perhaps, strictly speaking, such is the fact; but the earliest collected edition of Chaucer's Works in 1532 (printed by Thomas Godfray) was a Miscellany consisting, in the main, of productions by him, but including also pieces by Lidgate, Occleve, Gower, Scoggin, and anonymous writers in prose and verse.

It is a new point, as far as we are aware, to deprive the author of "The Canterbury Tales" of a long and important prose production hitherto assigned to him, but to which, in our opinion, he has no claim. We refer to "The Testament of Love", written in imitation of Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, which last, there can be no doubt, Chaucer translated. Warton (*Hist. Engl. Poetry*, edit. 1824, p. 332) speaks of "The Testament of Love" as Chaucer's performance; and the dictum has been adopted, as far as we know, by all the great poet's biographers down to the last and best, Sir Harris Nicolas, in 1845. Nicolas adverts, indeed, to the contradiction

“The Testament of Love” seems to afford, especially as regards Chaucer’s committal to the Tower, and other personal matter; but still gives no hint that it may have proceeded from the pen of some contemporary. If we can at all successfully controvert the position, hitherto maintained, that it was Chaucer’s work, we thereby shew that all that it contains regarding the tumults in the City, the writer’s concern in them, and his imprisonment, does not apply to the author of “The Canterbury Tales”, who was undoubted owner of the five books of “Troilus and Cressida”.

We do not propose here to dwell upon this question, but rather to throw out a hint, and to make a quotation from the end of the “The Testament of Love”, in which the writer (if Chaucer) is made to bestow upon himself and upon one of his works most extravagant laudation. It seems to us impossible to suppose that a man of Chaucer’s genius and modesty (always coupled) would thus have written of himself: we quote *literatim* from the edition of 1532, in which, we believe, “The Testament of Love” first made its appearance.

“Qd Love, I shal tel the this lesson, to serve myne owne trewe servaunt *the noble philosophical poete in Englissh*, whiche evermore hym besyeth and travayleth right sore my name to encrease: wherfore al that wyllen me good owe to do him worship and reverence bothe: *trewly his better, ne his pere, in schole of my rules, coude I never fynde*. He (qd she) in a *treatise y^t he made of my servant Troylus* hath this mater touched, and at the ful this questyon assoyled. *Certaynly his noble sayenges can I not amende: in goodnes of gentyl manlyche speche, without any maner of nycite of staries ymagynacion, in wytte, and in good*

reason of sentence, he passeth al other makers. In the boke of Troylus the answer to thy questyon mayste thou lerne," etc.

We only ask whether anybody can imagine that Chaucer would have thus written of himself and of his poetry? We answer no; and we are persuaded that the reader, however unlikely the position may at first appear, will be of our opinion, that in future "The Testament of Love" ought to be excluded from the genuine works of the writer of "Troylus and Creseyde". It is not at all probable that these expressions should have been interpolated; and we may add, that a careful perusal of the whole treatise, and a comparison of style, have confirmed our impression, that "The Testament of Love" was not by Chaucer, but by some admiring imitator of his translation of Boethius.

We have only mentioned this point incidentally, with reference to what we may call "Godfray's Miscellany", and to our series of Poetical Miscellanies, beginning with that of Tottell in 1557. The earliest edition has been hitherto thought to be of the 31st July, 1557; but we have shewn that bibliographers have been mistaken on the point, and that it came out nearly two months in advance of that date. The differences between the two copies are innumerable: in the first poem there are nearly as many changes as lines, though none of them so important as they afterwards appear to be. Suffice it to say, that we have implicitly followed the edition we had the good fortune to discover; and our text represents the true language of the various poets, and the manner in which the pieces were originally arranged, without the corruptions which were multiplied in every reprint from 1557 to 1587, when, in the hands of Robert

Robinson, the printer, it may be said to have reached the climax of misrepresentation.

It should seem that Tottell, when he first put the work to press, was only in possession of some scattered pieces by Lord Surrey "and other", as the title-page expresses it; but, before he finished the work, he had obtained additional productions, especially by Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt; and these he added, as it were, by way of supplement to the volume. It is probable, also, that he obtained some more specimens of versification by poets whom he calls "uncertain authors", and whose names (excepting that of Nicholas Grimoald, who was an abundant contributor) he does not give. Among these we now know that Sir Francis Bryan, Lord Vaux, and Thomas Churchyard are to be mentioned. When Tottell prepared his second impression of 31st July, 1557, always hitherto mistaken for the first, he incorporated the whole of Surrey and Wyatt, and made some other changes, but not of moment, adding subsequently an index of the whole collection. Everybody at all acquainted with the history of our literature will be well aware of the value of all these productions, which may be looked upon as the earliest revival of a true taste for poetry, after a dreary century between the death of Chaucer and the birth of Surrey.

Nineteen years elapsed between the publication of Tottell's Miscellany and the appearance of our next work of the same class—"The Paradise of Dainty Devices". It was the enterprise of a printer of the name of Disle; and, instead of only one poet figuring on the title-page as the principal contributor, we find nine, three of them being designated by initials. The first name

is that of St. Bernard, who, in fact, has no right to a place, inasmuch as the translation, or enlargement, of some of his monkish Latin verses, by a person who subscribes "My Luck is Loss", is the whole foundation of his claim. The other contributors are, the Earl of Oxford, under his initials E. O.; Lord Vaux; Dr. Edwyn Sandys, under his initials; Francis Kinwelmarsh, under the initials F. K., but in the body of the work named at length; M. Bewe, of whom nothing is recorded; R. Hill, whose name is once printed as R. Hall; and M. Yloop, supposed to be Pooly inverted. The above names occupy the centre of the title-page in 1576, but above them the reader is informed that most of the poems in the volume were "devised aud written" by "M. Edwards, sometimes of her Majesty's Chapel", then dead. Several pieces are anonymous, and others by versifiers such as Hunnis, Rich, Lloyd, Thorn, Candish, Boucher, and Marshall, regarding whom few particulars, or none, have reached our time.

Our reprint has been made from an impression issued by the same printer and stationer in 1578, of which no notice has anywhere been taken, beyond the acknowledgment of its existence. It differs in many important respects from the first and second editions in 1576 and 1577: even the names of the contributors vary; for M. Bewe is entirely omitted; the initials D. S. are converted into D. Sand; "the elder" is added to Lord Vaux; F. K. becomes F. Kindlemarsh; and W. Hunis, or Hunnis, is substituted for R. Hill, or Hall. Edwards still continues on the front; but the other eight names are crowded under the arms of Lord Compton, the dedicatee, at the back of the title. Nor is this all; for, in the course of the work,

the names printed at the ends of the poems are materially changed ; new pieces in verse are inserted ; and others, imperfectly given in the impressions of 1576 and 1577, are corrected and completed. "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" became exceedingly popular, and it is quite evident that Disle put forth his impression of 1578 to set right many of the errors of his previous editions.

Such, in fact, has been our chief reason for reprinting it, and we may briefly illustrate the point by two or three instances. On p. 20 of our reprint is a poem headed "No Pleasure without some Payne," and the signature is W. R., meaning Walter Raleigh: it is his earliest production in verse, unless we give precedence to his lines before Gascoyne's "Steele Glasse"; and it is highly characteristic of the philosophical spirit and tone of Raleigh's mind: by the first edition of 1576, and by that of the next year, he was deprived of this excellent specimen, and it was attributed to E. S., which might denote the Earl of Surrey, but was probably meant for Dr. Edwin Sandys. In the interval between 1576 and 1578, Disle had, no doubt, ascertained the real authorship, and therefore properly transferred the stanzas to their owner Raleigh. On the very next page of the edition of 1576 are four stanzas given to D. S., while the impression of 1578 shews that they belong to W. Hunnis. On p. 35 of our reprint is a poem by Churchyard, against "The fond affectes of Love", which, in the edition of 1576, is not only without a name, but without the two concluding stanzas. On p. 118 of our reprint we recover a long poem by Whetstone, of the existence of which we know on no

other authority than our copy of 1578. It would be easy to multiply proofs of the same kind, as regards Edwards and other poets of higher distinction; but we have said enough to establish the peculiar value of our unique exemplar of 1578, which now, even by our very limited number of impressions, is happily placed beyond the reach of destruction—one great object we always keep in view.

We have next to speak of “The gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions”, which came out in 1578; and, from the title-page, we learn that T. P., *i.e.*, Thomas Proctor, was the editor of it. The poems, we are told, were “first framed and fashioned in sundry forms by divers worthy workmen of late days, and now joined together and builded up by T. P.” He was the son of John Proctor, Master of Tunbridge School; and we had the good fortune to discover the entry at Stationers’ Hall, by which, on 17th August, 1584, that son was made free of the Company. It is very evident, however, that Owen Roydon (father no doubt of Mathew Roydon) also lent his aid to “The Gorgeous Gallery”, especially near the commencement, for he not only wrote a preliminary address “to the curious company of Sycophants”, but the leading poem in the volume. Our notion is, that he was the editor of the earlier portion, and that Thomas Proctor’s duties began principally with that share of the work, which, on p. 100 of our reprint, is headed “Pretty Pamphlets by T. Proctor.” Possibly, Owen Roydon died while the work was in progress, and left the completion of it to Proctor.

The reprint of “The gorgeous Gallery” in vol. i of *Heliconia*, has many variations from the original, some of comparatively

little importance, but others of more consequence, the most noticeable being the omission of two entire pages. This want we have been able to supply, owing to the discovery of the only perfect copy in existence in the evidence-room of a noble family. After Thomas Proctor had been made free of the Stationers' Company, he put forth in his triple capacity of author, printer, and publisher, a small work in verse, of which no notice has ever been taken by any bibliographer, called "The Triumph of Truth". We have reprinted it separately for the sake of completeness, not on account of any intrinsic value it possesses, although it contains some curious traits of the manners and opinions of the time. Proctor seems to have been not only a strong Protestant, but a rigid Puritan.

The two miscellanies last noticed belong, it may be said, to the older school of Elizabethan poetry; but the next in point of date, published after a lapse of about fifteen years is in a more advanced style of imaginative composition, with such improvements in language and sentiment as give the poems a character distinct from nearly all that had gone before them.

"The Phoenix Nest" bears date in 1593, and, to use the words of the title-page, was "set forth by R. S., of the Inner Temple, Gentleman." A question has naturally arisen, Who was R. S. ? to which no satisfactory answer has yet been given. Certainly not Robert Southwell, a Roman Catholic priest executed in 1596, who had never been "of the Inner Temple", although that supposition has been entertained and encouraged. It seems more likely that Robert Smith, who in 1578 had entered a work of fancy at Stationers' Hall, may have been the editor of "The

Phoenix Nest", but still we have little more than identity of initials to support this claim. Whoever undertook the duty of selection and arrangement must have been well read in the poets of the time, and he resorted not merely to printed but to manuscript sources. Unquestionably, the finest and most original performance in the volume, "The Dream" of a lover, "written by a brave scholar and Master of Arts of both Universities", must have been derived from manuscript authority, and we nowhere else, either earlier or later, meet with it in a printed shape. Robert Greene was accustomed to place upon his title-pages *Utriusque Academicæ Magister*, but, if the poem were from his ready pen, it exceeds in sentiment and expression anything else he has left behind him: it has none of his affected phrases and artificial allusions and illustrations, and displays a degree of simplicity, pathos, and power, that we think beyond his capability. If it be his, it possesses more genuine feeling and true passion than are, perhaps, to be found in all his other works.

It is a remarkable circumstance connected with "The Phoenix Nest", as it appears in *Heliconia*, 1815, 4to, that, in this very "Dream", distinguished as it is for excellence above any other production in the miscellany, and consisting of so many admirable seven-line stanzas, no fewer than six of them are entirely omitted, not one after the other, which might have arisen from some extraordinary oversight, but in five different places. How to account for such editorial carelessness we are utterly at a loss; and it throws into complete shade other errors, and they are certainly numerous, in that reprint. The collection commences with a prose vindication of the Earl of Leicester, and we may infer that

it was written soon after his death, though not printed until 1593, and possibly it was the authorship of the editor of the volume, which is nearly all in verse, Thomas Lodge, under his initials, being a main contributor: he is always seen to most advantage as a lyrical poet, and some of his best specimens of this kind are contained in the work under consideration, and were derived from his "Phillis", which also bears the date of 1593. It is a great deficiency in "The Phoenix Nest" that not a single writer's name is found at length in it, and comparatively few initials but those of T. L. and Nicholas Breton.

In this particular "England's Helicon", published in 1600, leaves little to be desired: in general the names of poets are inserted, although without any hint as to the work laid under contribution: some few authors are designated by initials only, but more commonly both Christian and surname are appended. Thus we have Edm. Spenser, W. Shakespeare, Phil. Sidney, Thom. Lodge, Michael Drayton, Ro. Greene, Tho. Watson, Geo. Peele, N. Breton, Rich. Barnfield, John Wootton, Edmund Bolton, Bar. Yong, etc., together with various initials such as S. W. R. for Sir Walter Raleigh, S. E. D. for Sir Edward Dyer, H. C. for Henry Constable, M. F. G. for Master Fulke Greville, and others, including the Earls of Surrey and Oxford. Two or three pieces are subscribed Ignoto, Anonymus, and Shep. Tonie, indications not satisfactorily explained; and we may notice it as a singular omission, that not a line was derived from Samuel Daniel, then more popular than his poetical rival Drayton. John Bodenham was avowedly the editor of the whole work, and hence we may be disposed to infer that he and Daniel were not upon good terms. Possibly, Daniel was then under a cloud.

The same remarks will apply to the second impression of "England's Helicon" in 1614: many additions were made to it, but not one by a man whose popularity had been daily increasing—Daniel. "England's Helicon", in 1614, was introduced by three quatrains and a couplet (meant for a regular sonnet) subscribed Richard More, and he enlarged the collection; but inasmuch as the first edition in 1600, consisting of so many celebrated original poems, has never been reprinted, either in ancient or modern times, and as it is a work of extreme rarity and value, we have thought it a proper subject for our series of Poetical Miscellanies. For this purpose we have had the unusual advantage of the use of three separate copies; and we may state that they all differ, more or less, in minute particulars, and in at least one place of importance to the sense. In a poem headed "The Sheepheards Sonnet" (p. 225 of our reprint), a copy kindly sent to us from the North, reads—

"Some come for Loves paine,"

which is nonsense in the place where the line occurs; while in our own exemplar, and in one other we have consulted, the words and meaning of the author are restored by this alteration,

"*Some comfort for Loves paine.*"

The blunder, like many more, must have been perceived while the last sheets of "England's Helicon" were passing through the press in 1600, and the beneficial change then introduced. This peculiarity has not hitherto been pointed out, probably on account of the difficulty in bringing copies together for collation: and in

the edition of 1614 the reading properly is "Some comfort for Loves paine."

The original edition of "Englands Parnassus", 1600, 8vo, is one of the most incorrect works we have ever had occasion to examine. We are not informed who was the printer of it, because there is no printer's name at the bottom of the title-page: the publishers only place their initials there, N. L., C. B., and T. H., almost as if they were ashamed of the book. N. L. is clearly Nicholas Ling, whose device of the fish and the honeysuckle occupies the centre: C. B. is probably Cuthbert Burby; and T. H. certainly Thomas Hayes; the last name being found at length on some copies of the book, although we have never had an opportunity of seeing one with this distinction. Cuthbert Burby, we believe to have been the brother of Richard Burbadge, the great Shakespearean actor: Richard Burbadge unquestionably had a brother settled in London of the name of Cuthbert; and the one being a player and the other a stationer, it is not unlikely, in the then carelessness about names, that, for the sake of distinction, one called himself Burby and the other Burbadge. Of course our notion is only to be received as a conjecture; and we must admit that we know of no book at the bottom of the title-page of which the names appear in the form of Cuthbert Burbadge.

Besides the variation already mentioned on the title-page, there are small differences in the text of some copies of the volume; but although the original list of *Errata* is large, few of the variations seem to have been adopted for the sake of correcting textual misprints. We may here point out one of a

peculiar character, for which it is not easy to offer an explanation, seeing that it only substitutes one blunder for another. On p. 478 of the original impression, we commonly find a quotation attributed to Dekker (which, like various others, we happen not to have met with), concluding thus :—

“A wanton Hyacinth held downe his head,
And by the winds helpe oft stole may abide.”

In another copy, also before us, the passage is made to end as follows :—

“A wanton Hyacinth held downe his head,
And by the winds helpe oft stole man a kisse.”

Both are nonsense as they stand ; but although we do not know the poem from which the two lines are taken, we may pretty safely conclude that the second is nearer what Dekkar wrote, and that for “man a kisse” we ought to read *many a kisse* ; but how “many a kisse” came to be misprinted *may abide*, we can only imperfectly guess.

This blunder is certainly not more unauthorised than hundreds of other absurd mistakes in the course of the 524 octavo pages ; and after having gone patiently through the whole of them, and compared most of the extracts with the original works from which they were taken, we are sure that we are far within bounds when we say that “England’s Parnassus”, as it appears in the edition of 1600, contains twice as many gross errors as pages, some of them being most preposterous. We have very rarely cited the title of a work quoted without having taken the opportunity of comparison and correction : where we could not collate, we have unavoidably left the passage as it had

been left by the editor at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Whatever we have accomplished in this respect, may be said to have been the result of not far from fifty years' labour; for although during the last ten years the writer of this notice has sought the whereabouts of comparatively few quotations, yet there was a period when no old poetry passed through his hands that he did not employ himself in tracing and correcting the two or three thousand citations in "England's Parnassus."

Here it may be fit to assure the reader that, from beginning to end, he will not find a single conjectural emendation: not a change is introduced that is not authorised by the original works, such editions having been generally chosen as were in print before the date when "England's Parnassus" was published. The failures of the editor of the reprint in *Heliconia*, when, for instance, he tells us that "forworne" means *worne before*, and that "trunchmen" are *trenchermen*, would be enough to warn us to resort rather to the books themselves, than to any speculative ingenuity.

Who was the editor of "England's Parnassus" in 1600 is a matter of speculation, our only guide being the initials R. A. appended to two preliminary sonnets, one of them addressed to Sir Thomas Mounson, and the other "to the Reader". The letters may belong to Robert Armin or to Robert Allot; but we are inclined to think that the former, if either, is the proper claimant; for if the latter had made the selections from contemporary poets, he would hardly have omitted all notice of his friend and namesake, Robert Toft, whose "Laura" had been printed in 1597, and his "Alba" in 1598, both containing pas-

sages of greater merit than many included in the volume. On the other hand, we must admit that most of the poems quoted seem to have been entirely out of the line of Armin's reading: he was a literary low comedian, and much employed, about the year 1600, at the theatres for which Shakespeare was a writer. Anthony Wood [*Ath. Oxon.*, ii, 607, edit. Bliss], with the cautious parenthesis of "tis said," tells us that Charles Fitzgeoffrey made "a collection of choice flowers and descriptions from the most renowned poets of our nation," and that it was printed "about the beginning of the reign of K. James"; but he adds, that after seeking for the book many years, he "could never get a sight of it." It is very possible that the author of "The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake," printed in 1596, had some hand in the preparation of "England's Parnassus": certain it is that his work is often quoted in it—perhaps oftener than the passages themselves merited.

This brings us to advert to the number of what may be called contemporary versifiers selected, as well as omitted. Forty-one are named, and about ten indicated by initials, or in some other more doubtful manner. In point of date, they commence with one or two writers in "Tottell's Miscellany," and end with Ben Jonson and Dekker, who both began to print in the very year of the publication of "England's Parnassus"; but many notorious and even excellent rhymers of the close of the reign of Elizabeth are altogether excluded, and among them we may enumerate Barnabe Barnes, Richard Barnfield, Nicholas Breton, Edward Dyer, Arthur Golding, Barnabie Googe, B. Gliffin, Joseph Hall, John Lilly, Anthony Munday, Walter Raleigh, Samuel Rowlands,

William Smith, Robert Toft, George Whetstone, Henry Wyloughby, and several others, either then living or only recently dead. These are certainly not such renowned names as those of Shakespeare, Spenser, Daniel, or Drayton; but their productions, and especially those of Barnfield, Breton, Googe, Hall, Raleigh, and Whetstone, might have furnished many worthy quotations. In fact, the editor's reading seems to have been somewhat limited: his plan obviously was to copy, or procure to be carelessly copied, passages under different headings, which he subsequently arranged, generally alphabetically, but often arbitrarily and inconsiderately; and so heedless was he in this respect, that citations are often repeated, sometimes with the interval of only a page or two. It constantly happens that famous passages belonging to one distinguished poet are attributed to another: thus, Shakespeare's speech by Gaunt in "Richard II" is transferred to Drayton; and we might refer to whole stanzas by Spenser that are attributed to Daniel. Other mistakes of this kind are abundantly strange, but R. A. arrived at his climax of blundering when he gravely assigned to Robert Greene the opening of a poem as well known as "Mother Hubbard's Tale"; and even the modern editors of Greene have failed to detect the ignorant misappropriation. In these cases we have done our best to restore property to its right owner, though we dare not flatter ourselves that we have always succeeded.

In endeavouring to accomplish this object, we have never misrepresented the original edition of "England's Parnassus." If Gaunt's speech be there imputed to Drayton, or a long passage in Daniel's "Civil Wars" be coolly handed over to Shakespeare,

we have left the names precisely as they stand in the old impression: what we have done has been, in our brief bracketted note immediately following each quotation, to point out the error and its remedy in the shortest possible form. The reader will thus at one view perceive how the matter actually stands in "England's Parnassus" of 1600, and how it ought to have stood. Some works, well known perhaps two centuries and a half ago, have now disappeared, and others are of extreme rarity: with a few, such as Sylvester and Hudson, the editor of the present reprint does not profess to be so well acquainted as with Spenser and Shakespeare. Several passages from still popular authors are not noted, and they may be safely left to the knowledge of the educated reader. It is to be added, that some of our memoranda, as to the rarer books where particular passages are to be found, were hastily made, but we believe our references in every instance to be correct. We offer the whole merely as an endeavour to accomplish what may be useful, and what has never before been attempted; the reader taking into account that from end to end of "England's Parnassus", as it came out in 1600, there is no hint at a single volume quoted, and that the representation there given of any poet's real words can never be trusted.

Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" forms the last miscellany of our series; and for the first time we have reproduced the earliest edition of 1602: it also re-appeared in 1608, 1611, and 1621, and all contain productions in verse until then unprinted, and well worthy of preservation. To many names were appended, but to others only initials, perhaps

then easily recognised. This deficiency is the more to be regretted, because a few of these pieces were the best of their kind in our language: thus, it has never been ascertained whom the letters A. W. represent; and he was the writer of an Eclogue "made long since upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney", the finest of the many tributes offered to the memory of the admirable, but perhaps somewhat over-estimated, poet-soldier: it contains, among other interesting allusions, an address to Spenser, as overcome with grief upon that occasion.

Here, too, we meet with information, not hitherto noticed, which is of importance with reference to Spenser's supposed praise of Shakespeare, in a disputed passage of his "Tears of the Muses", 1591. The words, "our pleasant Willy", there used, have been taken by many (and among them by the present writer) to apply to Shakespeare, and to him only; while others have argued that Sidney was intended. One main objection to the application of the words to Sidney was, that no proof had been adduced that the author of "the Arcadia" had ever been called Willy; but that proof we have since found in the first and other editions of the "Poetical Rhapsody" in an Eclogue to which the initials A. W. are appended: the lines are—

" We deem'd our Willy aye should live,

So sweet a sound his pipe could give :

But cruell Death

Hath stopt his breath :

Dumb lies his pipe that wont so sweet to sound."

This passage and others to the same effect are decisive of the point that one poetical name of Sidney was Willy; and therefore

it is still doubtful whether Spenser's words,

“ Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late”,

were intended to apply to Shakespeare or to Sidney (*Life of Spenser*, 1862, vol. i, p. lxxx). If we suppose them to relate to Shakespeare, we must take the words “is dead of late” to mean not the actual and natural demise of our great dramatist, but his imaginary and poetical death, in consequence of temporary silence as regards works for the stage. The lines we have quoted from A. W.'s pastoral were certainly intended to lament the absolute death of Sidney, in consequence of the wound he received before Zutphen : if, therefore, it fell to our lot to write the life of Spenser again, we might be inclined, on reconsideration, to take a somewhat different view of the important question ; and we feel bound, as conscientious critics and historians, to admit that we have hitherto taken up ground too positively in an opposite direction. Todd might be right in maintaining that Spenser did not allude to Shakespeare, but to Sidney, although he certainly did not know that Willy, as a poetical designation, had been applied to Sidney : that it was so we have on the evidence of A. W., who must have written soon after the information regarding his death had been received.

The first Eclogue, without any title, and with the motto, *Uni mihi Pergama restant*, is subscribed at length by Francis Davison, in the first edition ; and it is highly interesting, because it is written in the person of his father, the unfortunate scape-goat for Elizabeth's sin in the sudden execution of Mary Queen of Scots. In later impressions it has only the initials F. D. at the end of

it; and until we saw the impression of 1602, which we have exactly reprinted, we conjectured that they might have been an error of the press for W. D., and that William Davison, the father, was himself the author of the poem (*Bibl. Acc.*, 1865, vol. i, p. 187). We ought to add, that in the only extant copy of the earliest edition of "The Poetical Rhapsody" there is a lamentable deficiency of some pages, which we have been compelled to supply (as usual between brackets) from a later impression. The edition of 1611 was the last superintended by Francis Davison, who died before 1619: he had three brothers, Christopher, William, and Walter, and two sisters, who all survived him.

It is worth noting, with reference to the contents of "The Poetical Rhapsody", 1602, that it sets out with a mistake; for the "Two Pastorals made by Sir Philip Sidney", which we are told had been "never yet published", were printed in 1598, at the end of the folio edition of "The Arcadia". In the rest there is generally more novelty; and a great deal of interesting personal matter is contained in the earlier poems, chiefly written by the two brothers, Francis and Walter Davison: those, however, who have only seen the later impressions of the book will find these postponed, perhaps for the sake of novelty, to some happy compositions from the sprightly pen of Sir John Davys, author of "Orchestra", 1596, and of *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599. They will also there meet with a very imperfect copy of "The Lie", which has also been called "The Soul's Errand", and attributed to Sylvester, who, though a tolerable translator, was utterly incapable of a production so striking and original. The

most complete and accurate copy of it has come down to us in MS. of the time, with Sir Walter Raleigh's name, spelt Wrawley, prefixed to it, and there can now be no doubt that he is the rightful owner of it (*Bibl. Acc.*, ii, 224). There is no name to it in the "Poetical Rhapsody".

We may suspect, though we are without any distinct evidence on the point, that at least some of the poems signed "Anomos", one of which comes third in the impression of 1602, were by William Davison, the father, who thus employed and amused his fancy while resident, in exile from Court, at Stepney; and it is known that like, at least, two of his sons, he had a turn for versification. The "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, and Madrigals" by the two Davisons, Francis and Walter, begin on p. 48 of our reprint, and are continued until we arrive at the "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, and other Poesies" by T. W., *i. e.*, Thomas Watson, author of the "Ekatompathia", which had been printed in or about 1581, and who is supposed to have been dead ten years before the appearance of the "Poetical Rhapsody". The sonnets, subscribed "Melophilus", we are unable to dispose of. Most of the initials can be appropriated: H. W. is Henry Wotton; W. R. Walter Raleigh; and H. C. Henry Constable; while Sir Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville were also contributors. Th. Sp. was unquestionably one of the family of Spilman, or Spelman, into which Secretary Davison had married before 1575, when his son Francis is supposed to have been born. It has been concluded by some critics, among them Sir Harris Nicolas, that John Donne was the writer of the "Hymn in Praise of Music", and of ten

sonnets to Philomel; but unquestionably the first belongs to Sir John Davys, and possibly he was also the owner of the ten Sonnets which immediately follow the Hymn. Spenser's "Trimeter Iambics", on p. 191 of our reprint, had been published in his second letter to Gabriel Harvey, more than twenty years before they were inserted by Davison: we feel satisfied that the satirical verses on Women, which precede them, were by Raleigh, under his not unusual signature of *Iynodo*. The whole "Rhapsody" is ill arranged as to subjects, and no attempt at chronology is made, so that what comes last, viz., the two sonnets by H. C. (*i. e.*, Henry Constable) and the "Ode of Cynthia", ought to have been placed much earlier in the volume, which ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily.

Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody" concludes our series of seven early Miscellanies in verse; and no work at all resembling them, in fashion or material, made its appearance until many years afterwards. If reasonably supported, we shall hereafter apply ourselves to several rare works by separate poets, such as Turbervile's "Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonnets," 1567, and Whetstone's "Rock of Regard," 1576, which include pieces by their friends and contemporaries. Of the first only one exemplar is known, and of the last, at the utmost, two perfect copies: our object is, by means of a very limited impression, to render works of such rarity and value indestructible.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Riverside, Maidenhead,

1st August, 1867.

NOTICE.

It may be proper to state that I began to insert particular references to the quotations in "England's Parnassus" nearly half a century ago: I continued to do so, at intervals, as authentic editions passed through my hands; but sometimes my possession of them was brief, and I had only time to make a few memoranda. Although I may not afterwards have had an opportunity of correcting some of my notes, I am confident that they will be found accurate; and in the portion of the whole work now submitted to the Reader, containing I know not how many references, there are only a very few titles and figures that I have not comparatively recently tested. The entire series of my notes would have undergone this revision could I again have procured the use of the original volumes; but some works to which I formerly resorted are now in the silent receptacles of affluent collectors; while others, if not in our day unknown, are unique, or of extreme rarity.

Of course (with the single exception of one of Ben Jonson's plays) all the works cited in "England's Parnassus" appeared anterior to the year 1600; which may make it expedient for me to explain why, in two instances in particular, I should have trusted to editions of a subsequent date: those two instances are "The Mirror for Magistrates" and Warner's "Albion's England," both of them most frequently quoted in the ensuing pages. The fact is that both were published, and republished, in portions at different dates: of the first an entire reprint was made in 1610, and of the second in 1602; and as I could not, in my concise notes following each extract, always specify the various editions, I preferred the use of those which were most complete: the partial publication of "The Mirror for Magistrates" began as early as 1559, and of "Albion's England" in 1586. A similar reason induced me to prefer the edition of Sir John Davys' Works in

1602, and of Daniel's "Civil Wars" in 1609. For the rest, I may say generally, that I have resorted to the first or best impressions.

"Albion's England" is so often cited, without any very remarkable excellence in the lumbering lines, that I cannot help suspecting Warner to have been a private friend of the Editor of "England's Parnassus", whether Robert Allot or Robert Armin. I was at one time disposed to attribute the collection to the former; but I did not then sufficiently advert to the fact, that Robert Allot was on terms of intimacy with Robert Tofte, who published several more than passable poems in 1597 and 1598, not one line of which is introduced into "England's Parnassus". Hence we might infer that Armin, and not Allot, was the editor; for if Allot had discharged that duty, he could hardly have omitted all notice of the productions of his friend Tofte.

The extreme carelessness with which the two or three thousand quotations were huddled together may also lead to the belief that the applauded, and much employed, Comedian, Armin, was the person who performed the task. The extracts were probably copied on separate slips under different headings, and in doing so, as well as in the arrangement of them, egregious blunders were committed. The works of Shakespeare, Spenser, Drayton, Marlowe, Daniel, Lodge, etc., are frequently confounded; and identical passages are repeated, even at the interval of only one or two pages, while the gross mistakes in the text are beyond all calculation—hardly a page, in the five hundred and ten of which the work consists, is free from several. In all these cases it will be seen that I have done my best to restore the property, as well as the language, of the fifty or sixty poets of the reign of Elizabeth, whose many productions have been laid under contribution in "England's Parnassus". I have succeeded in pointing out the particular references in at least four-fifths of the instances where the editor supplied only the name of the author: from end to end he gives no other clue to the title of any volume he quotes.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

ENGLANDS

Parnassus:

OR

The choyest Flowers of our Moderne

Poets, with their Poeticall comparifons.

Defcriptions of Bewties, Perfonages, Castles,

Pallaces, Mountaines, Groues, Seas,

Springs, Riuers, &c.

Whereunto are annexed other various difcourfes,

both pleafaunt and profitable.



Imprinted at London for N. L. C. B.

and T. H. 1600.



TO THE RIGHT WOR-
*shipful, Syr Thomas Moun-
son, Knight.*

ENGLISH *Mæcen*as, bounties elder brother,
*The spreading wing, whereby my fortune flies,
Vnto thy wit, and vertues, and none other,
I consecrate these sacred Poesies ;*
Which whilst they live (as they must live for euer)
Shall giue thy honour life, and let men know
That those to succour vertue who perscuer
Shall conquer time, and Læthes ouerflow.
I pickt these flowers of Learning from their stem,
Whose heauenly Wits & golden Pens haue chac't
Dull ignorance that long affronted them,
In view of whose great glories thou art plac't,
That whilst their wisdoms in these writings flourish,
Thy fame may live, whose wealth doth wisdom nourish.

Your Worships humbly
at commaund.

R. A.

To the Reader.

I HANG no Iuie out to sell my Wine,
The Nectar of good witts will sell it selfe;
I feare not what detraction can define,
I faile secure from Enuies storme or shelve.

I fet my picture out to each mans vewe,
Limd with these colours, and so cunning arts,
That like the Phœnix will their age renewe,
And conquer Enuie by their good defarts.

If any Cobler carpe about his shoo,
I rather pittie, then repine his action,
For ignorance stil maketh much adoo,
And wisdom loues that which offends detraction.
Go fearles forth, my booke, hate canot harm thee,
Apollo bred thee, & the Muses arm thee.

R. A.

THE CHOYSEST FLOWERS

OF OUR

MODERNE ENGLISH POETS.

ANGELS.

FAIRE is the heaven where happie foules have place,
In full enjoyment of felicitie ;
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternall Majestie.
More faire is that, where those Ideas on hie
Enraunged be, which Plato so admirde,
And pure Intelligences from God inspirde.
Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do raigne
The soveraigne Powers and mightie Potentates,
Which in their hie protections do containe
All mortall princes and imperiall states :
And fairer yet, whereas the royall feats
And heavenly Dominations are fet ;
From whom all earthly governance is fet ;
Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are over dight ;
And those eternall burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light :
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,

Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne perfon, without rest or end.

[*Hymn on Heavenly Beauty*, 1596.]

ED. SPENCER.

And first composing of this number nine,
Which of all numbers is the most divine,
From orders of the Angels doth arise,
Which be contained in three hierarchies ;
And each of these, three hierarchies in three,
The perfect forme of true triplicitie :
And of the hierarchies I spake of erst,
The glorious Epiphania is the first,
In which the hie celestiaall orders bin
Of thrones, the cherub and the seraphin :
The second holds the mightie Principates,
The Dominations and the Potentates.
The Ephionia, the third hierarchie,
With Vertues, Angels, and Archangels bee.
And thus by threes we aptly do define,
And do compose this sacred number nine :
Yet each of these nine orders grounded be
Upon some one particularitie.

[*Endymion and Phæbe*, (1594), Sig. F. 3, b.]

M. DRAYTON.

Out of the hierarchies of Angels sheene,
The gentle Gabriell cald he from the reft.
Twixt God and foules of men that righteous beene,
Embassador is he for ever blest :
The iust commands of Heavens eternall King,
Twixt skies and earth he up and downe doth bring.

[*Windsfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. i. st. 11.]

ED. FAIRFAX. *Transl.*

Our walls of flesh that close our foules, God knew too
weak, and gave
A further gard, even every man an Angell guide to have:
And men to us be Angels, whilst they work our souls to
save.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. x, ch. 59.]

W. WARNER.

..... If Angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven stil guards the right.

[*Richard II*, 1597, Act iii, sc. 2.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is a vultur vile,
That feedeth upon the heart of pride,
And finds no rest, when all is tride :
For worlds cannot confine the one,
Th' other lifts and bounds hath none ;
And both subvert the mind, the state,
Procure destruction, envy, hate.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594, Chor. to Act ii.]

S. DANIELL.

Ambition ! fie upon thy painted cheek,
(Woe worth the beautie sleepest not with the face)
For thou art hatefull, foule, unfaire, unmeete ;
A poyson-painted pleasure, madsmen chase.
Thou reasonlesse desire, that makes men seeke
To kisse the same, whilst fire doth thee imbrace ;

Thou onely, strong difordered, rulest passion,
 Thou marst mens minds, and putst them out of fashion.

I. MARKHAM.

The golden chaine of Homers hie devise
 Ambition is, or curst avarice :
 Which all gods haling, being tied to Jove,
 Him from his setled height could never move.
 Intending this, that though that powerfull chaine
 Of most Herculean vigor, to constraine
 Men from true vertue, or their pristine states,
 Attempt a man, that manlesse changes hates,
 And is enobled with a deathlesse love,
 Of things eternall dignified above :
 Nothing shall stirre him from adorning still
 This shape with vertue, and his power with will.

[*Hymnus in Noctem*, 1594.]

G. CHAPMAN.

But O ! the greedy thirst of royall crowne
 That knowes no kindred, nor regards no right,
 Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe ;
 Who, unto him assembling forraine might,
 Made warre on him, and fell himself in fight :
 Whose death t' avenge, his mother mercilesse,
 Most merciles of women, Wyden hight,
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him murdered, pitilesse.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. 10, st. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

A diademe once dazeling the eie,
 The day too darke to see affinitie :

And where the arme is stretcht to reach a crowne,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown downe.

[*Epistle, Jane Gray to Dudley*, edit. 1599.] M. DRAYTON.

For realme-rape spareth neither kin nor friend.

[*Duke of Clarence*, edit. 1610, p. 390.] J. HIGGINS, *Mir. of Ma.*

Who fight for crownes, set life, set all to light ;
Who aime so hie, wil die, or hit the white.

[*Elstred, appended to Phillis*, 1593.] DOCTOR LODGE.

One riseth by an others fall, and some do clime so fast,
That in the clouds they do forget what climats they have
past.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, c. 22.] W. WARNER.

But eagle-winged minds that fly to nestle in the sun,
Their lofty heads have leaden heeles, and end where they
begun.

[*Ibid.*, B. iv, c. 22.] IDEM.

O ! fatall is the ascent unto a crowne,
From whence men come not down, but tumble downe.

S. DANIELL.

Like as the heaven two funnes cannot containe,
So in the earth two kings cannot remaine,
Of equall state : so doth Ambition crave,
One king will not another equall have.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. i.] THO. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Whom fo the mindes unquiet state upheaves,
 Be it for love or feare ; when fancie reaves
 Reafon her right, by mocking of the wit,
 If once the caufe of this affection flit,
 Reafon prevailing on the unbrideled thought,
 Downe falth he, who by fancie climbe aloft.

I. H. M. of Magist.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings* by Master D., edit. 1610, p. 428.]

Defire of rule within a climbing brest,
 To breake a vowe may beare the buckler best.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, 1575, Act ii, sc. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

In fome courts fhall you fee Ambition
 Sit, peeing Dedalus old waxen wings :
 But being clapt on, and they about to flie,
 Even when their hopes are bufied in the cloudes,
 They melt againft the funne of majestie,
 And down they tumble to deftruction.

[*Fortunatus*, edit. 1600, Sig. E 2.]

THO. DEKKER.

Better fit ftill, men say, then rife to fall.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. ii, st. 79.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Hlgh ftate, the bed is where misfortune lies,
 Mars, moft unfriendly when moft kind he feemes :
 Who climeth hie on earth, he hardeft lights,
 And loweft falles attend the higheft flights.

[*Ibid.*, B. ii, st. 70.]

IDEM.

As highest hils with tempest been most touched,
 And tops of trees most subject unto winde ;

And as great towers, with stone strongly couched,
Have heavy falles when they be underminde ;
Even so, by prooffe, in worldly things we finde,
That such as climbe the top of hie degree,
From feare of falling never can be free. I. H. M. of Magist.

[*Humphrey D. of Gloucester* by G. Ferrers, edit. 1610, p. 327.]

Ambition with the eagle loves to build,
Nor on the mountaine dreads the winter blast :
But with selfe-foothing doth the humour guild
With arguments, correcting what is past ;
Forecasting kingdomes, dangers unforecast ;
Leaving this poore word of content to such,
Whose earthly spirits have not his fiery tuch.

[*Mortimeriados*, edit. 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

For the ambitious once inur'd to raigne,
Can never brooke a private state againe.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, st. 29.]

S. DANIEL.

And warlike Cæsar tempted with the name
Of this sweet island, never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion !) hither came.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. 10, st. 47.]

ED. SPENCER.

[Ambition]

In princely pallace, and in stately townes,
It creepeth oft ; and close with it convaies,
To leave behind it, damage and decaies :
By it be love and amitie destroid ;

It breakes the lawes, and common concord beates :
Kingdomes and realmes it topfie-turvy turnes.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, 1575, A. i, s. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE

Be not ambitiously a king, nor grudgingly decline ;
One God did roote out Cis his stock, and raife up Jesses
line.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, c. 21.]

W. WARNER.

The aspirer, once attain'd unto the toppe,
Cuts off those meanes by which himselfe got up.

[*Civil Wars*, B. ii, st. 15.]

S. DANIEL.

Haughtie ambition makes a breach in hills,
Runs drie by sea amongst the raging scills.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. i.]

TH. HUD.

AFFECTION.

AFFECTION is a coale that must be coolde ;
Else suffered, it will fet the heart on fire :
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.

[*Venus and Adonis*, edit. 1593, st. 65.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Affection by the countenance is descride ;
The light of hidden fier it selfe discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betraies poore lovers.

[*Hero and Leander* by Ch. Marlowe, 1598, Sest. 2.] TH. MARLOWE.

..... Most wretched man !
 That to Affections does the bridle lend :
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 But soone, through sufferance, growe to fearefull end.
 Whil'st they are weake, betimes with them contend ;
 For when they once to perfect strength do growe,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battrie bend
 Gainst fort of reason, it to overthrowe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iiii, st. 34.]

ED. SPENCER.

AFFLICTION.

YET if Affliction once her warres begin,
 And threat her feeble sense with sword and fire ;
 The mind contracts her selfe, and shrinketh in,
 And to her selfe she gladly doth retire :
 As spiders, toucht, seeke their webbes inmost part ;
 As bees, in stormes, unto their hives returne ;
 As blood, in daunger, gathers to the hart ;
 As men seeke townes, when foes the country burne.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1599. Introd.]

I. DAYIES.

If ought can teach us ought, Afflictions lookes
 Making us pry into our selves so neare,
 Teach us to know our selves beyond all bookes,
 Or all the learned schooles that ever were.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

This made my senses quicke, and reason cleare,
 Reform'd my will, and rectified my thought :

So do the winds and thunders clenfe the aire,
 So working feaf fettle and purge the wine,
 So lopt and pruned trees do flourifh faire,
 So doth the fire the droffie gold refine.

[*Vosce Tripsium, ibid.*]

I. DAVIES.

AUDACITIE.

WHAT need we creepe the crosse to give unto a begging
 faint ?

Tulh, tulh, a fly for booke-love ! none be fortunate that
 faint.

[*Albions England*, B. vi, ch. 31.]

W. WARNER.

Things out of hope are compaft oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commiffion :
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then wooes beft, when moft his choice is froward.

[*Venus and Adonis*, st. 95.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Blufhing and fighing Theseus never strove
 To wooe and winne Antiope his love.

I. WEEVER.

..... When all is done that do we may,
 Labour we, forrowing all the night, and fuing all the day ;
 The female-faultie custome yeelds leffe merit, greateft pay ;
 And ventrous more then vertuous means doth bear the
 bel away.

[*Albions England*, B. vi, ch. 31.]

W. WARNER.

ART.

ART hath a world of secrets in her powers.

M. DRAYTON.

Art curbeth nature, nature guildeth Art.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598.]

J. MARSTON.

Things fencelesse live by Art, and rationall die

By rude contempt of Art and industrie.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 4.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Art hath an enemy cald ignorance.

B. JOHNSON.

Arts perishe, wanting honour and applause.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1596, Ecl. 3.]

D. LODGE.

... Arts best nurse is honours chaste desire,

And glory sets all studious hearts on fire.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

THO. STORER.

Art must be wonne by art, and not by might.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. iii, st. 55.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Valour and Art are both the sonnes of Jove ;

Both brethren by the father, not the mother :

Both peeres without compare, both like in love ;

But Art doth seeme to be the elder brother,

Because he first gave life unto the other,

Who afterward gave life to him againe ;

Thus each by other doth his life retaine.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 152.]

CH. FITZ. JEFFERY.

Art is nobilities true regifter ;
 Nobilitie Arts champion ftill is faid ;
 Learning is fortitudes right calender,
 And fortitude is learnings faint and aide :
 Thus, if the ballances twixt both be waide,
 Honour sheelds learning from all injurie,
 And learning honour from blacke infamie.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, st. 153.]

CH. FITZ. JEFFERY.

Vaine is the Art that feeks it felfe for to deceive,

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. vi, st. 40.]

ED. SPENCER.

AVARICE.

AND greedie Avarice by him did ride
 Upon a camell, loaden all with gold ;
 Two iron coffers hung on either fide,
 With precious mettall full as they might hold :
 And in his lap an heape of coyne he tolde ;
 For of his wicked pelfe his god he made,
 And unto hell himfelfe for money folde :
 Accurfed ufurie was all his trade,
 And right and wrong alike in equall ballance waied.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. 4, st. 27.]

ED. SPENCER.

Forth of a desart wood an ugly beaft
 There feem'd to come, whose fhape was thus defined :
 Eares of an affe, a wolfe in head and breaft,
 A carkaffe all with pinching famine pined ;
 A lyons grifly jawe, but all the reft
 To fox-like fhape did feeme to be enclined :

In England, France, in Italy and Spaine,
 Yea, all the world, this monſter ſeem'd to raine.
 Where ere this cruell monſter ſet his foote,
 He kild and ſpoyld of every fort and ſtate;
 No height of birth, or ſtate, with him did boote,
 He conquer'd kings and clownes, all in like rate:
 Yea, this beaſts power had tane ſo deepe a roote,
 It entred in Christs vicars ſacred gate,
 And vexed cardinalls and biſhops chiefe,
 And bred a ſcandall even in our beliefe.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxvi, ſt. 27.]

S. J. HARR.

Python, whom Phœbus kil'd with thouſand darts,
 Was monſter leſſe then this, by hundred parts.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, ſt. 37.]

IDEM.

[*Eriphilaes armor.*]

In vaine it were for to declare in verſe,
 How ſumptuouſly her armour all was wrought;
 All ſet with ſtones, and guilt with Indian gold,
 Perfect for uſe, and pleaſant to behold.
 Mounted ſhe was, but not upon a ſteede,
 In ſtead thereof ſhe on a wolfe doth ſit;
 A wolfe, whoſe match Apulia doth not breede,
 Taught to obey, although ſhe uſ'de no bit;
 And all of ſandy colour was her weede:
 Her armes were thus, (for ſuch a champion fit)
 An ugly toade was painted on her ſhield,
 With poyſon ſwolne, and in a fable field.

[*Ibid.*, B. vii, ſt. 4.]

IDEM.

..... Avarice, all arm'd in hooking tenters,
 All clad in birdlime, without bridge she venters
 Through fell Charibdis and false Syrtes neffe;
 The more her wealth, the more her wretchednesse.
 Cruell, respectlesse, friendlesse, faithlesse else,
 Those foule base figures in each dunghill-poole;
 Like Tantalus, starv'd in the midst of store:
 Not that she hath, but what she wants she counts;
 A well-wing'd bird, that never loftie mounts.

[*Furies, from Du Bartas.*]

I. SYLVISTER, *Transl.*

Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And lowe abase the hie heroike spirit,
 That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend.

ED. SPENCER.

We, aged, cark to live, and leave an overplus in store,
 Perhaps for spend-alls; so, amidst abundance, live we pore.

[*Albions England, B. v, c. 24.*]

W. WARNER.

Those that much covet, are with gaine so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they possesse,
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond;
 And so, by hoping more, they have but lesse;
 Or gaining more, the profit of excesse
 Is but to surfet, and such griefes sustaine,
 That they prove banckrout in this pore rich gaine.

[*Lucrece, edit. 1594, st. 20.*]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Those that will all devour, must all forgoe.

[*Comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600.*]

THO. DEKKAR.

Content thee with unthreatened mean, and play not Aesops
dog,
The gold that gentle Bacchus gave did greedy Mydas
clog :

[*Albions England*. B. iv, c. 21.]

W. WARNER.

Commit not treasure with thy child to greedy-minded
men ;

Thou leavest Polydor a spoile to Polymnestor then.

[*Ibid.*, *Ibid.*]

IDEM.

BEAUTIE.

FOR facred Beautie is the fruit of sight,
That curtesie that speakes before the toong ;
The feast of foules, the glory of the light,
Envy of age, and everlasting yoong ;
Pitties commaunder, Cupids richest throne,
Musicke entraunced, never duly fung ;
The summe and court of all proportion.
And, that I may dull speeches best afford,
All rhethorickes flowers, in lesse then in a word.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, edit. 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Bewtie, borne of heavenly race :
Bewtie, (daughter of marvaile) ô see how
Thou canst disgracing sorrowes sweetly grace,
What power thou shew'st in a distressed browe,
That mak'st affliction faire, giv'st teares their grace.
What ! can untressed locks, can torne rent haire,
A weeping eye, a wailing face, be faire ?

I see then artlesse feature can content,
And that true Bewtie needs no ornament.

[*Delia*, Son. 1592.]

S. DANIELL

..... Bewtie is the bait, which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kinde ;
Bewtie, the burning lampe of heavens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble minde ;
Against whose power nor God nor man can finde
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
But being hurt, seeke to be medicinde
Of her, that first did stirre that mortall stownd.

[*Colin Clouts come home again*, 1595.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Bewtie is womans golden crowne,
Mans conquereffe, and feminine renowne :
Not joind with love, who deare yet ever fold it ?
For Bewties cheape, except loves eye behold it.

I. WEEVER.

..... Bewtie is an adamant to all :
Yea, Bewtie, natures ivie-bush each passenger doth call.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. 26.]

W. WARNER.

Seldome wants guefts, where Bewtie bids the feast ;
Mens eyes with wonders never are suffised ;
At fairest signes best welcome is furnished :
The shrine of love doth seldome offrings want,
Nor, with such counsell, clients never scant.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 33.]

M. DRAYTON.

All orators are dumbe when Bewtie pleadeth.

[*Lucrece*, st. 40.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Bewtie it felfe doth of it felfe perfwade
The eyes of men, without an orator :
What needeth then apollogies be made,
To fet forth that which is fo fingular ?

[*Lucrece*, st. 5.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Nought under heaven fo strongly doth allure
The fenfe of man, and all his minde poffeffe,
As Bewties lovely bate ; that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigor to repreffe,
And mightie hands forget their manlineffe :
Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treffe,
That can with melting pleafance mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and crueltie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. 8, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

O how can Bewtie maifter the moft ftrong,
And fimple truth fubdue avenging wrong ?

IDEM.

No armour might be found, that can defend
Tranfpiercing raies of chriftall pointed eyes.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 26.]

S. DANIELL.

Hard is that heart which Bewtie makes not foft.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. iv, st. 77.]

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

..... Who fo young that loves not ?
Or who fo olde that womens Bewtie moves not ?

W. WEEVER.

D

A sparke of Bewtie burns a world of men.

W. WEEVER.

For what is Bewtie, if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, unleffe admir'd;
And though admir'd, unleffe in love desir'd?
Never were cheekes of rofes, locks of amber,
Ordain'd to live imprisoned in a chamber.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, st. 73.]

S. DANIELL.

Nature created Bewtie for the view,
(Like as the fire for heate, the sun for light)
The faire do hold this priviledge, as due
By auntient charter, to live most in sight,
As she that is debar'd it hath not right:
In vaine our friends from this do us dehort,
For Bewtie will be where is most resort.

[*Ibid.*, st. 74.]

IDEM.

All excellence of shape is made for sight,
To be a beetle else were no defame:
Hid Bewties lose their ends, and wrong their right.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Why, Heaven made Bewtie, like her selfe, to viewe,
Not to be lockt up in a smoakie mewe:
A rofie tainted feature is heavens golde,
Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.

[*Epistle, King John to Matilda*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

The ripest corne dies, if it be not reapt;
Bewtie alone is lost, too warily kept.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

It hath bene through all ages ever seene,
That with the praise of armes and chivalrie
The prize of Bewtie still hath joyned beene,
And that for reasons speciall privitie,
For either doth on other much relie ;
For he, me seemes, most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villanie ;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. 5, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

For Bewtie is more glorious bright and cleare,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight ;
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

[*Ibid.*, B. vi, c. 7, st. 29.]

IDEM.

Rich Bewtie, that each lover labours for,
Tempting as heapes of new-coynd glowing golde,
(Rackt of some miserable treasurer)
Drawes his desires, and them in chaines enfold,
Urging him still to tell it, and conceale it :
But Bewties treasure never can be tolde,
None can peculiar joy, yet all must steale it.
O Bewtie ! this same bloodie siege of thine
Starves me that yeeld, and feeds me till I pine.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

O Bewtie ! still thy empire swims in blood,
And in thy peace warre stores himselfe with foode.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Ah, Bewtie ! fyrene faire, enchaunting good ;
 Sweete silent rhethoricke of perfwading eyes ;
 Dumbe eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
 More then the wordes, or wifedome of the wife ;
 Still harmony, whose diapazon lies
 Within a brow, the key which passions move,
 To ravish fence, and play a world in love.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, st. 19.]

S. DANIELL.

Beautie enchasng love, love gracing Beautie,
 To such as constant sympathies enfold ;
 To perfect riches doth a founder dutie
 Then all endeavours ; for, by all consent,
 All wealth and wifedome refts in true content.
 More force and art in Beautie joynd with love,
 Then thrones with wisdom ; joyes, of them compofde,
 Are armes more prooffe 'gainft any grieve we prove,
 Then all their vertue-fcorning miserie,
 Or judgements graven in ftoicke gravitie.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Beautie a beggar, fie ! it is too bad,
 When in it felfe sufficiencie is had :
 It was not made to please the wandring eie,
 But an attire to adorne fweet modestie.
 If modestie and women once do sever,
 Farwell our fame, farwell our name for ever !

[*Epistle, Lady Salisbury to the Black Prince*.]

M. DRAYTON.

Ah, Beautie ! thou betraies thy felfe to every amorous eie,
 To trap thy proud poffeffors, what is it but wantons trie ?

Where-through it fildom haps the faire from meant de-
ceits to flie.

[*Albion's England*, B. viii, ch. 41.]

W. WARNER.

This Beauties faire, is an enchauntment made
By natures witchcraft, tempting men to buie,
With endleffe showes, what endlessly will fade,
Yet promife chapmen all eternitie.
But, like to goods ill got, a fate it hath,
Brings men inricht therewith to beggery,
Unles the enricher be as rich in faith,
Enamour'd (like good felfe-love) with her owne,
Seene in an other, then tis heaven alone.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Beautie is a baine
To fuch as feed their fancy with fond love,
That when sweet youth with lust is overta'en,
It rues in age.

[*Perymedes, the Blacksmith*, 1588.]

R. GREENE.

Where Venus strikes with Beautie to the quicke,
It little vailes fage reason to reply :
Few are the cares for fuch as are love ficke,
But love.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Truce, warre, and woe do wait at Beauties gate ;
Time loft, laments reports and privie grudge ;
And laft, fierce love is but a partiall judge,
Who yeelds for service fhame, for friendship hate.

[*Rosalynd* (1590), edit. 1598, Sig. E 2, b.]

D. LODGE.

The best bees of Hybla do beare, besides sweet hony,
 smarting stings,
 And Beauty doth not want a bait, that to repentance
 brings.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, ch. 9.]

W. WARNER.

But so it is, faire colours sooneft foyle,
 Things of best price are subject most to spoyle.

[*Legend of Humphrey of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 86.] CH. MIDDLETON.

The fairest cheeke hath oftentimes a foule
 Leprous as sin it selfe, then hell more foule.

[*Fortunatus*, edit. 1600, Sig. B 3.]

THO. DEKKAR.

All men do erre, because that men they bee ;
 And men, with Beautie blinded, cannot see.

G. PEELE.

Beautie, in heaven and earth, this grace doth win,
 It supples rigor, and it lessens sin.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Nought is there under heavens wide hollownes,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind
 Then Beautie, brought t' unworthy wretchednes,
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. 3, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Nothing ill becomes the faire
 But crueltie, which yeelds unto no praier.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, st. 57.]

S. DANIELL.

Like as the fun, in a diameter,
 Fires and inflames objects removed far,
 And heateth kindly, shining laterally ;
 So Beautie sweetly quickens when tis nie,
 But being separated and removed,
 Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loved.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Simples fit Beautie ; fie on drugs and art.

[*Endymion and Phœbe*, (1594), Sig. B. 3, b.]

M. DRAYTON,

..... Faire words, and powre-attractive Bewtie,
 Bring men to wanton in subjective dutie.

I. WEEVER.

But wayward Beauty doth not fancy move ;
 A frowne forbids, a smile ingendreth love.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ii, st. 20.]

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

..... What els is forme, but fading aire ?
 Yea oft, because affaulted oft, it hurteth to be faire.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, ch. 65.]

W. WARNER.

Full foone the fairest face would cease from being such,
 If not preserved, curiously, from tending more then much.

That wondrous patterne, where foe'er it bee,
 Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
 Or els in heaven, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eies, for feare it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore ;

Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortall fence, that none the same may tell.

[*Hymn in honour of Beauty*, 1596.]

ED. SPENCER.

O Beautie ! how attractive is thy power !
For, as the lives heat clings about the heart,
So all mens hungry eyes do haunt thy bower.
Raigning in Greece, Troy swumme to thee in art ;
Removed to Troy, Greece followed thee in feares ;
Thou drewest ech fyrelesse sword, ech childlesse dart,
And puldst the towers of Troy about thine eares.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Varietie of Beauties.

Meane while the harbingers of lust, his amorous eyes, did
walke,
More clogd with change of Beauties, then King Midas
once with golde,
Now this, now that, and one by one, he did them all be-
hold :
This seemed faire, and that as faire, and letting either passe,
A third he thought a proper girle ; a fourth, a pleasant lasse ;
Lovely, the fift ; lively, the sixt ; the seventh a goodly
wench ;
The eight, of sweet complexion ; to the ninth he altereth
thence,
Who mildly seem'd majesticall ; tenth, modest looke and
toong ;
The eleventh could sweetly entertain ; the twelfth was fresh
and yoong.
The next, a gay brownetta ; next, and next, admir'd
among :

And every feature so intic't his intricate affection,
As liking all, alike he lov'd, confounded in election.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. 26.]

W. WARNER.

BANISHMENT.

No Banishment can be to him assignde,
Who doth retaine a true resolved minde.

[*Robert Duke of Normandy*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

In exile, every man, or bond or free,
Of noble race, or meaner parentage,
Is not in this unlike unto the slave
That must of force obey to each mans will,
And praise the peevishnesse of each mans pride.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, Act ii, sc. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE, *Transl.*

BASHFULNESSE.

..... So respected
Was Bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is Shamefastnesse,
A sacred temple ; holding her a goddesse.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 5.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Preferment sildome graceth Bashfulness.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

F.

Let soberneffe be still thy wisedomes end,
 Admitting that thou canst not comprehend.

[*Sacrifice of Isaac*, 1592, p. 7.]

J. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

BLISSE.

THESE dayes example hath deep written here,
 Deep written in my heart, with yron pen,
 That Blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

ED. SPENCER.

Doth forrow fret thy soule ? ô direfull spirit !
 Doth pleasure feed thy heart ? ô blessed man !
 Haft thou bene happie once ? ô heavy plight !
 Are thy mishaps forepast ? ô happie than !
 Or haft thou Blisse in eld ? ô blisse too late !
 But haft thou Blisse in youth ? ô sweet estate !

[*T. Nash's edit. of Astrophel and Stella*, 1591.]

E. of O.

..... Hard it is
 To immitate a false and forged Blisse ;
 Ill may a sad mind forge a mery face,
 Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Blisse not in height doth dwell.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 6.]

IDEM.

But quiet Blisse in no state lasteth long :
 Affailed still by mischief many waies,

Whose spoyling battery, glowing hote and strong,
No flowing wealth, no force nor wifdome staies.
Her smoakelesse powder beaten souldiers slaies :
By open force foule mischief e oft prevailes ;
By secret sleight she fild her purpose failes.

[*Legend of Lord Rivers*, edit. 1610, p. 404.] I. H. of Magist.

Blessed the man that well can use his Blisse.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. 10, st. 8.] ED. SPENCER.

We think no greater Blisse, then such to be as be we would,
When blessed none, but such as be the same as be they
should.

W. WARNER.

Our Blisse consists not in possessions,
But in commaunding our affections,
In vertues choyce, and vices needfull chace,
Far from our harts for staining of our face.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, Act i.] THO. KID.

BOUNTIE.

O SACRED Bountie ! mother of content,
Proppe of renowne, the nourisher of arts ;
The crowne of hope, the roote of good event,
The trumpe of fame, the joy of noble hearts,
Grace of the heavens, divinitie in nature,
Whose excellence doth so adorne the creature.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 111.] M. DRAYTON.

Then on an other part was to be viewde
His vertues, each one by it selfe distinct,

Prudence, and Temperance, and Fortitude,
 And Justice ; and a fift unto these linckt
 So nie, that who with it is not indued,
 The rest may feeme blotted, or quite extinct,
 Bountie, employed in giving and in spending,
 A speciall grace to all the other lending.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlv, st. 77.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Augustus Cæsar was not such a faint
 As Virgill maketh him by his description :
 His love of learning scufeth that complaint,
 That men might justly make of his proscription :
 Nor had the shame that Neroes name doth taint,
 Confirm'd now by a thousand yeares prescription,
 Been as it is, if he had had the wit,
 To have bene franke to such as poems writ.

[*Ibid.*, B. xxxv, st. 25.]

IDEM.

So as, indeed, this reason is the chiefe,
 That wits decay because they want their hire ;
 For where no succour is, nor no reliefe,
 The very beasts will from such place retire.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 29.]

IDEM.

..... He is mad, and worfe,
 Which plaies the nigard with a princes purse.

[*Legend of P. Gaveston*, 1596, st. 134.]

M. DRAYTON.

CARE.

AND by and by another shape appears
 Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breers,

His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dented in ;
 With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.
 The morrow gray no fooner hath begun
 To spread his light, even peeping in our eies,
 When he is up, and to his worke yrunne ;
 But let the nights black mistie mantels rise,
 And with foule darke never so much disguise
 The faire bright day ; yet ceaseth he no while,
 But hath his candles to prolong his toyle.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 263.]

M. SACKVILL.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent ;
 No better had he, ne for better carde :
 With blistered hands emongst the cynders brent,
 And fingers filthy, with long nayles unpared,
 Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
 His name was Care ; a black-fmyth by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working spared,
 But to small purpose yron wedges made :
 Those be unquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. v, st. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
 And where Care lodges sleepe will never lie ;
 But where unbruized youth, with unstuft braine,
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth raine.

[*Romco and Juliet*, Act ii, sc. 3.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Care and suspition are faire Bewties dower.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Care, the confuming canker of the minde,
 The difcord that diforders fweet hearts tune,
 Th' abortive baftard of a coward minde,
 The lightfoote lackie that runnes poſte by death,
 Bearing the letters which containe our end ;
 The buſie advocate that fells his breath,
 Denouncing worſt to him is moſt his frend.

[*Diana*, 1592, Dec. v, Son. 7.]

H. CONSTABLE.

CHARITIE.

SHE was a woman in her freſheſt age ;
 Of wondrous bewtie, and of bowntie rare,
 With goodly grace, and comely perſonage,
 That was on earth not eaſie to compare ;
 Full of great love, but Cupids wanton fnare
 As hel ſhe hated ; chaſte in worke and will.
 Her necke and breſts were ever open bare,
 That aye thereof her babes might ſucke their fill ;
 The reſt was all in yealow robes araied ſtill.
 A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their ſportes, that joyed her to behold,
 Whom ſtill ſhe fed, while they were weake and yoong,
 But thruſt them forth ſtill as they waxed old.
 And on her head ſhe wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gems and owches wondrous faire,
 Whoſe paſſing price unneath was to be told ;
 And by her ſide there fate a gentle paire
 Of turtle doves, ſhe ſitting in an ivorie chaire.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. 10, ſt. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

Next Charitie, that kindly doth preferre
Her neighbours good, fore her owne utilitie.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

Who may but will not helpe doth hurt, we know ; and
curious they,
That, dribling alms, by art disband wel meant from wel
dones pay ;
And he that questions ones distresse, and doth not help
endeavour,
Than he that fees, and nothing saies, or cares, is lesse
deceavour.

[*Albions England*, B. ix, ch. 52.]

W. WARNER.

It is a worke of Charitie, God knowes,
The reconcilement of two mortall foes.

[*Humphrey D. of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 55.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

For Charitie brings forth but barren feeds,
And hatred still is sowne in so great store,
That when the fruites of both come to be reaped,
The tone is scarce, the tother overheaped.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxvi, st. 2.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

CHASTITIE.

O CHASTITIE ! the chiefe of heavenly lights,
Which mak'ft us most immortall shape to weare.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 4to. 1591, fo. 117 b.]

S. PH. SIDNEY.

..... Chastities attires,
 The unstained vaile which innocents adornes,
 Th' ungather'd rose defended with the thornes.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 31.]

S. DANIEL.

O Chastitie ! thou gift of blessed foules,
 Comfort in death, a crowne unto the life ;
 Which all the passions of the minde controlles,
 Adornes the maide, and bewtifies the wife ;
 That grace, the which nor death nor time attaints,
 Of earthly creatures making heavenly faints.

[*Legend of P. Gaveston*, 1596, st. 116.]

M. DRAYTON.

He faith, a woman cannot take upon her,
 With bewtie, riches, nor with hie nobilitie,
 To claime the true deserved praise of honour,
 If Chastitie do faile, by her fragilitie ;
 This is the vertue that defends her owner.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xliii, st. 78.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

Who doth desire that chaste his wife should bee,
 First be he true, for truth doth truth deserve ;
 Then be he such as she his worth may see,
 And one man still credit with her preserve :
 Not toying kind, nor causlesly unkinde ;
 Not stirring thoughts, nor yet denying right ;
 Not spying faults, nor in plaine errors blinde ;
 Never hard hand, nor ever raines too light.
 As farre from want, as farre from vaine exspence ;
 (Th' one doth force, the latter doth entice.)
 Allow good company, but keepe from thence

All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice :
This done, thou haft no more ; but leave the reft
To vertue, fortune, time, and womans brest. S. PH. SYDNEY.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, fo., p. 380, and *Sir John Harrington's Orlando Furioso*, B. xi, *note*.]

Penelope, in spending chafte her daies,
As worthy as Uliffes was of praife.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xiii, st. 52.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

OF CHRIST.

THE broofer of the ferpents head, the womans promiz'd
feed,

The fecond in the Trinitie, the foode our foules to feed ;
The vine, the light, the doore, the way, the fhepherd of
us al,

Whofe manhood joynd to deitie did raunfome us from
thrall :

That was and is, and evermore will be the fame to his,
That fleeps to none that wake to him, that turns our curfe
to blis :

Whom yet unfeen the patriarks faw, the prophets have
foretold,

The apoftles preacht, the faints adore, and martyrs do
behold,

The fame (Augustus emperor) in Paleftine was born,
Amongft his own, and yet his owne did croffe their blis in
fcorn.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iii, ch. 18.]

W. WARNER.

Augustus, quailing Anthonie, was emperour alone,
In whose unfoed monarchy our common health was knowne.

[*Albions England*, B. iii, c. 18.]

W. WARNER.

The bruizer of the serpents head, the womans promifd seed,
The second in the Trinitie, the foode our foules to feede ;
The vine, the light, the doore, the way, the shepheard of
us all,

The fame (Augustus emperor) in Palestine was borne,
Amongst his own, and yet his own did crosse their blis in scorn.

[*A repetition from the preceding page.*]

IDEM.

CHILDREN.

RICHES of Children passe a princes throne,
Which touch the fathers heart with secret joy,
When without shame he faith,—these be mine owne !

[*Arcadia*, edit. fo., 1598, p. 390.]

S. PH. SIDNEY.

This patterne, good or ill, our Children get ;
For what they see their parents love or hate,
Their first-caught sence prefers to teachers blowes ;
The cockerings cockerd, we bewaile too late,
When that we see our offspring gayly bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

IDEM

..... What Children apprehend,
The same they like, they followe and amend.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. iii.]

D. LODGE.

There is no love may be compar'd to that
The tender mother beares unto her Childe ;
For even so much the more it doth encrease,
As their griefe growes, or contentations cease.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, edit. 1587, Act ii, s. 1.]

G. GAS.

CHANGE.

ALL is but fained, and which oaker died,
That every showre will wash and wipe away ;
All things do Chaunge that under heaven abide,
And, after death, all friendship doth decay :
Therefore, what ever man bear'ft worldly fway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie ;
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

[*Ruins of Time. Complaints*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

All suffer Chaunge, our selves new-borne even then begin
to die.

[*Albions England*, B. iii, ch. 16.]

W. WARNER.

..... The ever chaunging course of things,
Runne a perpetuall circle, ever turning.

S. DANIELL.

Change lives not long, time fainteth, and time mourns,
Solace and sorrow have their certaine turnes.

[*Epistle of Q. Margaret to D. of Suffolk*.]

M. DRAYTON.

All Chaunge is perillous, and all chaunce unfound.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. 2, st. 36.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Seldome Chaunge the better brought ;
 Content, who lives with tried state,
 Neede feare no Chaunge of frowning fate :
 But who will seeke for unknowne gaine,
 Oft lives by losse, and leaves with paine.

[*Shepherds Calendar*, 1579, Sept.]

ED. SPENCER.

But what remaines to man, that can continue long ?
 What fun can thine so cleare and bright, but clouds may
 rife among ?

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 46.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

No flower is so fresh, but frost can it deface ;
 No man so fure in any feate, but he may lose his place.

[*Ibid.*, p. 58.]

IDEM.

For most true it is, as we doo daily prove,
 No good nor ill can stand still at one stay.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxvii, st. 7.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

The man that of himselfe is most secure,
 Shall finde himselfe most fickle and unsure.

[*Visions of the World's Vanity*, Son. 12.]

ED. SPENCER.

Men change the ayre, but feldome change their care.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596. B. iv, st. 39, edit. 1605.]

M. DRAYTON.

CHAUNCE.

WHAT should we thinke of signes ? they are but haps :
 How may they then be signes of after-claps ?

Doth every Chaunce foreflew, or caufe fome other,
Or ending of it felfe, extend no further ?
As th' overflowing flood fome mount doth choake,
But to his aide fome other flood it yoake ;
So, if with signes thy finnes once joyne, beware ;
Elfe, whereto Chaunces tend, do never care.

[*Dolman's Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 425.]

M. of M.

True it is, if fortune light by Chaunce,
There fortune healpes the boldeft to advaunce.

G. GASCOIGNE.

COUNSAILE.

OH, facred Counsaile, true heart-fuppling balme,
Soule-curing plaifter, time preferving blis,
Water of life in every fudden qualme,
The heavens rich ftorehoufe, where all treafure is ;
True guide, by whom foule errors den we mis ;
Night-burning beacon, watch againft mishaps,
Forefight, avoyding many after-claps.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 44.]

M. DRAYTON.

Thus, every ftrawe proves fewell to the fire,
When Counfell doth concurre with our defire.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

IDEM.

What eld hath tried and feen, good Counfell is.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595.]

D. LODGE.

..... Counfell still is one,
When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

[*Rosalynd*, 1590 : edit. 1598, Sig. A 2.]

D. LODGE.

Counfell, that comes when ill hath done his worst,
Blesseth our ill, but makes our good accurst.

[*Epistle, Richard II to Isabel*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

Vaine founds of pleasure we delight to heare,
But Counfell jarres as discord in our eare.

[*Ibid.*, *Jane Shore to Edward IV.*]

IDEM.

A king that aimes his neighbours crowne to win,
Before the fruite of open warres begin,
Corrupts his Counfell with rich recompences ;
For in good Counfell stands the strength of princes.

I. SYLVISTER, *Transl.*

A kingdomes greatnesse hardly can he sway,
That wholsome Counfell did not first obey.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DR.

Even as by cutting, fruitfull vines encrease,
So faithfull Counfailes worke a princes peace.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, Act ii, sc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

CONCORD.

MOTHER of blessed peace and friendship true ;
They, both her twins, both borne of heavenly feed,

And she her selfe likewise divinely grew,
The which right well her works divine did shewe ;
For strength and wealth and happineffe she lendes,
And strife and warre and anger does subdue ;
Of little, much ; of foes she maketh frendes ;
And, to afflicted mindes, sweet rest and quiet sends.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. 10, st. 34.]

ED. SPENCER.

The richest jewell in all the heavenly treasure,
That ever yet unto the earth was showne,
Is perfect Concord ; th' onely perfect pleasure,
That wretched earth-borne men have ever knowne.
For many hearts it doth compound in one,
That what so one doth will, or speake, or doo,
With one consent they all agree theretoo.

[*Orchestra*, 1596, st. cix.]

I. DAVIES.

By her the heaven is in his course containd,
And all the world in state unmoved stands :
As their Almighty Maker first ordaind,
And bound them with inviolable bands ;
Else would the waters overflowe the lands,
And fire devour the ayre, and hell them quite,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. 10, st. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

O blissefull Concord ! bred in secret brest
Of Him, that guides the restless rolling skie ;

That to the earth, for mans assured rest,
 From height of heavens vouchsafest downe to flie :
 In Thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
 With sweet accord to keep the frowning starres,
 And every planet els, from hurtfull warres.

[By F. Kinwelmarsh : *Jocasta*, Chor. to Act iv.]

G. GASCOIGNE, *Transl.*

When tract of time returnes the lustie Ver,
 By thee alone the buds and blossomes spring,
 The fields with flowers be garnisht ev'ry where,
 The blooming trees abundant fruite do bring,
 The cheerfull birds melodiously do sing :
 Thou doest appoint the crop of Sommers seed
 For mans reliefe, to serve the Winters need.

[*Ibid.*, fo. 160 b, edit. 1587.]

IDEM.

CONSCIENCE.

AND first within the porch and jawes of hell,
 Sate deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
 With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell
 Her wretchednes, and, cursing, never stent
 To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
 With thoughtfull care, as she that all in vaine
 Would weare and waft continually in paine.
 Her eyes unstedfast rolling here and there,
 Whurld on ech place, as place that vengeance broght ;
 So was her mind continually in feare,

Toffed and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought.
With dreadfull cheare and lookes throwne to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 261.]

M. SACKVILL.

So gnawes the griefe of Conscience evermore,
And in the heart it is so deepe ygrave,
That they may neither sleepe nor rest therefore,
Ne thinke one thought but on the dread they have ;
Still to the death foretossed with the wave
Of restlessse woe, in terror and dispaire,
They lead a life continually in feare.

[*Duke of Buckingham, M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 439.]

IDEM.

The feare of Conscience entreth yron walles.

M. DRAYTON.

No armour prooffe against the Conscience terror.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 39.]

IDEM.

A guiltie Conscience never is secure.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

No meanes at all to hide,
Man from himself can find ;
No way to start aside
Out from the hell of mind ;
But in himself confinde,
He still sees sin before,
And winged footed paine
That swiftly comes behind ;

The which is evermore
 The fure and certain gaine
 Impietie doth get,
 And wanton loofe respect,
 That doth itself forget.

[*Cleopatra*, 1594, Chorus to Act i.]

S. DANIELL.

Like to the deere that, stricken with the dart,
 Withdrawes himselfe into some secreet place,
 And feeling greene the wound about his hart,
 Startles with pangs, till he fall on the grasse,
 And in great feare lies gasping there a space ;
 Forth braying fighes, as though each pang had brought
 The present death, which he doth dread so oft.
 So we, deep wounded with the bloody thought
 And gnawing worme that greev'd our Conscience so,
 Never tooke ease but as our heart out brought
 The strained fighes, in witnesse of our wo,
 Such restlesse cares our fault do well beknow :
 Wherewith, of our deserved fall the feares
 In every place rang death within our eares.

M. SACKVILL.

[*Duke of Buckingham, M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 439.]

..... Loofe Conscience is free
 From all Conscience, what els hath libertie ?
 As 't pleas'd the Thracian Boreas to blow,
 So turnes our ayerie Conscience to and fro.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598, Sat. ii.]

I. MARSTON.

Kings, but the Conscience, all things can defend.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John*.]

M. DRAYTON.

And when thou feelst thy Conscience toucht with greefe,
Thy selfe pursues thy selfe, both rob'd and theefe.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

For many (with the Conscience of the crime),
In colder blood will curse what they designde ;
And bad succeffe, upbraiding their ill fact,
Drawes them (whom others draw) from such an act.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 33.]

S. DANIELL.

CRAFT, DECEIT, FRAUD.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the craftie cunning traine
By which Deceit doth maske in vizard faire,
And cast her colours died deep in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine ;
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse mind with guile to entertaine ?

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i. c. 7, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Fraud shewd in comely cloathes a lovely looke,
An humble cast of eye, a sober pace,
And so sweet speech, a man might her have tooke
For him that said ' Haile, Mary ! full of grace : '
But all the rest deformedly did looke,
As full of filthinesse and foule disgrace ;
Hid under long large garments that she ware,
Under the which a poysoned knife she bare.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xiv, st. 76.]

S. J. 11

Oft Craft can caufe the man to make a feeming flow
 Of hart, with dolor all diftaind, where grief doth never grow.
 S. T. B.

..... Craft, wrapt ftill in many comberments,
 With all her cunning thrives not, though it fpeed.
 S. DANIELL.

Crafte findes a key to open every doore.
 [*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 102.] M. DR.

CONQUEST.

WHO hopes a Conqueft leaves no Conqueft fought.
 IDEM.

Tis much to Conquer, but to keep poffeffion
 Is full as much, and if it be not more.
 [*Victory at Yvry*, 1590.] I. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

To win the field againft our armed foes,
 Is counted honourable any waies,
 Whether it be with pollicie or blowes :
 Yet bloodie Conquefts ftaine the captaines praife.
 But chiefeft honour doth belong to thofe
 Whom fortune to fuch height of hap doth raife,
 To have their foes fuppreft, and overthrowne
 With little loffe and damage of their owne.
 [*Orlando Furioso*, B. xv, st. 1.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Whereas proud Conquest keepeth all in awe,
Kings oft are forst in servile yokes to drawe.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

COUNTRY, COMMON-WEALE.

WE must affect our Country as our parents ;
And if at any time we alienate
Our love or industry from doing it honor,
It must respect effects, and touch the soule,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefit.

[*Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, Act ii, st. 1.]

G. PEELE.

Necessitie enforceth every wight
To love his native seat, with all his might.
A happie quarrell is it and a good,
For Countries cause to spend our dearest blood.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, Act iii.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

That publike Weale must needs to ruine go,
Where private profit is preferred so.

[G. Gascoigne : *Jocasta*, Chorus to Act iv.]

G. GEFFRAYES.

Home though it homely be, yet is sweet,
And native soyle is best.

S. J. HARR.

For if the temperature of Common-weale
Be guided by the course of heavenly powers,

Such as in deep affaires will justly deale,
 Muſt have an eye to thoſe eternall bowres,
 And by their view direct this ſtate of ours.
 Then, how can he a perfect ſtateſman prove
 That knowes not how celeſtiall bodies move?

[*Life and Death of Wolſey*, 1599.]

THO. SPORER.

..... The love
 That men their country and their birth-right beare,
 Exceeds all loves ; and dearer is by farre
 Our countries love, then friends or children are.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, Act iv, ſc. 1.]

T. KYD.

CONTENT.

ALL wealth and wiſedome reſts in true Content.
 Contentment is our heaven, and all our deeds
 Bend in that circle, ſeld or never cloſde.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Who ſeekes to have the thing we call enough,
 Acquaint him firſt with Contentation :
 For plenteouſneſſe is but a naked name ;
 And what ſufficeth uſe of mortall men,
 Shall beſt apay the meane and modeſt harts.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, Act ii, ſ. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

The nobleſt mind the beſt Contentment has.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, ſt. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

High climbing wits do catch a sudden fall :
With none of these Content list dwell withall.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. E.]

D. LODGE.

Content feeds not on glory or on pelfe;
Content can be contented—with her felfe.

[*Chrestoleros*, B. vi, Epig. 15.]

TH. BASTARD.

Content is worth a monarchy, and mischief hits the hie.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, ch. 20.]

W. WARNER.

Who so contented lives is happie wife.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, Act v, sc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

Inconstant change such tickle turnes hath lent,
As who so feares to fall must seeke Content.

[*No author named.*]

Deprive the world of perfect discontent,
All glories end, true honour strait is stain'd ;
And life it felfe in errors course is spent.
All toyle doth fort but to a fory end,
For, through mislikes, each learns for to commend.

[*Discontented Satyre*, 1589, Sig. D 2 b.]

D. LODGE.

He only lives most happily
That's free and farre from majestie ;
Can live content, although unknowne,
He fearing none, none fearing him ;
Medling with nothing but his owne,
While gazing eyes at crownes grow dim.

[*Cornelia*, 1594, Chorus in Act iv.]

TH. KYD.

COURAGE.

..... To Courage great
 It is no leffe befeeming well to beare
 The storme of fortunes frowne, or heavens threat,
 Than in the fun-shine of her countenance cleare
 Timely to joy, and carry comely cheare.

ED. SPENCER.

High Courage, with true wisedome ever backt,
 Winnes perfect fame.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Ecl. iv.]

TH. LODGE.

Nere was there ever noble Courage seene,
 That in advantage would his puiffance boast ;
 Honor is least where ods appeareth most.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. 8, st. 26.]

ED. SPENCER.

Where is no Courage, there is no ruth nor mone.

IDEM.

Good hart in ill, doth th' evil much amend.

IDEM.

Courage imboldeneth wit ; wit Courage armes.

M. DRAYTON.

They make their fortune who are stout and wife :
 Wit rules the heavens ; discretion guides the skies.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. x, st. 20.] ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

Actiō is fiery valours soveraigne good.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 5.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Repining Courage yeelds
No foote to foe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. 3, st. 17.]

ED. SPENCER.

Then are the valiant who more vaine, then cowardes who
more wife ?

Not men that travell Pegafus, but fortunes fooles do rise.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, ch. 9.]

W. WARNER.

Be valiant, not too ventrous, but fight to fight againe ;
Even Hercules did hold it ods, for one to strive with
twaine.

[*Ibid.*, B. iv, ch. 21.]

IDEM.

Might, wanting meafure, moveth furquedrie.

ED. SPENCER.

..... More is he that ventureth for more,
Then who fights but for what he had before.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, st. 95.]

S. DANIELL.

..... Valour mixt with feare, boldeneth dread,
May march more circumfpect, with better heed.

IDEM.

Valour in greateft daungers shewes moft bright,
As full-fac't Phœbe in the darkeft night.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 119.]

CH. FITZ GEFFREY.

The Spartanes once exilde Archilochus,
The author of Lycambes tragedie,
Because he faid it was commodious,
Rather to caft away his shield and flie,

Then boldly to resist and bravely die.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, st. 212.]

CH. FITZ GEFFREY.

COURT.

THE Princes Court is mansion of the wise,
Figure of heaven, faire fountaine of delights,
Theater of honour, earthly paradise,
The lively Vatican of bewties brights ;
Sudden advancer, spheare of purest lights,
Thither let Phœbus progenie resort ;
Where shines their father, but in Joves great Court ?

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

THO. STORER.

..... This is ever proper unto Courts,
That nothing can be done but fame reports.

S. DANIELL.

To censure is the subject of the Court ;
From thence fame carries, thither fame doth bring ;
There too each word a thousand ecchoes ring,
A lotteric where most loose, but few do winne.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

For nothing there is done without a fee ;
The courtier needs must recompenced bee.

[*Mother Hubberds Tale*, 1591.]

E. SP.

Most miserable man ! whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court to sue for had I wist,
That fewe hath found, and many one hath mist.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... The Court is counted Venus net,
Where gifts and vows, forestalls, are often fet :
None be so chaste as Vesta, but shall meete
A curteous tongue to charme her eares with sweete.

[*James IV of Scotland*, 1599.]

R. GREENE.

..... The Court hath much of vanitie and painfull ease.

W. WARNER.

As for the Court it is, you know, become a skittish colte,
Of wife men hardlier managed, then of the glorious dolt.

[*Albion's England*, B. v, ch. 27.]

IDEM.

Thear all deformities in forme in some one man we see,
More garded then regarded, franke, not to continue free,
When as the merchants booke the map of all his wealth
shalbee.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Sometime the Courts of kings were vertuous schooles,
Now finde we nought in Court, but curious fooles.
O you ! whose noble hearts cannot accord
To be the flaves to an infamous lord,
And knowes not how to mixe, with perillous art,
The deadly poyson of the amorous dart ;
Whose natures being free wills no constraint,
Nor will your face with flattering pensill paint,
For weele nor woe, for pitie nor for hire,
Of good my lords their favours to acquire,
Goe not to Court, if ye will me beleeve ;
For in that place, where ye thinke to retreewe,

The honour due for vertue, yee shall finde
Nought but contempt, which leaves good men behind.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

The wanton luxurie of Court
Doth forme the people of like fort.

S. DANIELL.

Ye worthy dames, that in your breasts do beare,
Of your all-seeing God, no servile feare :
Ye, that of honour have a greater care
Then fights of Courts, I pray you come not there.
Let men, that in their purse have not a mite,
Cloathe them like kings, and play the hypocrite ;
And with a lying tale and fained cheare,
Court-coozen them whom they would see on beare.
Let there the pandar sell his wife for gaine,
With service vile his nobleffe to attaine :
Let him that serves the time, chaunge his intent,
With faith unconstant faile at every vent.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

The Court was never barren yet of those
Which could with subtill traine and apt advise,
Worke on the Princes weakenes, and dispose
Of feeble frailtie, easiest to entice.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 31.]

S. DANIELL.

Golden cuppes do harbor poyson,
And the greatest pompe diffembling,
Court of seasoned words hath foyson :
Treason haunts in most diffembling.

[From Phillis, 1593. in *England's Helicon*, Sig. D b.] D. LODGE.

Ye fearefull rocks, ye impes of Achelois,
 Who wracks the wisest youth with charming voice :
 Ye Circes, who by your enchauntment strange,
 In stones and swine your Lovers true doo change :
 Ye Stymphalids, who with your youth uptakes ;
 Ye Ravens, that from us our riches rakes :
 Ye who with riches, art, and painted face,
 For Priams wife puts Castor's sister in place.
 Ye Myrrhaes, Canaces, and Semyrames,
 And if there rest yet moe defamed dames,
 Come all to Court ; and there ye shall receive
 A thousand gaires unmeet for you to have ;
 There shall you sell the gifts of great provinces,
 There shall you sell the grace of gracelesse princes.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Courtiers, as the tide, do rise and fall.

[*Mother Hubberds Tale*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... It doth not fit
 With Courtiers majestie, to be reputed
 Too learn'd, too grave, too fine, or too conceited.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

THOMAS STORER.

Who, full of wealth and honours blandishment,
 Among great lords his younger yeares hath spent,
 And quaffing deeply of the Court delights,
 Ufde nought but tilts, armours, and masks, and fights,
 If in his age, his Princes angry doome,
 With deepe disgrace drive him to live at home
 In homely cottage, where continually
 The bitter smoake exhales abundantly

From his before unforrowe-drained braine,
 The brackish vapours of a silver raine ;
 Where, usherlesse, both day and night, the North,
 South, East, and West windes, enter and go forth ;
 Where round about the lower roofte-broke walles,
 In stead of arras, hang with spider calles ;
 Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands,
 With brows the rooffe, both walls with both his hands ;
 He weepes and sighes, and shunning comforts aye,
 Wissheth pale death a thousand times a day ;
 And yet at length, falling to worke, is glad
 To bite a browne crust that the mouse hath had ;
 And in a dish, in stead of plate or glasse,
 Sups oaten drinke, in stead of hypocrasse.

J. SYLVISTER.

COURTESIE.

OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie do call,
 For that it there most useth to abound ;
 And well befeemeth that in princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of civill conversation.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. i, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Amongst them all growes not a fairer flower
 Then is the bloome of comely Courtesie ;
 Which, though it on a lowely stalke do bower,

Yet brauncheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And spreads it felfe through all civilitie :
Of which, though present age doo plentious seeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fained shewes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eies misdeem.

[*Fairy Queen*, Introduction to B. vi, st. 4.]

ED. SPENCER.

But in the triall of true Courtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that passe,
Which see not perfect things but in a glasse ;
Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blinde
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is brasse ;
But vertues seate is deepe within the minde,
And not in outward shews, but inward thoughts defin'd.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 5.]

IDEM.

..... This noble vertue, and divine,
Doth chiefly make a man so rare and odde,
As in that one they most resemble God.

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

For Courteous speech, and usage milde and kinde,
Wipes malice out of every noble minde.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxi, st. 34.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

As Courtesie, oft times, in simple bowers
Is found as great as in the stately towers.

[*Ibid.*, B. xiv, st. 52.]

IDEM.

Tis meete a gentle heart should ever flowe,
 By Courtesie, the fruites of true gentilitie ;
 Which will, by practice, to an habit growe,
 And make men do the same with great facilitie :
 Likewise, the dunghill blood a man shall know,
 By churlish parts, and acts of incivilitie,
 Whose nature, apt to take each lewde infection,
 Custome confirmes, and makes ill in perfection.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxvi, st. 1.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

CRUELTY.

ALL lay on hands to punish Crueltie.

M. DRAYTON.

But Crueltie can never scape the scourge
 Of shame, of horror, or of sudden death ;
 Repentance selfe, that other finnes may purge,
 Doth flie from this, so fore the foule it flayeth ;
 Dispaire dissolves the tyrants bitter breath,
 For sudden vengeance suddenly alights
 On cruell deeds, to quite their cruell spights.

[*Legend of Lord Clifford*, edit. 1610, p. 366.]

I. H., *M. of M.*

CUSTOM.

ROUND-HEADED Custome th' apoplexie is
 Of bed-rid Nature, and lives led amis,
 And takes away all feeling of offence.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Custome abusd, brings vertue in disdaine.

[*No author named.*]

Nature, with Custome joyned, never failes,
But by her selfe, and in her helpes prevailes.

[*Fig for Momus, 1595, Sat. iii.*]

D. LODGE.

Whereas to natures (forward to retaine)
Lewde objects are annext, and Customes vaine,
The wounds grow desperate, and death doth end,
Before good counsell can the fault amend.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

IDEM.

Custome, the worlds judgement, doth blind so farre,
That vertue is oft arraign'd at vices barre.

J. SVL. *Transl.*

DANGER.

WITH him went Danger, cloath'd in ragged weede,
Made of beares skinne, that him more dreadfull made ;
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did neede
Strange horror to deforme his grisly shade ;
A net in th' one hand, and a rustie blade
In th' other was ; this mischiefe, that mishap :
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends meant to enwrap ;
For whom he could not kill he practis'd to intrap.

[*Fairy Queen, B. iii, c. xii, st. 11.*]

ED. SPENCER.

Danger hath honour, great designs their fame.

S. DAN.

The greatett Daungers promife greatestt bliffe.

M. DRAYTON.

Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on feare.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 115.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Daunger 's the chiefeft joy to happineffe,
And refolution honours faireft ayme.

CH. MARLOWE.

The path is smooth that leadeth on to Daunger.

[*Venus and Adonis*, st. 132.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

When as we thinke we most in safetie stand,
Great'tt Daungers then are ever near at hand.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

The Daunger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts : oft fire is without smoake,
And perill without shewe.

ED. SPENCER.

Ay me ! how many perills do enfolde
The righteous man, to make him daily fall ;
Were not, that heavenly grace did him uphold,
And steadfast truth acquite him out of all.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. viii, st. 1.]

IDEM.

A thousand perills lie in clofe awaite
About us daily, to worke our decay,
That none except a God, or God his guide,
May them avoyd, or remedie provide.

IDEM.

In perill thus we thinke our felves most sure,
And oft in death fond men are most secure.

[*Drayton's Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

No Danger but in hie estate ; none envies mean degree.

W. WARNER.

..... Daungerous things diffembled fildome are,
Which many eyes attend with busie care.

[*Epistle, Q. Isabel to Mortimer.*]

M. DRAYTON.

The absent Danger greater still appeares ;
Lesse feares he, who is neare the thing he feares.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

Most strong is he, when Daungers are at hand,
That lives prepar'd their furies to withstand.
Of common fence he is deprived cleane,
That falles with closed eyes on Daunger seene ;
And he that may both paine and hurt eschue,
Is vaine, if he his proper death pursue.

[*No author named.*]

DREAD.

NEXT sawe we Dread, all trembling, how he shooke,
With foote uncertaine profered here and there ;
Benumbd of speech, and with a gasty looke,
Searcht every place, all pale and dead for feare ;
His cap borne up with staring of his haire :
Stoynd and amaz'd at his owne shade for dread,
And fearing greater daungers then was need.

[*Induction to M. of M.*, edit. 1610, p. 261.]

M. SACKVILLE.

..... Coward Dread lackes order, feare wants art,
Deafe to attend, commaunded or desirde.

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

DEATH.

AND by and by a dumbe dead course we fawe
Heavy and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe,
Against whose force in vaine it is to fight,
Ne peeres, ne princes, nor no mortall wight,
No towne, ne realmes, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all perforce must yeeld unto his power.
His dart anon out of the corpes he tooke,
And in his hand, (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great tryumph, eftsoones the same he shooke,
That most of all my feares affraied me :
His body dight with nought but bones, perdie ;
The naked shape of man there fawe I plaine,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vaine.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 265.]

M. SACKVILL.

Death is a port, whereby we passe to joy ;
Life is a lake that drowneth all in paine :
Death is so deare, it ceaseth all annoy ;
Life is so leaud, that all it yeelds is vaine :
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was freedome wrought.

[*Uncertain authors.—Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.] E. OF SURREY.

Nought is immortall underneath the fun :
 All things are subject to Deaths tyrannie ;
 Both clownes and kings one felfsame courfe muft run,
 And whatfoever lives is fure to die.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act ii.]

THO. KYD.

Death's alwaies readie, and our time is knowne
 To be at heavens difpofe, and not our owne.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

The bravest are as blossomes, and the longest liver dies ;
 And, dead, the loveliest creature as the lothsomest carion lies.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, c. 21.]

W. WARNER.

Our frailties done are written in the flowers,
 Which flourish now, and fade ere many howres.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 36.]

S. DANIELL.

..... All earthly things be borne
 To die the death, for nought long time may last :
 The funne his beautie yeelds to winters blast.

I. H. M. of *Magist.*

Is not God's deed, what ever thing is done
 In heaven or earth ? Did not He all create
 To die againe ? all ends that was begunne :
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written fure, and have their certaine date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessitye,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state ?
 Or shun the Death ordaind by destiny ?
 When houre of Death is come, let none aske whence nor why.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 42.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Death amongst all deales equally,
 For hee's impartiall ; and with one selfe hand
 Cuts off both good and bad : none can withstand.

[*History of Heaven*, 1596.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

Death certaine is to all : the proverbe faith,
 Uncertaine is to all the houre of death.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xviii, st. 84.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Pale fearefull Death, with bloudy dart doth strike
 The wretched caitiffe and the king alike.

[*No author named.*]

Untimely never comes the lifes laft met.
 In cradle Death may rightly claime his debt,
 Straight after birth due is the fatall beere :
 By Deaths permission th' aged linger heere ;
 Even in the fwath-bands out commiffion goeth
 To loofe thy breath, that yet but yoongly bloweth.

[*Dolman's Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 432.]

I. H. M. *of M.*

All muficke fleepes where Death doth lead the daunce.

[*Shepherds Calendar*, Nov.]

ED. SPENCER.

Let nature for perfection mould a paragon each way,
 Yet Death, at laft, on fineft lumps of living flefh wil
 pray ;

For nature never framed it, that never fhall decay.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, ch. 21.]

W. WARNER.

..... Fatal Death, the emperor of graves.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Death is the key which unlockes miserie,
And lets them out to blessed libertie.

M. DRAYTON.

All is but loft, that living we bestowed,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man ! have mind of that laft bitter rage ;
For as the tree doth fall, fo lies it ever lowe.

ED. SPENCER.

No fear of Death fhould force us to do ill.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act ii.]

TH. KYD.

..... When, for feare of an enfuing ill,
We feeke to fhorten our appointed race,
Then tis (for feare) that we our felves do kill :
So fond we are to feare the worlds difgrace.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Happie, thrice happie, who fo loft his breath,
That life he gaineth by his godly death.

[*No author named.*]

Unwife and wretched men to weet whats good or ill !
We deeme of Death as doom of ill desert :
But knew we, fooles ! what it us brings untill,
Die would we daily, once it to expert.
No danger there the fhepheard can aftert :
Faire fields and pleafant layes there beene,
The fields aye frefh, the graffe aye greene.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, Nov.]

ED. SPENCER

..... This fame
Which we call Death, the foules releafe from woe,

The worke which brings our blisse to happie frame ;
 Sildome arrefts the bodie, but we finde
 Some notice of it written in our minde.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 And then due praise, or due reproach, them yeeld.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. viii, st. 14.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the common inne of rest ;
 But after Death, the triall is to come,
 When best shall be to them that lived best ;
 But both alike, when Death hath both supprest,
 Religious reverence doth buriall teene ;
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest :
 For all so great shame after death I weene,
 As felse to dien bad, unburied bad to beene.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. i, st. 59.]

ED. SPENCER.

For beafts with careleffe steppes to Læthe go,
 Where men, whose thoughts and honours clime on hie,
 Living with fame, must learne with fame to die.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act v, sc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
 Where truth gives courage, and the conscience cleare.

[*Epistle, Lady Jane Gray to Dudley*, 1598.]

M. DRAYTON.

Who dies, the utmost dolour must aby ;
 But who that lives, is left to waile his losse ;
 So life is losse, and Death felicitie.

Sad life, worfe then glad Death ; and greater croffe
To see friends grave, then, dead, the grave selfe to engrosse.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. iv, st. 38.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... In wretches sudden Death, at once
There long-some ill is buried with their bones.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine ; but he in hell doth lie
That lives a loathed life, and, wishing, cannot die.

ED. SPENCER.

Death is most lovely sweet, and amiable ;
But captiv'd life, for foulness admirable.

[*Jervis Markham's Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARSTON.

..... The toongs of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are sildom spent in vaine ;
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is lissened more
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose :
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before.
The setting funne, and musick at the close,
As the last tast of sweets is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more then things long past.

[*Richard II*, 1597, act ii, sc. 1.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

DELAIE.

ON the one side he, on th' other fate Delaie,
Behind the gate, that none her might espie ;

Whose manner was, all passengers to staic,
 And entertaine with her occasions flie :
 Through which, some lost great hope unheedilie,
 Which never they recover might againe ;
 And others quite excluded forth did lie,
 Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
 And seeking often entrance afterwards in vaine.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. x, st. 13.]

ED. SPENCER.

For daunger growes by lingring till the last ;
 And phisicke hath no helpe, when life is past.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1582), Son. 59.]

TH. WATSON.

..... Oft things done, perhaps, do lesse annoy
 Then may the doing, handeled with Delay.

S. DANIELL.

..... Delaie, in close awaite,
 Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay ;
 Faining stil many a fond excuse to prate,
 And time to steale the treasure of mans day,
 Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.

ED. SPENCER.

..... Times Delay new hope of helpe still breeds.

IDEM.

..... Fearfull commenting,
 Is leaden servitor to dull Delay.

[*Richard III*, 1597, act iv, sc. 3.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

He that will stop the brooke, must then begin
 When fommers heat hath dried up the spring ;

And when his pittering streames are low and thin :
For let the winter aid unto them bring,
He growes to be of watry flouds the king :
And though you damme him up with loftie rankes,
Yet will he quickly overflow his banks.

[*Only found in England's Parnassus.*]

R. GREENE.

Ill newes deferring is a plague as great as an ill newes.

[*Lady Pembroke's Iwychurch, 1591.*]

AB. FRAUNCE.

Delay in love, he sayth, breedeth doubts ; denial bringeth
death.

[*W. Warner's Albions England, B. iv, c. xxi.*] W. SHAKESPEARE.

But intermission suffers men dispute
What dangers are, and cast with further care ;
Colde doubt cavells with honour, scorneth fame,
And, in the end, feare waighes downe faith with shame.

[*Civil Wars, B. iii, st. 43.*]

S. DANIELL.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not enjoy ?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

[*Epistle, Edward IV to Jane Shore, 1599.*]

M. D.

DELIGHT.

IN things without us no Delight is sure.

[*Hero and Leander, 1600, Sest. 3.*]

G. CHAPMAN.

A sweete in shape is but a bad Delight.

D. LODGE.

Prosperitie a flatterer is found :

Delight is fearlesse, till it feele the wound.

[*Legend of P. Garveston*, 1596, st. 207.] M. D. *Vide Pleasure.*

DESIRE.

..... DESIRE, whom not the firmament,
Nor aire, nor earth, nor ocean can content ;
Whose lookes are hookes, whose bellies bottomlesse,
Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedines,

..... Under whose command,
She brings to field a rough unruly band ;
First, secreet burning, mightie swoln ambition,
Whom Epicurus many worlds suffice not,
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dies not,
Whose hands transported with phantasticke passion,
Beare painted steeples in imagination.

[*The Furies, from Du Bartas.*] I. SYLVISTER, *Transl.*

Amongst the most, the worst we best can chuse ;
Tis easie to desire, but hard to use.

M. DRAYTON.

Desire hath filters, which Desires procure.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 46.] IDEM.

If blinde Desire thy heart hath once embraced,
Inthrall'd it is, and honour so defaced.

[*No author named.*]

Desire with small encouraging growes bolde.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John*, 1599.] IDEM.

What can be said that lovers cannot say?
Desire can make a doctor in a day.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 110.]

M. DRAYTON.

Things much retain'd, do make us much desire them,
And bewties feldome seene, makes us admire them.

IDEM.

DESTINIE.

SAD Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grisly Lachesis was spunne with paine,
That cruell Atropos eft soones undid,
With curfed knife cutting the twist in twaine:
Most wretched men, whose daies depend on thrids so vain!

[*Spencer's Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ii, st. 48.]

E. of S.

The holy prophet brought Aftolpho, where
A pallace (feldome seene by mortall man)
Was plac't, by which a thicke darke river ran.
Each roome therein was full of divers fleeces
Of wolle, of lint, of filk, or else of cotten;
An aged woman spunne the divers peeces,
Whose looke and hue did shew her old and rotten:
Nor much unlike unto that labour this is,
By which, in fommer, new made filke is gotten,
Where from the filke-worme his fine garment taking,
They reave him of the cloathes of his owne making.
For first, in one large roome, a woman span
Infinite thrids of divers stufte and hew;
An other doth, with all the speed she can,
With other stufte the distaffes still renew:

The third, in feature like, and pale and wan,
 Severs the faire from foule, the olde from new.
 Who be these here ? the Duke demaunds his guide.
 These be the fatall sifers, he replide ;
 The Parcees that the thrid of life do spin
 To mortall men : hence death and nature knowe
 When life must end, and when it must begin.
 Now she that doth devide them, and bestow
 The coarfe from finer, and the thick from thin,
 Workes to that end, that those which finest grow
 For ornaments in Paradice must dwell :
 The coarfe are curst to be consum'd in hell.
 Further, the Duke did in the place behold,
 That when the thrids were spent that had bene spunne ;
 Their names in brasse, in silver, or in gold
 Were wrote, and so into great heapes were done :
 From which a man, that seemed wondrous old,
 With whole loades of those names away did runne ;
 And turn'd againe as fast the way he went,
 Nor never weary was, nor ever spent.
 This aged man did hold his pace so swift,
 As though to runne he onely had bene borne,
 Or had it giv'n him as a speciall gift ;
 And in the lappet of his cloake were borne
 The names, etc.—‘ *This was Time.*’

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxxiv, st. 86, etc.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*
 [*Vide Fame.*]

A heape of names within his cloake he bore,
 And in the river did them all unlade ;
 Or, (to say truth,) away he cast them all
 Into this streame, which Læthe we do call.

[*Ibid.*, B. xxxv, st. 11.]

IDEM.

..... You, fad Daughters of the quiet night,
Which in your private resolution wright
What hath or shall upon our fortunes light,
Whose stories none may see, much lesse recite ;
You rulers of the gods.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Downe in the bottome of the deepe abisse,
Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
Far from the view of gods or heavens blisse,
The hidious chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ii, st. 47.]

ED. SPENCER.

What man can turne the streame of Destenie,
Or breake the chaine of strong necessitie,
Which fast is tide to Joves eternall feate ?

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. v, st. 25.]

IDEM.

But what shall be, shall be : there is no choice ;
Things needs must drive as Destenie decreeth :
For which we ought in all our haps rejoyce,
Because the eye Eterne all things foreseeth,
Which to no ill at any time agreeth ;
For ills, too ill to us, be good to it,
So far his skilles exceed our reache of wit.

[*Legend of Duke of Clarence*, edit. 1610, p. 384.] I. II. *Mir. of Ma.*

Woe worth the wretch that strives with Gods foresight !
They are not wise, but wickedly do erre,
Which thinke ill deeds due Destenies may barre.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, p. 391.]

IDEM.

No humble speech, nor mone, may move the fixed stint
 Of Destinie or death: such is the will that paints
 The earth with colours fresh, the darkish skies with store
 Of starry light.

ED. SPENCER.

Walls may a while keepe out an enemy,
 But never castle kept out Destinie.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

But ah! who can deceive his Destinie?
 Or weene, by warning, to avoyd his fate?
 That, when he sleepest in most securitie,
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth due effect or soone or late:
 So feeble is the power of fleshly arme.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. iv, st. 27.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... That which Jove and Destinie have done,
 Men may lament, but never difanull.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 237.] CH. FITZ. *Vide Fate.*

DISPAIRE.

ERE long they come where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow cave,
 Farre underneathe a craggy clift ypright,
 Darke, dolefull, drery, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carion carkasses doth crave.
 On top whereof aye dwell the ghastly owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave

Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
 And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and houle.
 And all about olde stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruite nor leafe was ever feene,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose carkasses were scattered on the greene,
 And throwne about the cliffes.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 33.]

ED. SPENCER.

That darksome cave they enter, where they finde
 That curfed man, lowe fitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his fullen minde :
 His grisly locks, long growen and unbound,
 Difordered hung about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face ; through which his hollowe eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound.
 His rawebone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shrunke into his jawes, as he did never dine.
 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :
 And him beside, there lay upon the grasse
 A dreery corse, whose life away did passe,
 All wallowed in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
 In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 35.]

IDEM.

Me thought, by night, a grisly ghost in darkes I sawe,

Eke nearer still to me with stealing steps she drew :
 She was of colour pale, and deadly hew,
 Her clothes resembled thousand kinds of thrall,
 And pictures plaine of hastned deaths withall.

[*Legend of Queen Cordila*, edit. 1610, p. 66.] I. H., *Mir. of M.*

..... Dispaire,
 The factor for improvident restraint.

I. MARKEHAM.

Next whom Dispaire, that deepe disdained elfe,
 Delightlesse livde, still stabbing of her selfe.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, sig. C 4.]

D. LODGE.

Now, as it is not lawfull for a man,
 At such a kings departure or decease,
 To leave the place, and falsifie his faith ;
 So in this case we ought not to surrender
 That deerer part, till heaven it selfe commaund it.
 For as they lent us life to do us pleasure,
 So looke they for returne of such a treasure.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act ii.]

TH. KYD.

Farre greater folly is it for to kill
 Themselves, dispairing, then is any ill.

I. H., *Mir. of M.*

Be resolute, not desperate, the gods that made thee poore
 Can if they will (do wait their will) thy former state restore.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, c. 10.]

W. WARNER.

For when last need to desperation driveth,
 Who dareth the most, he wisest counsell giveth.

[Fairfax's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. vi, st. 6.] S. J. HARRINGTON.

We may in warre sometime take truce with foes,
But in Dispaire we cannot with our woes.

M. DRAYTON.

Dispaire hath ever daunger all contemned.

IDEM.

DIVELL.

HELLS prince, fly parent of revolts and lies.

[*Sacrifice of Isaac*, 1592.]

I. SYLVISTER.

O ruthlesse murderer of immortall foules,
Alasse! to pull us from the happie poales,
And plunge us headlong in the yawning hell,
Thy ceaseles fraudes and fetches, who can tell?
Thou play'ft the lyon, when thou doost ingage
Blood-thirstie Neroes barbarous heart with rage;
While, flesht in murders, butcher-like, he paints
The faint-poore world, with the deare blood of faints:
Thou plaieft the dog, when by the mouth prophane
Of some false prophets, thou doest belch thy bane.
Where from the pulpet barkingly he rings
Bold blasphemies against the King of Kings.
Thou plai'ft the swine, when plung'd in pleasures vile,
Some epicure doth sober mindes defile;
Transforming lewdly by his loose impietic,
Sweete Lacedemon to a soft societie.
Thou plaieft the nightingale, or else the swan,
When any famous rhetorician
With captious wit, and curious language, drawes
Seduced hearers, and subverts the lawes.

Thou play'ft the foxe, when thou doeft faine aright
 The face and phrafe of fome deepe hypocrite.
 True painted tombe, dead seeming cole, but quicke,
 A fcorpion fell, whofe hidden taile doth pricke :
 Yet this were little, if thy fpight audacious
 Spar'd (at the leaft) the face of angels gracious ;
 And if thou didft not apely immitate
 Th' Almightyes workes, the warieft wits to mate.

I. SYL. *Transl.*

The ghofly enimie doth not flay
 Till tempted perfons do obay.
 Yeeld to him, he a lyon is,
 Gaine flood, a flie his pray doth mis.

IGNOTO.

A fubtill pandar, with more inticing rights
 Then fea hath fifh, or heaven hath twinckling lights.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.]

I. SYL.

As a falfe lover, that thicke fnares hath laide
 To entrap th' honour of a faire yoong maide,
 When ſhe (though liftening) litle eare affords
 To his fweete courting, deepe affected words,
 Feares ſome affwaging of his freezing flame,
 And foomes himſelfe with hope to gaine his game,
 And wrapt with joy upon this point perfiſts,
 That parlying cittie never long reſiſts,
 Even ſo the ſerpent, that doth counterfet
 A guilefull call, to allure us to his net ;
 Perceiving Eve his flattering gloze diſgeſt,
 He proſecutes, and jocund doth not reſt,

Till he have tried foote, hand, head, and all,
Upon the breach of this new battered wall.

[*Worlds Creation*, 1596.]

I. SYL. *Transl.*

DISCORD.

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is ;
There whereas all the plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men that walke amis :
It is a darkefome delve, far under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes invirond round,
That none the fame may easly out win ;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to iffue forth when one is in :
For Discord harder is to end, then to begin.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. i, st. 20.]

ED. SPENCER.

Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all diffention, which doth daily grow
Amongst fraile men : that many a publike state
And many a private, oft doth overthrow.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 19.]

IDEM.

He knew her by her weed of fundry hew,
Patched with infinit unequall lifts,
Her skin in fundry places naked view,
At divers rents and cuts, he may that lifts :
Her haire was gray and red, and black and blew,
And hard and soft ; in laces some she twists,
Some hangeth downe, upright some standeth staring,
As if each haire with other had been squaring.

Her lap was full of writs and of citations,
 Of proccesses, of actions, and arrests,
 Of bills, of answeres, and of replications,
 In courts of Delegats and of Requestes ;
 Greeving the simple sort with great vexations.
 She had resorting to her, as her guests,
 Attending on her circuits and her journies,
 Scriv'ners and clarkes, lawiers, and atturnies.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xiv, st. 72.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended ;
 And loathly mouth'd, unmeet a mouth to bee,
 That nought but gall and venome comprehended,
 And wicked words that God and man offended :
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended ;
 And as her tongue so was her heart discided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. i, st. 27.]

ED. SPENCER.

For like as drops ingender mightie flouds,
 And little seeds sprout forth great leaves and buds ;
 Even so small strifes, if they be suffered runne,
 Breed wrath and warre and death, ere they be donne.

[T. Phaer, *Owen Glendour*, edit. 1610, p. 299.] *M. of Magist.*

Concord in kingdomes is chiefe assurance,
 And that your families do never fall ;
 But where Discord doth lead the doubtfull dance,
 With busie brawles and turnes of variance,

Where malice is minstrell, the pipe ill report,
That mask mischief, and so ends the sport.

[G. Ferrers, in *H. Duke of Glouc.*, edit. 1610, p. 331.] *M. of M.*

Fire-brand of hell, first tinde in Phlegeton
By thousand furies, and from thence outthrowne
Into this world, to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknowne,
Is wicked Discord ; whose small sparkes, once blowne,
None but a god or godlike man can flake,
Such as was Orpheus ; that, when strife was growne
Amongst those famous imps of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ii, st. 1.] ED. SPENCER.

O cruell Discord, food of deadly hate ;
O mortall corfive to a common-weale :
Death-lingring consumption to a state ;
A poysoned fore that never salve could heale.
O foule contagion, deadly killing fever,
Infecting oft, but to be cured never.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 123.] M. DRAYTON.

A state divided cannot firmly stand :
Two kings within one realme could never rest.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act i, sc. 1.] T. KYD.

DISSIMULATION.

..... FIERCE lightening from her eies
Did set on fier faire Heroes sacrifice,

Which was her torne robe and inforced haire ;
 And the bright flame became a maid most faire
 For her aspect ; her tresses were of wire,
 Knit like a net, where harts, all fet on fire,
 Struggled in pants, and could not get releast :
 Her armes were all with golden pincers drest,
 And twentie fashioned knots, pullies, and brakes,
 And all her body girt with painted snakes.
 Her downe parts in a scorpions taile combine,
 Freckled with twentie colours ; pied wings shinde
 Out of her shoulders ; cloth did never die,
 Nor sweeter colours never viewed eie
 In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartarie,
 Then shinde about this spirit notorious ;
 Nor was Arachnes web so glorious.
 Of lightning and of shreds she was begot ;
 More hold in base diffemblers is there not :
 Her name was Eronufis.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 4.]

G. CHAPMAN.

The colours of Diffemblance and deceit
 Were died deep in graine, to seeme like truth.

ED. SPENCER.

Better a wretch then a Diffembler.

[*Skialetheia*, 1598, Sat. 1.]

E. GILPIN.

For commonly in all Diffimulations
 Th' excesse of glavering doth the guile detect.
 Reason refuseth falshood to direct :
 The will, therefore, for feare of being spied,
 Exceedeth meane, because it wanteth guide.

[*Legend of Lord Rivers*, edit. 1610, p. 406.]

M. of M.

For commonly all, that do counterfeit
In any thing, exceed the naturall meane,
And that for feare of failing in their feat.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, p. 206.]

M. of M.

The lovely lookes, the fighes that storme so fore,
The due of deep diffembling Doublenesse,
These may attempt, but are of power no more,
Where beautie leanes to wit and fothfastnesse.

[*Rosalynd*, 1590 : edit. 1598, sig. H 4 b.]

D. LODGE.

..... Whofo hath to doo
With deep Diffemblers, must diffemble too.

[*Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 1600. st. 137.]

CH. MIDDLETON. *Vid. Hypocrisie.*

END.

..... THE End doth alwaies prove the fact ;
By End we judge the meaning of the act.

[J. H. in *M. for M. : Locrinus*, edit. 1610, p. 23.] S. J. H., *Transl.*

Begin where lightnesse wil, in flame it ends.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 4.]

G. CHAPMAN.

EARTH.

THUS whilest he laid his head upon her lap,
She in a fiery mantle doth him wrap ;
And carries him up from this lumpish mould
Into the skies, whereas he might behold

The Earth, in perfect roundnesse of a ball,
 Exceeding globes most artificiall ;
 Which in a fixed point nature disposed,
 And with the fundry elements inclosed ;
 Which, as the center, permanent doth stay,
 When as the skies, in their diurnall fway,
 Strongly maintaine the everturning course,
 Forced alone by their first Mover source :
 Where he beholds the aiery regions,
 Whereas the clouds and strange impressiions
 Maintained by coldnesse often do appeare,
 And by the highest region of the aire
 Unto the clearest element of fire,
 Which to her silver footstoole doth aspire.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), sig. E 2 b.]

M. DRAYTON.

Shee now is darkned to all creatures eies,
 Whilest in the shadow of the Earth she lies :
 For that the Earth, of nature cold and drie,
 A very chaos of obscuritie,
 Whose globe exceeds her compasse by degrees,
 Fixed upon her superficies,
 When in his shadow she doth hap to fall,
 Doth cause her darknes to be generall.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... Earth

Bears all her sonnes and daughters in one wombe ;
 She, Europes, Ameriques, Affriques, Asians toombe.

IDEM.

..... Earth cannot comprehend
 The secret depths of judgements all divine,

Where is no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine.

[*Sacrifice of Isaac*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortall men, that swinke and sweate for nought ;
And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope.
Now have I learnd (a lesson dearly bought)
That nis on Earth assurance to be fought.

[*Shepherds Calendar*, Nov.]

ED. SPENCER.

A narrow roome our glory vaine upties,
A little circle doth our pride containe :
Earth, like an ile amid the water lies,
Which sea sometime is cald, sometime the maine.
Yet nought therein responds a name so great ;
It's but a lake, a pond, a marish street.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. xiv, st. 10.]

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

Our mother Earth, nere glorious in her frute,
Till, by the funne, clad in her tinsell sute ;
Nor doth she ever smile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her imbrace :
Which proves she hath a foule, fence, and delight,
Of generations feeling appetite.

[*Epistle, King John to Matilda*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

To know our selves to come of humane birth,
These sad afflictions crosse us here on Earth :
A taxe imposde by heavens eternall lawe,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.

[*Ibid.*, *De la Pole to Queen Margaret*, 1599.]

EDEN.

[*ENVIE.*]

AND next to him, malicious Envie rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chawe
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poyfon ranne about his chawe :
 But inwardly he chawed his owne mawe
 At neighbours wealth, that made him ever fad ;
 For death it was when any good he sawe ;
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
 But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous glad.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

The other held a snake with venome fraught,
 On which she fed and gnawed hungerly,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought ;
 That round about the jawes we might discry
 The bloody gore, and poyfon dropping loathfomly.
 Her name was Envie, knowne well thereby,
 Whose nature is to greeve and grudge at all
 That she sees done praise-worthily ;
 Whose fight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
 And vexeth so, that makes her eate her gall :
 For, when she wanteth other thing to eate,
 She feedes on her own maw unnaturall ;
 And of her owne foule entrailes make her meate ;
 Meate fit for such a monsters monstrous diet.

IDEM.

I chaunced on a monster of a man,
 With health heart sicke, starved with store of foode,

With riches poore, with beautie pale and wan,
Wretched with happineffe, evil with good :
One eye did envie at the th'other eie,
Because the other envide more then hee.
His hands did fight for the first injurie :
So Envie envide, enviede to be ;

And, as he went, his hinder foote was fore,
And envide at the foote that went before.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, lib. ii, epigr. 18.]

TH. BASTARD.

This monster, honors hurt, is like the curre
That barks at strangers comming to the durre,
But sparing alwaies those are to him knowne ;
To them most gentle, to the others throwne.

[*Essays of a Prentice*, 1585. *Urania*.]

K of S.

This monster als is like a raving cloude,
Which threatens alwaies kindling Vulcan loude
To smore and drowne him with her powring raine,
Yet force of fire repels her power againe.

[*Ibid.*, *Urania*.]

IDEM.

Oft malice makes the mind to shed the boyled brine,
And Envies humor oft unlades by conduits of the cine.

[*W. Warner's Albion's England*.]

T. W.

Envy lives with us, whilst our selves survive,
But when we die, it is no more alive.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1595, st. 65.]

CH. FITZ JEFFREY.

The knottie oake and wainscot old,
Within doth eate the filly worme ;

Even fo a minde, in Envy cold,
Alwaies within it felfe doth burne.

CH. FITZ JEFFRY.

Each fence may common objects comprehend,
Things excellent and fenfitive confound ;
The eye with light and colours may contend,
The eare endure the note of common found ;
Both faile, when glorious beames and ftrokes abound :
So Envy, that at meanest things beares fpight,
Stands mute at view of unexpected height.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

..... Envy harboureth moft in feebleft brest.

S. PH. SIDNEY.

Fell Envies cloud ftill dimmeth vertues ray.

ED. SPENCER.

Foule Envie, thou the partiall judge of right,
Sonne of Deceit, borne of that harlot Hate,
Nurfed in hell, a vile and ugly fprite,
Feeding on flaunder, cherisht with debate,
Never contented with thine owne eftate,
Deeming alike the wicked and the good,
Whofe words be gall, whofe actions end in blood.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 78.]

M. DRAYTON.

Envie doth ceafe, wantinge to feed upon.

IDEM.

But as the poyze, that would the palme repreffe,
Doth caufe the bowes fspread larger round about ;
So fpite and Envie caufeth glory fprout ;

And aye the more the top is overtroad,
The deeper doth the fame roote spread abroad.

[*Churchyard's T. Mowbray*, edit. 1610, p. 289.]

M. of M

Sicilian tyrants yet did never finde
Then Envie, greater torment of the minde.

IDEM.

But ah! our dayes are stampt in Envies mint,
And this our age cast in the iron mold;
Our hearts are hew'd out of Caucasean flint,
And two leav'd plates of brasse our breasts enfold:
Hate waxeth yoong, the world thus waxing old,
And best we like them, that do us love the least,
And least we love them, whom we should like best.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 48.]

CH. FITZ GEFFREY.

ERROR.

..... HIS glistering armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which she saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent, horribly displaied,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most loathsome, filthy, foule, and full of vile disdaine.
And as she lay upon the dyrtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots, and many bouts upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yoong ones, which she daily fed,

Sucking upon her poyfounous dugges, each one
 Of fundrie shapes, yet all ill favoured.
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddan all were gone.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st. 14.]

ED. SPENCER.

To erre is proper unto men, and but brutish to perlist.

W. WARNER.

..... Errors are no errors, but by fate ;
 For oft the event makes foule faults fortunate.

[*M. Drayton's Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

S. DANIELL.

For errors left unpunisht, are profest ;
 And being not defended are deprest.

[*Legend of Humphrey of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 46.]

MIDDLETON.

To heare good counsell Error never loves.

D. LODGE.

..... Errors are hardly moved,
 That love doth breed in an unadvised breft.

S. J. H., *Transl.*

A stony coldnesse hath benumbde the fence,
 And lively spirits of each living wight,
 And dim'd with darknesse their intelligence,
 Darkenes more then Cymerians daily night,
 And monstrous Error flying in the aire,
 Hath mar'd the face of all that seemed faire.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. *Enterpe.*]

ED. SPENCER.

FAITH.

FIDELIA hight,
 Like funny beames threw from her christall face,
 That could have dazde the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heavens light.
 She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water filld up to the height,
 In which a serpent did himselfe infold,
 That horror made to all that did behold ;
 But she no whit did change her constant mood.
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with bloud.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. x, st. 12.]

ED. SPENCER.

Faith sits triumphant on a coach of gold,
 Of Tuballs worke, where costly saphires shine,
 Rich diamonds, and many rubies fine ;
 And if ought else the worke more costly hold.
 This glorious chariots rowling wheelles are like
 The holy wheelles the great Ezechiel sawe,
 For one selfe spirit ; selfe winde and will doth drawe
 Their restlesse courses, equall both alike ;
 The bird that led the Romaine standerds out,
 The bird that fixed can oppose his eies
 Against the greatest light in all the skies,
 High through the ayre drawes this rich coach about.
 Faith flaunts it not in silver nor in gold,
 Nor precious scarlet of the Tyrian dye ;

Nor paints her face to hide deformitie ;
 But as she is she doth her selfe unfold.
 Her body, that all bodies doth disgrace,
 Like Junoes bird is full of watchfull eies,
 Whose holy glaunces pierce the loftie skies,
 Pierce aire and heaven, and see God face to face.
 She hath great store of flowing tongues to praise
 The Lord of hoastes : she hath most mightie wings,
 (Passing the swiftnes of all earthly things)
 That in a moment up to heaven her raife.
 Her glorious head is compast with a crowne,
 Nor made of olive, pine, or lawrell bowe,
 Nor parshly wreath, which Græcians did allowe
 Th' Olympian gaimes for signalls of renowne ;
 But of fresh roses pluckt from honours tree,
 That never shrinke for winters chilling frosts,
 Nor wither not when Titan hotely tostes,
 But by the Lord for ever watered bee.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592, p. 3.]

J. SVL. *Transl.*

Faith, friendly porter of heavens christall hold,
 Conduct us straight before the throne of gold
 Of Gods great grace, there prostrate on her knee,
 Thus praier speaks in name of all the three.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592, p. 23.]

IDEM.

What was the world before the world ? or God ere he was
 God ?

Why this he did, or doth not that, this bidden or forbod ?
 I dare not thinke, or arrogate such misteries divine,
 Faith, with her fruites significant, suffice these wits of mine ;

To love God, and our neighbour as our selfe, is all in fine.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. 27.]

W. WARNER.

Then drawe thy forces all unto thy hart,
The strongest fortresse of this earthly part ;
And on these three let thy assurance lie,—
On Faith, repentance, and humilitie.

[*Epistle, Lady Jane Gray to Dudley*.]

M. DRAYTON.

Faith is thy fort, thy shield, thy stronger aide,
Never controll'd, nere yeelded, ne dismaide ;
Which doth dilate, unfold, foretell, expresth,
Which gives rewards, investeth, and possesseth.

IDEM.

Faith hath not onely power on things terrene
Both hie and lowe, but oftentimes doth force
Gods justice too ; and sometimes seemes, perforce,
Gods purposes to change and alter cleane.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592, p. 25.]

J. SYL.

But hardest things Faith makes most possible.

[*Ibid.*, p. 2.]

IDEM.

For even the faithfull flock are like the ground,
That, for good fruite, with weedes will still abound,
If that the share and coulter idle lie,
That rives the soyle, and rootes the brambles bie.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. ii.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Adde Faith unto your force, and be not faint.

ED. SPENCER

Onely Faith doth iustifie, say we, of Gods free grace
By Chrift ; nor Faith is idle, but doth charitie embrace.

W. WARNER.

FAME.

A MONSTER swifter none is under funne ;
Encreasing, as in waters we discrie
The circles small, of nothing that begun,
Which, at the length, unto such breadth do come,
That of a drop, which from the skies doth fall,
The circles spread, and hide the waters all :
So Fame, in flight encreasing more and more ;
For, at the first, she is not scarcely knowne,
But by and by she fleets from shore to shore,
To clouds from th' earth her stature straight is growne.
There whatsoever by her trumpe is blowne,
The sound, that both by sea and land out-flies,
Rebounds againe, and verberates the skies.
They say, the earth that first the giants bred,
For anger that the gods did them dispatch,
Brought forth this sister of those monsters dead,
Full light of foote, swift wings the winds to catch :
Such monster erst did nature never hatch.
As many plumes she hath from top to toe,
So many eyes them underwatch or moe ;
And tongues do speake : so many cares do harke.
By night twene heaven she flies and earthly shade,
And, shreaking, takes no quiet sleepe by darke :
On houses roofes, on towers, as keeper made,
She sits by day, and cities threatens t' invade ;

And as she tells what things she sees by view,
She rather shewes that's fained false, then true.

[*Legend of Albanact*, p. 16, edit. 1610.]

I. H., *M. of M.*

Fame, in a stoale of purple, fet with eies,
And eares, and tongues, caried a golden booke;
Upon the cover, this I sawe engrav'd:

*Pauci quos æquus amatit
Jupiter, aut ardens exivit ad æthera virtus
Dis geniti.*

[*The Honour of the Garter*, 1593.]

G. PEELE.

Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the ayrie flie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from far away.

ED. SPENCER.

The brazen trompe of iron-winged Fame,
That mingleth faithfull truth with forged lies.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. i, st. 81.]

E. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

Then came they to the foule and loathsome lake,
Darke, deepe, and mirie, of a deadly hue,
Where was the aged man that never stinted
To carrie bundles of the names imprinted.
This was the man, whom (as I told before)
Nature and custome so swift pace had made,
He never rested, but ran evermore,
And with this running he did use this trade:
A heape of names within his cloake he bore,

And in the river did them all unlade :
Or (to say the truth), away he cast them all
Into this streame, which Læthe we do call.
This prodigall old wretch no sooner came
Unto this curfed rivers barren banke,
But desperately, without all feare of blame,
Or caring to deserve reward or thanke,
He hurl'd therein full many a precious name,
Where millions soone into the bottom sanke :
Hardly in every thousand one was found,
That was not in the gulfe quite lost and dround.
Yet all about great store of birds there flew,
As vultures, carren crows, and chattering pies,
And many more of fundrie kinds and hew,
Making leaude harmonie with their loude cries.
These, when the carelesse wretch the treasure threw
Into the streame, did all they could devise,
What with their tallents some, and some with beake,
To save some names, but find themselves too weake ;
For ever, as they fought themselves to raise
To beare away those names of great renowne,
The waight of them so heavie downward waies,
They in the streame were driven to cast them downe ;
Onely two swans sustain'd so great a paine :
In spight of him that fought them all to drowne,
These two do still take up whose names they list,
And bare them safe away, and never mist.
Sometime all under the foule lake they dived,
And tooke up some that were with water covered ;
And those that seem'd condemned, they reprimed :
And often, as about the banke they hovered,

They caught them, ere they to the streame arrived ;
 Then went they, with the names they had recovered,
 Up to a hill that stood the water nie,
 On which a stately church was built on hic.
 This place is sacred to immortall Fame,
 And evermore a nimph stands at the gate,
 And tooke the names wherewith the two swans came,
 (Whether they early come, or whether late)
 Then all about the church she hang'd the fame,
 Before that sacred image, in such rate
 As they might then well be assur'd for ever,
 Spight of that wretch, in safetic to persever.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxv, st. 10, etc.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Fame on his right hand, in a roabe of gold,
 Whose stately traine Time as her page did beare ;
 On which for rich imbroydery was enrold,
 The deeds of all the Worthies ever were ;
 So strongly wrought as wrong could not impaire ;
 Whose large memorialls she did still reherse,
 In poets man-immortallizing verse.
 Two tables on her goodly breſt ſhe bore,
 The one of chriſtall, th' other ebonie,
 Engrav'd with names of all that liv'd before :
 That, the faire booke of heavenly memorie ;
 Th' other, the black ſcrowle of infamie ;
 One ſtuft with poets, ſaints, and conquerers ;
 Th' other with atheiſts, tyrants, uſurers ;
 And in her words appeared, as a wonder,
 Her during force, and never failing might,
 Which ſoftly ſpake farre off, were as a thunder ;

And round about the world would take their flight,
 And bring the most obscurest things to light ;
 That still the farther off, the greater still
 Did ever found our good, or make our ill.

[*Legend of Robert of Normandy*, 1596, st. 12, etc.] M. DRAYTON.

My dwelling place betwixt the earth and skies,
 My turret unto heaven her top upreares :
 The windowes made of Lynceus piercing eies,
 And all the walles be made of daintiest eares,
 Where every thing that's done in earth appears.
 No word is whispered in this vaultie round,
 But in my pallace straitwaies it doth found :
 The pavement is of ratling brasen drums,
 The rafters, trumpets, which do rend the aire,
 Sounding aloud each name that thither comes ;
 The chinkes, like tongues, of all things talking there,
 And all things past in memorie do beare :
 The doores unlocke with every word man faith,
 And open wide with every little breath.
 It 's hung about with armes and conquering spoiles :
 The pillers which support the rooffe of this,
 Are trophies graven with Herculean toiles ;
 The rooffe of garlands, crownes, and ensignes is ;
 In midst of which a christall pyramis,
 All over carv'd with men of most renowne,
 Whose bafe is my faire chaire, the spire my crowne.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 50, etc.]

IDEM.

Refuge of hope, the harbinger of truth,
 Hand mayd of heaven, vertues skilfull guide,
 The life of life, the ages springing youth ;

Tryumph of joy, eternities faire bride,
 The virgins glory, and the martyrs pride ;
 The courages immortall raising fire,
 The very height to which great thoughts aspire :
 The faire by which men to the starres do clime ;
 The minds first mover, greatnes to expresse ;
 Faiths armour, and the vanquisher of time ;
 A pleasant sweet against deaths bitternesse,
 The hie reward which doth all labours blesse ;
 The studie which doth heavenly things impart,
 The joy amidst the tedious waies of art :
 Learnings greene lawrell, Justice glorious throne,
 The Muses chariot, memories true food,
 The poets life, the gods companion,
 The fire-reviving phœnix sun nurst brood,
 The spirits eternall image, honours good ;
 The balsamum which cures the souldiers scarre ;
 The world-discovering seamans happy starre.

[*Legend of Robert of Normandy*, 1596, st. 47, etc.] M. DRAYTON.

A loftie subject of it selfe doth bring
 Grave words and waightie, of it selfe divine ;
 And makes the authors holy honour shine.
 If ye would after ashes live, beware
 To do like Erostrate, who burnt the faire
 Ephesian temple ; or him to win a name,
 Who built of brasse a cruell calfe untame.

[*Essays of a Prentice*, 1585. *Urania*.]

K. of S.

..... Incorporeall Fame,
 Whose waight consists in nothing but her name.

Is swifter then the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are recking water, and dull earthly fumes.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Fame (whereof the world seemes to make such choyce)
Is but an eccho, and an idle voyce.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 38.]

S. DANIELL.

Unto this Hydra are we subject still,
Who dares to speake, not caring good or ill.

[*No author named.*]

For better it is without renowne to be,
Then be renownd for vile iniquitie.

[*Essays of a Prentice*, 1585. *Urania.*]

K. of K.

..... Fame, the queene of immortalitie.

CH. FITZ JEFFREY.

Death hath no dart to slay deserved Fame.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 186.]

CH. FITZ.

This jealous monster hath a thousand eies,
Her aiery body hath as many wings ;
Now on the earth, then up to heaven she flies,
And here and there with every wind she flings :
From everie coast her rumors forth she brings ;
Nothing so secret but to her appeareth,
And apt to credit every thing she heareth :
Foule blabbing tell-tale, secrets soone bewraier,
Thou aire-bred eccho, whisperer of lies ;
Shrill-sounding trompet, truths unkind betraier,
False larum-bell, awaking dead mens eies,
Uncertaine rumor, wandring in the skyes,

Fond pratling parrat, telling all thou hearest ;
Oft furthest off, when as thou shouldst be nearest.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 21.]

M. DRAYTON.

The path is set with danger leads to Fame.
When Minos did the Grecians flight denie,
He made him wings, and mounted through the skie.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

IDEM.

Still Fame wil grow, if once abroad it flie,
Whether it be a troth, or be a lie.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxii, st. 32.]

S. J. H.

Fame doth explore what lies most secret hidden,
Entering the closet of the pallace dweller ;
Abroad revealing what is most forbidden,
Of truth and falsehood both an equal teller :
Tis not a guard can serve for to expell her ;
The sword of justice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stoppe her mouth from uttering secret things.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 82.]

S. DANIELL.

Celestiall goddesse, eviternal Fame,
Minervaes daughter by faire Maias sonne ;
Of all th' inhabitants of heavens faire frame
Most highly honored since the world begunne,
And shall be till the fatal glasse be runne ;
Soules sweet receipt, the healths restorative,
Hearts cordiall, the minds preservative.
Goddeffe of thought, muse-animating spirit,
Aulter of honour, temple of renowne,
Shrine of devotion, yeelding art her merite ;

Lifes richeft treafure, vertues gorgious gowne,
 Heavens beft abilliment, Ariadnes crowne :
 The Cynofura of the pureft thought ;
 Fair Helice, by whom the heart is taught.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 60.]

CH. FITZ JEFFREY.

FAMINE.

A GRISLY fhape of Famine mought we fee,
 With greedy lookes and gaping mouth, that cride
 And roard for meate as ſhe ſhould there have dide :
 Her body thin and bare as any bone,
 Where to was left nought but the caſe alone ;
 And that, alas ! was gnawne on every where,
 And full of holes ; that I ne mought refraine
 From teares, to ſee how ſhe her armes could teare,
 And with her teeth gnawh on the bones in vaine ;
 When all for nought ſhe faine would ſo ſuftaine
 Her ſtarven corps, that rather ſeem'd a ſhade
 Then any ſubſtance of a creature made.
 Great was her force whom ſtone walles could not ſtay,
 Her tearing nayles ſnatching at all ſhe ſawe :
 With gaping jawes, that by no meanes ymay
 Be ſatiſfied from hunger of her mawe,
 But eates her ſelfe, as ſhe that hath no lawe,
 Gnawing, alas ! her carkas all in vaine,
 Where you may count each ſinew, bone, and vaine.
 On her while we thus firmly fixt our eies,
 That bled for ruth of ſuch a drery fight,

Lo ! suddenly she shrikt in so huge wise,
As made hell-gates to shiver with the might :
Wherewith a dart we fawe how it did light
Right on her brest, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it to reave her of her breath.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 265.] M. SACKVILLE.

Meane cates are welcome still to hungry guests.

[*Every Man out of his Humour, Induction.*] B. JOH.

FANCIE.

FANCIE, we feele, includes all passions might.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 361.] S. PHIL. SYDNEY.

Fancie by kind with reason striveth still.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), Son. 64.] TH. WATSON. *Vid. Love.*

FATE.

WHAT God hath said that cannot but ensue,
Though all the world would have it overthrowne.
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To flie their Fate, they further on the fame ;
Like quenching blasts, which oft revive the flame.

[*Legend of Duke of Clarence*, edit. 1610, p. 391.] M. of M.

Thus rule the heavens in their continuall course :
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.

[*Epistle, Lady Jane Gray to Dudley*, edit. 1599.] M. DRAVTON.

Chaunce is uncertaine, fortune double-faced.

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

..... Demogorgon, ruler of the Fates.

[*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594; also in the same author's
Orlando Furioso, 1594.] R. GREENE.

..... The Fates can make
Waie for themselves, their purpofe to pertake.

ED. SPENCER.

..... What the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove himfelf can free.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ii, st. 51.]

IDEM.

..... The lawes of Fate,
Being graven in fteele, muft ftand inviolate.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Who can efcape what his owne Fate hath wrought;
The work of heavens wil furpaffeth humane thought.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. iv, st. 27.]

ED. SPENCER.

But, ah! who can deceive his deftenie?
Or weene by warning, to avoid his Fate?
That when he fleepes in moft securitie,
And fafeft feemes, him fooneft doth amate,
And findeth due effect, or foone or late:
So feeble is the power of flefhly arme.

[*Repetition from* p. 72.]

IDEM.

..... Indeed the Fates are firme,
And may not fhinke, though all the world do flake:

Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirme,
And guide the heavenly causes to their constant terme.

ED. SPENCER.

Each man, they say, his Fate hath in his hands ;
And what he marres or makes to leefe or fave,
Of good or evil, is even felfe do, felfe have.

[*Legend of King Madan*, edit. 1610, p. 46.]

I. H. M. of M.

The Fates, farre off forefeene, come gently neare.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 183.]

M. DRAYTON.

But Fate is not prevented, though fore-knowne ;
For that must hap decreed by heavenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 59.]

S. DANIELL.

..... Fate

Keeps in eternal darke our fortunes hidden,
And e'er they come to know them, tis forbidden.

[*Ibid.*, st. 10.]

IDEM.

All men are men in ignorance of Fate ;
To alter chance exceedeth humane state.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Thus rule the heavens in their continuall course,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force.

[*Repetition from* p. 101.]

M. DRAYTON.

FEARE.

NEXT him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himfelfe not fafe enough thereby;
 But fear'd each shadow moving to or fro,
 And his owne armes, when glittering he did fpie,
 Or clafhing heard, he faft away did flie,
 As afhes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
 And evermore on Danger fixt his eie,
 Gainft whom he alwaies bent a brazen fheeld,
 Which his right hand, unarmed, fearefully did weeld.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. xii, st. 12.]

ED. SPENCER.

Who fo for ech fickle Feare from vertue shrinkes,
 Shall in his life imbrace no worthy thing;
 No mortall man the cup of furetie drinkes.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 389.]

S. PHIL. SID.

Feare is more paine then is the paine it feares,
 Difarming humane minds of native might;
 While each conceit an ugly figure beares,
 Which were not evil, well viewd in reafons light.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, p. 445.]

IDEM.

The guilt being great, the feare doth ftill exceed;
 And extreame Feare can neither fight nor flie,
 But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 34.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

The Feare of ill exceeds the evill we feare.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. i, st. 82.]

ED. FAIRFAX. *Transl.*

Feare lendeth wings to aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie :
Feare made the wofull child to waile and weepe,
For want of speed, on foote and hands to creepe.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Feare, in a fearefull heart, frets more then plagues that he
feareth.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Iuychurch*, 1591.]

A. FRAUNCE.

Feare, that is wiser then the truth, doth ill.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 47.]

S. D.

Feare casts too deepe, and never is too wise.

[*Ibid.*, B. iii, st. 3.]

IDEM.

In vaine with terror is he fortified,
That is not guarded with firme love beside.

IDEM.

A fearefull thing, to tumble from a throne.

M. DRAYTON.

Where crowned might and crossed right so near together
dwel,

Behoves that forrest-flying Feare, whereof the foxe did tel ;
Our factious Lancaster and Yorke thereof could witnes wel.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. x, ch. 59.]

W. WARNER.

Thunder affrights the infants in the schooles,
And threatnings are the conquerors of fooles.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1597.]

I. MARKHAM.

Whom Feare conftaines to praife their princes deeds,
That Feare eternall hatred in them feeds.

R. GREENE.

Feare mifinterprets things ; each augury
The worfer way he fondly doth imply.
Weaknes is falfe, and faith in cowards rare ;
Feare findes out shifts, timiditie is subtill.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

Tis incident to those whom many feare,
Many to them more greevous hate to beare.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

..... He, whom all men feare,
Feareth all men, every where :
(Hate inforcing them thereto)
Maketh many undertake
Many things they would not do.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act iv.]

THO. KYD.

The only good that growes of paffed Feare,
Is to be wife, and ware of like againe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. viii, st. 44.]

ED. SPENCER.

A man to feare a womans moodie eire,
Makes reason lie a flave to fervile Feare.

S. PH. SYDNEY.

Nothing feene fearefull we the moft fhould feare ;
Great't miftes arife before the greateft raine :
The water deep't, where we leaft murmure heare ;

In fairest cups men temper deadliest baine.
The nearer night, the ayre more cleare and still,
The nearer to our deaths, least fearing ill.

[*Legend of P. Gaveston*, 1596, st. 206.]

M. DRAYTON.

..... Bloodlesse, trustlesse, witlesse Feare,
That, like an aspen tree, trembles each where ;
She leads blacke terror, and blacke clownish shame,
And drowfie sloth that counterfeith lame,
With snail-like motion measuring the ground :
Foule sluggish drone, barren (but fittest to breed)
Diseased begger, sterv'd with wilfull need.

[*Sylvesters Trans. of Du Bartas. Furies.*]

I. S., *Transl.*

The feare of evill doth afflict us more,
Then th' evill it selfe, though it be nere so fore.

[*No author named, but T. Kyd's Cornelia*, 1594, act iv.]

FORTITUDE.

RICH buskind Seneca, that did declaime,
And first in Rome our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith Fortitude is that, which in extreame
And certaine hazard, all base feare exile.
It guides, faith he, the noble minde from farre,
Through frost and fire, to conquer honours warre.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Honey-tong'd Tully, mermaid of our cares,
Affirmes no force can force true Fortitude :

It with our bodies no communion beares :
 The foule and spirit sole doth it include.
 It is that part of honeftie, which reares
 The heart to heaven, and ever doth obtrude
 Faint feare and doubt ; ftill taking his delight
 In perills, which exceed all perils might.
 Patience, perfeverance, greatnes, and ftiong truſt,
 Theſe pages are to Fortitude, their king :
 Patience that ſuffers, and eſteemeth juſt
 What ever woe for vertue fortunes bring ;
 Perfeverance holds conſtant what we muſt ;
 Greatnes that ſtill effects the greateſt thing ;
 And armed truſt, which never can diſpaire,
 And hopes good happe, how ever fatall, deare.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

The man that hath of Fortitude and might,
 And thereto hath a kingdome voyd withall,
 Except he alſo guide himſelfe aright,
 His power and ſtrength prevaiſeth but a ſmall ;
 He cannot ſcape, at length, an hapleſſe fall.

I. H. M. of M.

The Romaine Sergius, having loſt his hand,
 Slew with one hand foure in a ſingle fight ;
 A thing all reaſon ever did withſtand,
 But that bright Fortitude ſpreads forth her light.
 Pompey, by ſtorme held from th' Italian land,
 And all his faylors quaking in his fight,
 Firſt hoyſted faile, and cried amidſt the ſtrife,—
 Ther's need I goe ; no need to ſave my life.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKEHAM.

Force, without wifdome, is of little worth.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis.*]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Greater Force there needs to maintain wrong then right.

ED. SPENCER.

Agis, that guilt the Lacedemon streete,
Entending one day battaile with his foes,
By counsell was repeld as thing unmeete,
The enemie being ten to one in shooes ;
But he replied,—'Tis needfull that his feete,
Which many leads, should lead to many blowes ;
And one, being good, an armie is for ten
Foes to Religion, and knowne naughtie men.
To him, that told Dienecus how his foes
Covered the sunne with darts and armed speares,
He made replie,—Thy newes is joy in woes :
Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer feares.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville, 1595.*]

I. MARKHAM.

..... As to love the life for vertues flame
Is the just act of a true noble will,
So to contemne it, and her hopes exclude
Is baseneffe, rashnesse, and no Fortitude.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

IDEM.

Rash Isadas, the Lacedemon lord,
That naked fought against the Theban power,
Although they chain'd his valour by a cord,
Yet was he finde for rashnes in that hower.
And those, which most his carelesse praise afford,
Did most condemne what folly did devoure ;

For, in attempting, prowesse is not ment,
But wisely doing what we do attempt.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

J. MARKHAM.

FELICITIE.

O! HAD Felicitie feeling of woe,
Or could on meane but moderately feede,
Or would looke downe the way that he must goe,
Or could abstaine from what diseafes breede,
To stop the wound before to death he bleede,
Warre should not fill kings pallaces with mone,
Nor perill come when tis least thought upon.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

FOLLY. FOOLES.

FOLLY in youth is finne, in age is madnes.

S. DANIELL.

A greater signe of folly is not showne,
Then trusting others force, distrust ones owne.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxix, st. 39.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

..... Wicked men repine their finnes to heare,
And folly flings, if counfell touch him neare.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

Faire Fooles delight to be accounted nice.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Fooles will find fault without the cause discerning,
And argue most of that they have no learning.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxviii, st. 1.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

..... There is a method, time, and place,
Which Fooles observing do commence, ere wise men have
their grace.

W. WARNER.

Tis better be a Foole than be a foxe ;
For folly is rewarded and respected,
Where subtiltie is hated and rejected.

[*Fig for Momus*, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

..... The foolish commons use
Obey them most, who doth them most abuse.

S. J. HARRINGTON, *P.*

A witleffe Foole may every man him geffe,
That leaves the more, and takes him to the lesse.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, edit. 1587, act ii, sc. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

FLATTERER.

He hates foule leavings and vile Flatterie,
Two filthy blots in noble genterie.

[*Mother Hubberds Tale*.]

ED. SP.

Thus when we finely foothe our owne desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liers.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAVTON.

Nere was pretence so foule, but some would flatter it ;
Nor any thing so pestilent, as misapplied wit.

W. WARNER.

To be officious getteth friends ; plaine dealing hated is ;
Yet better plainly to reprove, then fainedly to kis :
We cannot also love our friends, and flatter their amis.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. x, ch. lx.]

IDEM.

..... Flattery can never want rewards.

[*Fig for Momus*, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

He twice offends, who sinne in Flattery beares ;
Yet every houre he dies, that ever feares.

[*M. Drayton's Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

IDEM.

The lords and ladies over rent, and cunningly the fame
The parasite doth overreach, and bears away the game.

[*Albion's England*, B. iv, ch. xxii.]

W. WARNER.

Ye sonnes of craft, bearing as many faces
As Proteus takes among the marine places,
And force your natures' all the best you can,
To counterfeit the grace of some great man ;
Chamelion-like, who takes to him each hew,
Of blacke or white, or yellow, greene, or blew,
That comes him next : so you, that finde the fashion
To hurt the poore, with many a great taxation ;
You that do prease to have the princes eare,
To make your names in provinces appeare ;
Ye subtile Thurims, sell your furnish winde
To wicked wights, whose fences ye do blinde.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Time-fawning spaniels, mermaids on the earth,
Trencher-fed fooles with flatterers to sooth me,
Base parasites, these elbowe-rubbing mates,
A plague to all lascivious wanton states :
O filthy monnies ! vile and beastly kind,
Foule prattling parrats, birds of harpy brood,
A corasive to every noble minde ;
Vipers, that sucke your mothers dearest blood :
Mishapen monster, worst of any creature,
A foe to art, an enemy to nature.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, as blinde as he whom she doth lead,
Her feature chaung'd each minute of the houre,
Her riggish feete fantastickly would tread :
Now would she smile, and suddenly would lowre,
And, with one breath, her words are sweete and fowre.
Upon her foes she amorously would glaunce,
And on her followers coyly looke askaunce.
About her necke (it seem'd as for a chaine)
Some princes crownes and broken scepters hong ;
Upon her arme a lazie youth did leane,
Which scornfully unto the ground she flong ;
And with a wanton grace passing along,
Great bags of gold from out her bosome drew,
And to base peafants and fond idiots threw.
A duskie vale, which hid her fightlesse eies
Like cloudes which cover our uncertaine lives,

Painted about with bloodie tragedies ;
 Fooles wearing crowns, and wife men clog'd in gives.
 Now how she gives againe, how she deprives,
 In this blacke map thus she her might discovers,
 In camps and courts, on fouldiers, kings and lovers.

[*Legend of Robert of Normandy*, 1596, st. 15, etc.] M. DRAYTON.

A hap, a chaunce, a casuall event,
 The vulgars idoll, and a childish terror ;
 A what man will, a filly accident,
 The maske of blindnesse, and disguise of error,
 Natures vile nickname, follies foolish mirror ;
 A terme, a by-word by tradition learn'd ;
 A hearfay nothing, not to be discern'd ;
 A wanton feare, a filly infants dreame ;
 A vaine illusion, a meere fantasie ;
 A seeming shade, a lunaticke mans theame,
 A fond ænigma, a flat heresie ;
 Imaginations doting trumperie :
 A folly in it selfe is one selfe loathing ;
 A thing that would be, and yet can be nothing :
 Disease of time, ambitions concubine ;
 A minde-intrancing snare, a flippery yce,
 The bait of death, destructions heady wine,
 Vaine-glories patron, the fooles paradise ;
 Fond hope, wherewith confusion doth intice :
 A vile seducing fiend, which haunts men still,
 To loose them in the errors of their will.

[*Ibid.*, 1596, st. 37.]

IDEM.

O Fortune ! the great Amorite of kings,

Opinions breath, thou epicurian aire,
Invention of mans foule, falcest of things ;
A step beyond our judgement, and a staire
Higher then men can reach with reafons wings,
Thou blindfold archereffe, thou that wilt not heare ;
Thou foe to perfons, manners, times and all,
That raifest worthleffe, while the worthiest fall.

I. MARKHAM.

Ah, Fortune ! nurse of fooles, poyfon of hope,
Fuell of vaine desires, deserts destruction
Supposed foveraigne, through our vaine construction :
Princes of paganisme, roote of impietie,
Divell on earth, masked in pietie :
Scorne of the learned, follies elder scholler,
Bastard of time, begot by vaine opinion ;
Against thy power a peevish proud resister.
Mother of lies, and witnesse of illufion :
Lampe of vain-glory, double faced shroe,
Who smiles at first, successefull, ends in woe.

D. LODGE.

Who wins her grace must with atchivements wo her ;
As she is blind so never had she cares,
Nor must with puling eloquence go to her ;
She understands not fighes, she heares not praiers :
Flattered, she flies ; controld, she ever feares.
And though a while she nicely do forsake it,
She is a woman, and at length will take it.
Nor never let him dreame once of a crowne,
For one bad cast that will give up his game ;

And though by ill hap he be overthrowne,
Yet let him manage her, till she be tame.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

For Fortune is the only foe of those
Which to the world their wretched will dispose.

[*W. Baldwin: Jack Cade*, edit. 1610, p. 346.]

M. of M.

All flesh is fraile and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to Fortunes charme, still changing new ;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

ED. SPENCER.

Fortune (the foe of famous chievisance),
Sildome (said Guyon) yeelds to vertue aide ;
But in her way throwes mischief and mischance,
Whereby her course is flopt, and passage staide.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ix, st. 8.]

IDEM.

Mocke gods they are, and many gods induce,
Who Fortune faine to father there abuse.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 426.]

M. of M.

..... In vaine do men
The heavens of there Fortunes fault accuse,
Syth they know best what is the best for them ;
For they to each such Fortune do diffuse,
As they do know each can most aptly use :
For not that which men covet most is best,
Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse ;
But fittest is that all contented rest
With that they hold : each hath his fortune in his brest.

ED. SPENCER.

No Fortune is so bad but we it frame :
 There is no chance at all hath us preserv'd,
 There is no fate whom we have need to blame,
 There is no destiny but is deserv'd ;
 No lucke that leaves us safe, or unpreserv'd.
 Let us not then complaine of Fortunes skill ;
 For all our good descends from Gods good will.

[*Legend of Lord Irenglas*, edit. 1610, p. 124.]

M. of M.

And of our lewdnesse springeth all our ill.

[*This line, added to the above, is not found in the original.*]

..... They that dwell on Fortunes call,
 No sooner rise, but subject are to fall.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act iv, sc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

Looke how much higher Fortune doth erect
 The climbing wight on her unstable wheele ;
 So much the nigher may a man expect
 To see his head where late he sawe his heele.
 Policrates hath prov'd it, in effect,
 And Dyonisius, that too true did feele,
 Who long were luld on hie in Fortunes lap,
 And fell downe suddenly to great mishap.
 On t' other side, the more man is oppressed
 And utterly o'erthrowne by Fortunes lowre,
 The sooner comes his state to be redressed,
 When wheele shall turn and bring the happie howre.
 Some from the blocke have growne to be so blessed,
 Whole realmes have bene subjected to their powre ;
 As Marius and Ventidius sample is

In former age, and Lewes of France in this.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xlv, st. 12.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

..... As the boystrous winde
Doth shake the tops of highest reared towers,
So doth the force of froward Fortune strike
The wight, that highest sits in haughtie state.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, edit. 1587, act i.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

..... So wills the wanton queene of chance,
That each man trace this labyrinth of life
With slippery steps; now wronged by Fortune strange,
Now drawne by counsell from the maze of strife.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act v.]

D. LODGE.

We all are proud when Fortune favours us,
As if inconstant chaunce were alwaies one;
Or, standing now, she would continue thus.
O fooles! looke backe, and see the rolling stone
Whereon she, blindly lighting, sets her foote,
And slightly fowes that sildome taketh roote.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act i.]

T. KYD.

Fortune, the first and last that governes states.

I. MARKHAM.

The blind-fold mistresse of uncertaine chance.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act ii, sc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

The wayward lady of this wicked world.

[*Ibid.*, act ii, sc. 2.]

IDEM.

Ah! Fortune faileth mighty ones, and meaner doth advance.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iii, c. 19.]

W. WARNER.

For Fortune findeth none so fit to flout
As carelesse fotts, which cast no kind of doubt.

[*T. Phaer: Owen Glendour*, edit. 1610, p. 301.]

M. of M.

..... Fortune cannot raise
Any aloft, without some others wracke ;
Flouds drowne no fields, before they finde a bracke.

[*W. Baldwin: Duke of Suffolk*, edit. 1610, p. 340.]

IDEM.

Where power dwelles, and riches rest,
Falsc Fortune is a comely guest.

[*Uncertain author: Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.]

E. of S.

Think Fortune newly hatcht is fledge, and waggeth wing
to flie ;
All suffereth change ; our selves, new born, even then begin
to die.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, c. 10.]

W. WARNER.

And he that Fortune at commaunde will keepe,
He must be fure he never let her sleepe.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

There never yet was emperour, or king,
Could boast that he had Fortune in a string.

[*Orlando Furioso*, edit. 1591, B. xxx, st. 33.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

..... All things to Fortune are subjected,
Chiefly in warres, that are by chaunce directed.

[*Ibid.*, B. xxx, st. 78.]

IDEM.

Wheresoever Fortune her bountie will bestow,
There heaven and earth must pay what she doth owe.

M. of M.

The man whose thoughts to Fortunes height aspires,
Were better die, then live in lowe desires.

TH. ACHELLY.

Admit thou hadst Pactolian waves to land thee gold at will,
Know Cræsus did to Cyrus kneele, and thou maist speed
as ill.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

Attempt not things beyond thy reach, joine Fortune to
thy will,

Least Phebus chaire do els surcharge rash Phaethon his skill.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

If Fortune help whom thou woldst hurt, fret not at it the
more :

When Ajax stormed, then from him the prize Ulisses bore.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Good Fortune drawes from heaven her descent,
Making hie Jove the roote of her large tree :
She shoves from him how many god-heads went,
Archangels, angels, heavens posteritie.
From thence she shoves the glorious thrid she lent,
To monarkes, emperours, and kings in fee,
Annexing, as collateralls to her line,
Honour, vertue, valour, and endlesse time.
Nathelesse, ill Fortune will be elder borne :
She faith she springs from Saturne, Joves wrongd fyre,
And heaven, and earth, and hell, her coate have borne,
Fresh bleeding hearts within a field of fyre.
All that the world admires she makes her scorne :

Who fartheft seemes is to ill Fortune neere ;
And, that iust prooffe may her great praise commend,
All that good chaunce begins, ill chaunce doth end.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Ill Fortune is attended by reproach,
Good Fortune fame and vertue stellifies.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... What man can shun the happe
That hidden lies, unwares him to surprise ?
Misfortune waits advantage, to entrappe
The man most wary in her whelming lappe.

ED. SPENCER.

The Fortune that misfortune doth affoord
Is—for to live and die unfortunate.

TH. ACHELLY.

Misfortune followeth him that tempteth Fortune.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, st. 181.]

CH. FITZ JEFFREY.

FRIENDSHIP. FRIENDS.

FOR naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame ;
But faithfull Friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with maistring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternall fame.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ix, st. 2.]

ED. SPENCER.

R

In Friendship soveraigne 'tis, as Mithridate,
Thy friend to love, as one whom thou maist hate.

Dolman; Lord Hastings, edit. 1610, p. 420.]

M. of M.

Ne certes can that Friendship long endure,
How ever gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause, or evill end enure ;
For vertue is the band which bindeth hearts most sure.

[Fairy Queen, B. iv, c. ii, st. 29.]

ED. SPENCER.

For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends ;
And Friendship, which a faint affection breeds,
Without regard of good, dies like ill grounded feeds.

[Ibid., ibid., c. iv, st. 1.]

IDEM.

With wisdome chuse thy Friend, with vertue him retaine ;
Let vertue be the ground, so shall it not be vaine.

[Uncertain author. Tottell's Miscellany, 1557.] S. TH. WIAT.

Try Frends by touch ; a feeble frend may prove thy strongest
foe :

Great Pompeys head to Cæsars hand it was betraied so.

[Albions England, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

In perfect Friendship no suspect, for two are one in all
Communitie, or doubling joy, or making grieve more small.

[Ibid., B. xi, c. lxiii.]

IDEM.

The true goodwill in miserie is tride,
For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

[Songs and Sonnets, 1567, fo. 115.]

G. TURBEVILLE.

Right true it is, and faid full yore agoe,
Take heed of him that by the backe thee claweth,
For none is worfe then is a friendly foe :
Though thee seeme good all things that thee delighteth,
Yet, know it well, that in thy bosome creepeth :
For many a man such fier oft times hee kindleth,
That with the blaze his beard himfelfe he singeth.

[*Sir T. Wyatt. Tottell's Miscellany, 1557.*] *E. of Surrey.*

None can deeme right who faithfull Friends do rest,
While they beare sway and rule in great degree ;
For then both fast and fained Friends are prest,
Whose faiths seeme both of one effect to bee :
But then revolts the faint and fained guest,
When wealth unwindes and fortune seemes to flee ;
But he that loves indeed remaineth fast,
And loves and serves when life and all is past.

[*Orlando Furioso*, edit. 1591, B. xix, st. 1.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Oft times we fee, in house of meane estate,
In fortune bad and chances overthwart,
That men do fooner laie aside debate,
And joyne in found accord with hand and hart,
Then princes courts, where riches gender hate,
And vile suspect, that loving minds doth part,
Where charitie is clean consumed and vanished,
And Friendship firme, is quite cast out and banished.

[*Ibid.*, B. xliv, st. 1.]

IDEM.

Who so wants Friends to backe what he begins
In lands farre off, gets not, although he wins.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. vi, st. 74.]

S. DANIELL.

If fortune friendly fawne, and lend thee wealthy store,
 Thy Friends conjoined joy doth make thy joy the more :
 If frowardly she frowne, and drive thee to distresse ;
 His aide releeves thy ruth, and makes thy forow leffe.

[*Uncertain author. Tottell's Miscellany, 1557.*] S. TH. WIAT.

They are not alwaies surest Friends on whom we most do
 spend.

[*Albions England, B. iii, c. 14.*]

W. WARNER.

True Friends have feeling of each others wo,
 And when ones hart is sad, all theirs is fo.

[*Legend of H. of Gloucester, 1600. st. 109.*] CH. MIDDLETON.

A golden treasure is the tried Friend,
 But who may gold from counterfeits defend ?
 Trust not too soone, nor yet too soone mistrust,
 With th' one thy selfe, with th' other thy friend thou hurtst :
 Who twines betwixt, and steers the golden mean
 Nor rashly loveth, nor mistrusts in vaine.

[*Dolman: Lord Hastings, edit. 1610, p. 420.*]

Mir. of M.

..... Friends are geason now a daies,
 And growe to fume before they taste the fier ;
 Adversities bereaving mans avails,
 They flie like feathers dallying in the winde :
 They rise like bubbles in a stormy raine,
 Swelling in words, and flying faith and deeds.

[*Marius and Sylla, 1594, act ii, sc. 1.*]

D. LODGE.

Faint Friends, when they fall out, most cruell foemen be.

[*Fairy Queen, B. iv, c. ix, st. 27.*]

ED. SPENCER.

Better new Friend then an old foe, is said.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ii, st. 27.]

ED. SPENCER.

FRUGALITIE.

HE, that will thrive, muſt thinke no courſes vile.

[*Every Man out of his Humour*, act i.]

B. JOHNSON.

No haſt but good (who meanes to multiplie) ;
Bought wit is deare, and dreſt with ſower ſalt :
Repentance comes too late ; and then ſay I,
Who ſpares the firſt, and keepes the laſt unſpent,
Shall find that ſparing yeelds a goodly rent.

[*To John Vaughan. Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 33.] G. GASCOIGNE.

Let firſt thine owne hand hold faſt all that comes,
Before that other learne his letting flie.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

FURIE.

..... FURIE furiously mans life affailes
With thouſand cannons, ſooner felt than ſcene ;
Where weakeſt, ſtrongeſt, fraught with deadly teene,
Blind, crooked, bliſterd, melancholy, ſad,
Many-nam'd poyſon, miniſter of death,
Which from us creepes, but to us gallopeth :
Foule trouble reſt, phantaſticke greedy-gut,
Bloud-ſweating hearts-theefe, wretched filthy-flut,
The childe of ſurfait and aires temper vicious,

Perillous, knowne ; but unknowne, moſt pernicious.

[*The Furies, from Du Bartas.*]

J. SYLVISTER.

That fame is Furor, curſed cruell wight,
That unto knighthood workes much ſhame and woe,
And that fame hag, his aged mother, hight
Occaſion ; the roote of all wrath and diſpight :
With her, who ſo will raging Furor tame,
Muſt firſt begin, and wel her amenege ;
Firſt, her reſtraine from her reproachfull blame
And evill meanes, with which ſhe doth enrage
Her franticke ſonne, and kindles his courage ;
Then, when ſhe is withdrawne, or ſtrong withſtood,
It's eath his idle furie to aſſwage,
And calme this tempeſt of his paſſion wood ;
The bankes are overflowne, when ſtopped is the flood.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iv, ſt. 10.]

ED. SPENCER.

Furie was red with rage, his eyes did glowe,
Whole flakes of fier from forth his mouth did flie ;
His hands and armes ybath'd in bloud of thoſe
Whom fortune, ſinne, or fate, made countries foes.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. C 4 b.]

T. LODGE.

..... This fell Fury, for forerunner ſends
Manie and phrenzie, to ſubborne her friends ;
Whereof the one drying, th' other overwarming,
The feeble brain (the edge of judgement harming)
Within the foule phantaſtickly they faine,
A confus'd hoaft of ſtrange chimeraes vaine.

J. SYLVISTER.

GIFTS.

'TIS wifedome to give much : a Gift prevailes,
When deep perfwading oratorie failes.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOWE.

A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praife.

S. DANIELL.

..... The greatest Gifts, whereof we boast,
Are those which do attempt and tire us most.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 5.]

T. LODGE.

..... Onely wifedome grave and judgements cleere,
Gifts giv'n from heaven, that are not common heere.

S. J. H., *Transl.*

Good Gifts are often given to men past good.

G. CHAPMAN.

Good Gifts abus'd, to mans confusion turne.

[*Fortunatus*, edit. 1600, Sig. K 2.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Testators and executors so give and so receive,
As doubtful whether joy or griefe is more to take or leave :
For as do hogs their troghs to hounds, so these give and
get place ;
Death, not the dier, gives bequests, and therefore but grave
grace.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. 27.]

W. WARNER.

To loiter well deserved Gifts is not to give but sell,
When to requite ingratitude were to do evill well.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

GENTLENESS.

THE gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne ;
 For a man by nothing is so well bewraide
 As by his maners ; in which plaine is showne
 Of what degree, and what race he is growne.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. iii, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Sweet Gentlenesse is Bewties waiting-maide.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581).]

TH. WATSON.

..... In gentle breasts,
 Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pittie refts.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1598, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOWE.

For like as Phœbus, with his chearefull beames,
 Doth freshly force the fragrant flowers to flourish,
 So rulers mildnesse subjects love doth nourish.

[*W. Baldwin: Earl of Salisbury*, edit. 1610, p. 312.] I. H., *M. of M.*

? Sources. { Like as the gentle heart it selfe bewraies,
 In doing gentle deeds with francke delight ;
 Even so the baser minde it selfe displaies
 In cankered malice, and revenge for spite.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

O! what an easie thing is to discric
 The gentle blood, how ever it be wrapt
 In sad misfortunes foule deformitie
 And wretched forrowes, which have often hapt.
 For howsoever it may growe mishapt,
 Like this wyld man, being undisciplyn'd,

That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle minde,
And, at the last, breake forth in his owne proper kinde.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. v, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

GENTRIE.

So that true Gentry standeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleshly line ;
For bloud is brute, but Gentry is divine.

[*T. Phaer: Owen Glendour*, edit. 1610, p. 296.] I. H. M. of M.

Above cognizance, or armes, or pedigree farre,
An unspotted coate is like a blazing starre.

G. GASCOIGNE.

Kind Amalthea was transfer'd by Jove
Into his sparkling pavement, for her love,
Though but a goate, and giving him her milke ;
Bazenes is flinty, Gentry soft as filke ;
In heaven she lives, and rules a living signe
In humane bodies ; yet not so divine,
That she can worke her kindnes in our hearts.

[*Hymnus in Noctem*, 1594.]

G. CHAPMAN.

The true Gentilitie by their own armes
Advance themselves ; the false, by others harmes.

[*Chrestoleros*, lib. ii, epigr. 17.]

TH. BASTARD.

GLUTTONIE.

AND by his fide rode loathsome Gluttonie,
 Deformed creature, on a filthy fwine :
 His belly was upblowne with luxurie,
 And eke with fatnes fwollen were his eine ;
 And, like a crane, his necke was long and fine,
 With which he swallowed up exceffive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pine ;
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.

[*Fairy Queen*; B. i, c. iv, st. 21.]

ED. SPENCER.

Fat paunches have leane pates, and daintie bits
 Make rich the ribs, but bankrout quite the wits.

[*Love's Labours Lost*, 1598, act i, sc. 1.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Your appetites, O Gluttons ! to content
 The sacred breast of Thetis blew is rent ;
 The aire must be dispeopled for your mawes :
 The Phoenix sole can scarce escape your clawes.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Of little nature lives ; superfluous meate
 But dulls the spirit, and doth the stomacke freate.

IDEM.

Who fareth finest doth but feed, and over-feedeth oft ;
 Who slepeth softest doth but sleep, and sometimes over soft.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. xxv.]

W. WARNER.

Exceffe, he fayd, doth worke accesse to finnc.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. 25.]

W. WARNER.

O plague ! O poyfon to the warlike state !
 Thou mak'ft the noble hearts effeminate.
 While Rome was rul'd by Curioes and Fabrices,
 Who fed on rootes, and fought not for delices ;
 And when the onely creffons was the foode,
 Moft delicate to Perfia, then they ftoode
 In happie state, renown'd in peace and warre,
 And through the world their triumphs spread a-farre :
 But when they after, in the Affirian hall,
 Had heard the leffons of Sardanopall ;
 And when the other, given to belly-cheare,
 By Galbaes, Neroes, Vitels govern'd were,
 Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,
 Then kill a Pirrhus or a Mithridate,
 Then both of them were feene for to be sacked
 By nations poore, whom they before had wracked.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

O glutton throates ! O greedie guts profound !
 The chofen meates which in the world his bound,
 By th' Abderois invented, may not ftanch
 Nor fatisfie your foule devouring panch,
 But muft in Moluke feeke the fices fine,
 Canary fugar and the Candy wine.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Fatneffe by nature (not immoderate)
 Kils not the wit, quels not the mindes eftate ;

But fatnes, by intemperance increast,
 When living man refembleth loathsome beast,
 And belly cheare, with greedie Gluttonie
 Is held the fulnesse of felicitie,
 This maketh men, addicted to the same,
 Dull in conceit, grosse minded, worthy blame :
 Of fuch do Bafil, Galen, Plato, write,
 That fatteft belly hath the weakeft fprite.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Epist. vi.]

D. LODGE.

..... O fhort, ô dangerous madnesse,
 That in thy rage doeft trustie Clytus smother
 By his deare friend ; Panthea, by his mother.
 Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent,
 The talkefull blab, cruell and violent ;
 The fornicator waxe adulterous,
 Th' adulterer to become incestuous ;
 With thy plagues leven fwelling all our crimes,
 Blinde, shamelesse, fenfelesse, quenching oftentimes
 The foule within it felfe ; and oft defames
 The holieft men with execrable flames.

J. SILVESTER.

Like as the muft, beginning to reboyle,
 Makes his new vessell wood-bands to recoyle ;
 Lifts up his lees, and fpues with fuming vent
 From this tubbes ground, his fcumming excrement :
 So ruiniſt thou thy hoaft, and fooliſhly
 From his hearts bottome driv'ſt all fecrecy.

IDEM.

GOOD NAME.

THE voyce that goeth of your unspotted fame
Is like a tender flowre, that with the blast
Of every little winde doth fade away.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, edit. 1587, act i.] G. GASCOIGNE, *Transl.*

The pureft treasure mortall times affoord
Is fpotless reputation : that away,
Men are but guilded loam, or painted clay.

[*Richard II*, 1597, act i, sc. 1.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

You cannot be too curious of your name.
Fond flow of ill (though ftill the mind be chafte)
Decaies the credit oft that ladies had.
Sometimes the place prefumes a wanton minde,
Repaire fometimes of fome doth hurt their honour ;
Sometimes the light and garifh proud attire
Perfwades a yeelding bent of pleafing youthes.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, act i.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

GOODNESSE.

EVEN with Goodneffe men grow difcontent,
Where ftates are ripe to fall, and vertue fpent.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. v, st. 77.]

S. DANIELL.

Good things, quoth he, may fcarce appeare,
But paffe away with fpeedie wing.

[*Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

Of GOD.

I AM that one is, was, and aye fhall be,
 Who create all of nought, as pleafeth me :
 I can deftroy, I am the great and juft,
 The faire, the good, the Holy One to truſt ;
 Whoſe ſtrong right hand this world hath ſet in frame.
 I plague my foe, and graunt my ſervants grace,
 All thoſe that knowledge me, and all their race.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. ii.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

..... Howfoever things from likelyhoods diſcent,
 In birth, life, death, the Gods are firſt, the middle, and event :
 And not what they can do they will, but what they will
 they can,
 And that they do, or do it not, behoves us not to ſcan.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, c. x.]

W. WARNER.

God firſt made angels bodileſſe pure mindes ;
 Then, other things, which mindleſſe bodies bee :
 Laſt, he made man, the horizon twixt both kindes,
 In whom we do the worlds abridgement ſee.

[*Nosce Teipſum*, edit. 1602, Sect. ix.]

I. DAVIES.

How fond is that man in his fantaſie,
 Who thinks that Jove, the Maker of us all,
 And he that tempers all in heaven high,
 The ſunne, the moone, the ſtarres celeftiall,
 So that no leave without his leave can fall,
 Hath not in him Omnipotence alſo,

To guide and governe all things here below.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, Chor. to act iii.] G. GASCOIGNE, *Transl.*

..... Heaven is his feate,

Th' earth his footestoole ; and the prison great
Of Plutoes raigne, where damned foules are shut,
Is of his anger evermore the but.

J. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

Full hard it is, quoth he, to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secreet meaning of th' Eternall Might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thought of living wight.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 6.]

ED. SPENCER.

The man of earth founds not the seas profound
Of Gods deepe judgements ; where there is no ground,
Let sobernesse be still thy wisedomes end,
Admiring that thou canst not comprehend.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

Under whose feete, subjected to his grace,
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ix, st. 56.]

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

And is there care in heaven ? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : els much more wretched were the case
Of men then beasts : but O ! the exceeding grace
Of higheft God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth imbrace,
That blessed angels he sends too and fro

To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. viii, st. i.]

ED. SPENCER.

Our gracious God makes scant waight of displeasure,
And spreads his mercy without waight or measure.

J. SYLVESTER.

The Eternall Power that guides the earthly frame,
And serves him with the instrument of heaven,
To call the earth, and summon up our shame,
By an edict from everlasting given,
Forbids mortalitie to search the fame.
Where sence is blind, and wit of wit bereaven,
Terror must be our knowledge, feare our skill,
To admire his worke, and tremble at his will.

S. DANIELL.

..... Howsoever things from likelihood discent,
In birth, life, death, the Gods are first, the middle, and event :
And not what they can do they wil, but what they wil they
can,
And that they do, or do it not, behoves us not to scan.

[*Repetition from* p. 134.]

W. WARNER.

God may all that he wills, his will is just ;
God wills all good to them that in him trust.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Where the Almightyes lightening brand doth light,
It dimmes the daz'led eies, and daunts the fences quight.

ED. SPENCER.

..... The gods are ever just,
Our faults excuse their rigour must.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594, Chor.]

S. DANIELL.

The Lord, law-maker juft and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes not for himfelfe but us :
He frees himfelfe ; and flies with his powers wing
No where but where his holy will doth bring.
All that he doth is good, becaufe it doth proceed
From him, that is the roote of good indeed ;
From him, that is the ſpring of righteoufneffe ;
From him, whose goodneffe nothing can exprefse.

J. SYLVESTER.

Indeed, then ſaid the Prince, the evil done
Dies not when breath the body firſt doth leave,
But from the granfire to the nephewes ſonne,
And all his ſeed, the curſe doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave :
So ſtraightly God doth judge.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. viii, ſt. 29.]

ED. SPENCER.

There is no ſtrength in armour, men, ne horſe,
Can vaile, if Jove on wronged take remorſe :
Sith he, on whom the deadly dart doth light,
Can never ſcape by raunſome, friend, or flight.

[*J. Higgins: Locrinus*, edit. 1610, p. 26.] J. HARR. *M. of M.*

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares, can make her ſelfe a way.

ED. SPENCER.

If gods can their own excellence excell,
It is in pardoning mortals that rebell.

[*Epistle, Black Prince to Lady Salisbury.*]

M. DRAYTON.

God moſt doth puniſh whom he moſt regardeth.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxiv, ſt. 62.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

..... Where gods do vengeance crave,
It is not strong defensive walls that any thing can save.

W. WARNER.

That God hath made a falue for every fore,
If men would learne the same how to apply.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xlv, st. 13.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Man purposeth, but all things are disposed
By that great God, that fits and rules above.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 18.]

IDEM.

What man is he that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortalitie ;
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by ;
Or from the field most cowardly doth flie :
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. x, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

God never seekes by triall of temptation
To found mans heart and secret cogitation ;
For well he knowes man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of men, ere they conceaved bee.

[*Sacrifice of Isaac*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER, *Transl.*

..... God
Conjoines no lesse our willes, then bolds our harts ;
A fure preface that he is on our parts.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

For God is iust ; whose stroke, delayed long,
Doth light at last, with paine more sharpe and strong.

[*W. Baldwin : D. of Suffolk*, edit. 1610, p. 345.] J. H. M. of *Magist.*

The mistie cloudes that fall sometime
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dimme our eies.
But as such deawes are dried up quite,
When Phebus showes his face ;
So are such fancies put to flight,
Where God doth guide by grace.

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 23.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Gods mercy gently waighes his iustice downe.

TH. ACHELLY.

So blinds the sharpest counsells of the wise
This overshadowing Providence on hie,
And dazeleth their clearest sighted eies,
That they see not how nakedly they lie.
There, where they little thinke, the storme doth rise,
And overcast their cleare securitie ;
When man hath stopt all waies save only that,
Which (as least doubted) ruine enters at.

[*Civil Wars*, 1609, B. i, st. 79.]

S. DANIELL.

When Sathan tempts, he leades us unto hell ;
But God doth guide whereas no death doth dwell.
When Sathan tempts, he seeks our faith to foyle ;
But God doth seale it, never to recoyle.
Sathan suggesteth ill, good moves to grace :

The Diuel seekes our baptisme to deface ;
 But God doth make our burning zeale to shine
 Amongst the candels of his church diuine.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.]

J. SYL. *Transl.*

..... Gods word
 (Which made the world, sustaines and guides it still)
 To diuers ends, conducts both good and ill.
 He that preferres not God fore all his race,
 Amongst the sonnes of God deserves no place ;
 And he that plowes the furrowes of Gods feeld,
 May not turne backe his fainting face, nor yeeld.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

God with eternall bread, in time of need,
 His loved Jacob fortie yeares did feed ;
 And gave them water from the solid stone,
 Which of it selfe had never moysture none.
 Their caps, their coats, and shoes, that they did weare,
 God kept all fresh and new, full fortie yeare.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

The most iust God, when once mans sinnes do grow
 Beyond the bounds of pardon and of grace,
 Because that men his judgements iust may know,
 Like to his love, to rule on earth, doth place
 Monsters most vile to tyrannize us so,
 With wrong the right, with lust lawes to deface.
 For this said cause were Scylla sent and Marius,
 The Nerons both, and filthy-minded Varius :
 For this Domitian held in Rome the raigne,

And Antoninus, of that name the last ;
 And Maffimin, a base unworthy fwaine,
 To plague mankind in princely throne was plasfe ;
 For this in Thebes did cruell Creon raigne,
 With other tyrants more, in ages past ;
 For this of late hath Italy bene wonne
 By men of Lombardie, of Goth and Hunne.

[*Sir J. Harington's Orlando Furioso*, B. xviii, st. 1.] S. DANIELL.

GOOD DEEDS.

WHO wold to God, but workes no good ; who seeketh fame
 by ease,
 Comes fhort of both, no lesse then maps to very lands and
 feas.

[*Albion's England*, edit. 1602, B. x, c. lx.]

W. WARNER.

Good deeds, in case that they be evil placed,
 Ill deeds are reckoned, and foone disgraced :
 That is a good deed that prevents a bad.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Well doing farre excelleth well to fay.

[*Songs and Sonnets*, 1567, fo. 9 b.]

G. TURBERVILLE.

Ill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

ED. SPENCER.

Let every one do all the good they can,
 For fildom commeth harne of doing well ;
 Though juft reward it wanteth now and than,

Yet shame and evill death it doth expell :
 But he that mischieveth an other man,
 Seldome doth carry it to heaven or hell.
 Men say it, and we see it come to passe,
 Good turnes in dust, shrewd turnes are writ in brasse.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxiii, st. 1.] S. J. HARRINGTON, *Transl.*

Wretched is he that thinkes, by doing ill,
 His evill deeds long to conceale and hide :
 For though the voyce and tongues of men be still,
 By foules and beafts his sinne shall be discride ;
 And God oft worketh by his secret will,
 That sinne it selfe the sinner so doth guide,
 That of his owne accord, without request,
 He makes his wicked doings manifest.

IDEM.

Our bodies buried, then our deeds ascend,
 Those deeds in life to worth cannot be rated,
 In death with life our fame even then is dated.

[*Robert of Normandy*, 1596, st. 147.]

M. DRAYTON.

GREATNESSE.

GREAT things still orewhelme themselves with waight.

[*Skialetheia*, 1598, Proem. to Epigrams.]

G. GUILPIN.

Greatnesse, like to the funnes reflecting powers,
 The fen-bred vapours naturally exhales,
 And is the cause that oft the evening lowers,
 When foggy mists enlarge their duskie failes.

That his owne beames he in the cloudes impailes,
And either must extinguiſh his owne light,
Or by his vertue cauſe his proper night.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

To be huge is to be deadly ficke.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598, Sat. 2.]

I. MARSTON.

O blinded Greatneſſe ! thou, with thy turmoile
Still ſelling happie life, mak'ſt life a toile.

[*Civil Wars*, B. iii, ſt. 67.]

S. DANIEL.

Then he that ſtrives to manage mightie things,
Amidſt his triumphes gains a troubled minde :
The greateſt hope the greateſt harm it brings,
And poore men in content there glory finde.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act v, ſc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

The man that furthereth other men to thrive,
Of private Greatneſſe doth himſelfe deprive.

[*Life and Death of Wolſey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

GRIEFE.

GRIEFE, all in ſable forrowfully clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heaue cheare,
Yet inly, being more then ſeeming ſad ;
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,

In wilfull languor, and confuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. xii, st. 16.]

ED. SPENCER.

Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see,
(Even like a toppe, which nought but whipping moves)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree.
Griefe is the stone which finest judgements proves,
For who grieves not hath but a blockish braine,
Since cause of Griefe no cause from life removes.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 147, 4to ; 4to, 1590, fo. 156.] S. PH. SYDNEY.

..... Griefes deadly fore
Unkindnes breeds, unkindnes fostereth hate.

IDEM.

Griefe to it selfe most dreadfull doth appeare,
And never yet was forrow voyd of feare ;
But yet in death they both do hope the best.

[*Epistle, Q. Isabel to Richard II*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

Griefes be long liv'd, and forrowes feldome die.

IDEM.

Griefe hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without tenne womens wit.

[*Venus and Adonis*, edit. 1593, st. 169.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

He oft findes medicine, who his Griefes imparts,
But double griefes afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppress.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ii, st. 34.]

ED. SPENCER.

He oft finds present helpe who does his Griefe impart.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. i, st. 46.]

ED. SPENCER.

No greater ease of heart then Griefes to tell ;
It daunteth all the dolours of the minde :
Our carefull hearts thereby great comfort finde.

[*Queen Cordilla*, edit. 1610, p. 59.]

I. H. *Mir. of Mag.*

An oven that is stopt, or river staid,
Burneth more hotely, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words loves fier doth assuage ;
But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperate in his sute.

[*Venus and Adonis*, st. 56.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

And that no one thing may availe man more
To cure a Griefe, and perfectly to heale it,
Then if he do unto some friend reveale it.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlvii, st. 13.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

For Griefe it is inough to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be farther vext.

[*Sonnet to the Earl of Leicester*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Some Griefe shewes much of love,
But much of griefe shewes still some want of wit.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

..... Great Griefe will not be told,
And can more easily be thought then said.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. vii, st. 41]

ED. SPENCER.

PAINE.

THOU Paine, the onely ghueft of loath'd constraint,
 The child of curfe, mans weakneffe foster-child,
 Brother to woe, and father of complaint ;
 Thou Paine, thou loathed Paine, from heaven exil'd.

[*H. Constable's Diana*, Dec. iii, son. iv ; and *Sidney's Arcadia*,
 fo. 1598, p. 476.] H. C.

The scourge of life, and death's extreme disgrace,
 The smoake of hel, that monfter called Paine.

[*Ibid.*, Dec. iii, son. ii ; *ibid.*, p. 475.] IDEM.

The thing that grievous were to do or beare,
 Them to renew, I wot, breeds no delight.

ED. SPENCER.

True Griefe is fond, and testy as a childe,
 Who wayward once, his moode with nought agrees ;
 Old woes, not infant forrowes, beare them milde ;
 Continuance tames the one ; the other wilde,
 Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drownes, for want of skill.

[*Lucrece*, edit. 1594, st. 58.] W. SHAKESPEARE.

Paine paies the income of each precious thing.

[*Ibid.*, st. 49.] IDEM.

 HEAVEN.

FROM whence, with grace and goodneffe compast round,
 God ruleth, bleffeth, keepeth, all he wrought ;

Above the aire, the fire, the fea, and ground,
 Our fenſe, our wit, our reaſon, and our thought;
 Where perſons three, (with power and glory crown'd,)
 Are all one God, who made all things of nought:
 Under whoſe feet, (ſubjected to his grace,)
 Sit nature, fortune, motion, time, and place.
 This is the place from whence, like ſmoake and duſt
 Of this fraile world, the wealth, the pompe, the power,
 He toſſeth, tumbleth, turneth as he luſt,
 And guides our life, our death, our end and hower:
 No eye (how ever vertuous, pure, and juſt,)
 Can view the brightneſs of that glorious bower:
 On every ſide the bleſſed ſpirits bee
 Equall in joyes, though differing in degree.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ix, ſt. 56.]

E. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

In whoſe great temple, richly bewtiſied,
 Pav'd all with ſtarres, diſperſt on ſaphire flower,
 The clarke is a pure angell ſanctified,
 The judge our true Meſſias, full of power,
 The apoſtles his aſſiſtants every hower;
 The jury faints, the verdict innocent,
 The ſentence, 'Come, ye bleſſed! to my tent.'
 The ſpeare that pierſt his ſide the writing pen,
 Chriſtes bloude the inke, red inke for princes name;
 The vailes great breach, the miracle for men,
 The fight is ſhew of them that, long dead, came
 From their old graves, reſtor'd to living frame:
 And that laſt ſignet, paſſing all the reſt,
 Our ſoules diſcharg'd by *conſummatum eſt*.
 Here endleſſe joy is, their perpetuall cheare,

Their exercife, fweete fongs of many parts ;
 Angells the quier, whose fymphonie to heare,
 Is able to provoke conceiving harts
 To misconceive of all inticing arts :
 The ditty praife, the fubject is the Lord,
 That tunes their gladfome fpirit to this accord.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

What fo the Heavens, in their fecret doombe,
 Ordained have, how can fraile flefhly wight
 Forecaft, but it muft needs to iffue come.

ED. SPENCER.

What in the heavenly parliament above
 Is written by the finger of the firft
 Mortalls may feele, but never can remove ;
 For they are fubject to the Heavens worft.

I. MARKHAM.

By mortall lawes the bond may be divorced,
 But Heavens decree by no meanes can be forced.

[*Epistle, Lady Jane Gray to Dudley*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

In vaine doth man contend againft the ftarres,
 For what he feeke to make, his wifedome marres.

S. DANIELL.

But humane wilhes never have the power
 To hurt or haft the courfe of Heaven one hower.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

Experience proves, and daily it is feene,
 In vaine (too vaine) man ft rives againft the Heavens.

[*Tragedy of Jocafta*, act i, fc. i.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serve
 The inward light, and that th' heavenly part
 Ought to be king ; from whose rules who do swerve,
 Rebelles to nature, strive for their owne smart.
 True, that true bewtie vertue is indeed,
 Whereof this bewtie can be but a shade,
 Which elements with mortall mixture breed.
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrimes made,
 And should in foule up to our countrey move.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit. 1598, p. 520.] S. PH. SYDNEY.

Heaven is our home, we are but straungers here.

[*Epistle, Lady Jane Gray to Dudley*, 1599.] M. DRAYTON.

The Heaven, and earth, and aire, and seas, and all,
 Taught men to see, but not to shunne their fall.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, st. 96.] S. DANIELL.

Things which preface both good and ill there bee,
 Which Heaven fore-shewes, yet will not let us see.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.] M. DRAYTON.

From them comes good, from them comes also ill ;
 That which they made, who can them warne to spill.

[*Countess of Pembroke on Sir P. Sidney's Death*.] ED. SPENCER.

In vaine be armes, when Heaven becomes thy foe.

[*M. Drayton's Mortimeriados*, 1596.] IDEM.

For when the Heavens are to justice bent,
 All things be turn'd to our just punishment.

[*Ibid.*] IDEM.

All powers are subject to the power of Heaven ;
Nor wrongs passe unrevenge'd, although excus'd.

ED. SPENCER.

Would Heaven her bewtie should be hid from sight,
Nere would she thus her selfe adorne with light,
With sparkling lamps ; nor would she paint her throne,
But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon.
And when the golden glorious sunne goes downe,
Would she put on her starre-bestudded crowne,
And in her masking sute, the spangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her revelry :
Heavens gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should immitate her fashion.

[*M. Drayton: Epistle, K. John to Matilda.*]

IDEM.

Heavens influence was ne'er so constant yet
In good or bad, as to continue it.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia, 1594, act ii.*]

T. KYD.

If thou be wife, hold this as ominous,—
The Heavens not like disposed every houre,
The starres be still predominant in us :
Fortune not alway forth her bagge doth powre,
Nor every cloude doth raine a golden shovre.

M. DRAYTON.

HEART.

FREE is the Heart, the temple of the minde,
The sanctuarie sacred from above,

Where nature keeps the keys that loofe and binde ;
No mortall hand force open can that doore,
So close fhut up and lock['d] to all mankinde.

S. DANIELL.

The bodies wound by medicines may be eafed,
But griefes of heart by falves are not appeafed.

[*James IV of Scotland*, 1598.]

R. GREENE.

By thought of heart the fpeech of tongue is carried.

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

HAPPINESSE, *vid.* FELICITIE.

HATE.

HATE is the elder, love the yonger brother,
Yet is the yonger ftronger in his ftate
Then th' elder, and him maftereth ftill in all debate.

ED. SPENCER.

Nor Hate nor love did ever judge aright.

[*No author's name.*]

For rooted Hate will hardly be displafte
Out of high hearts, and namely where debate
Happeneth amongft great perfons of eftate.

[*G. Ferrers : II. Duke of Gloucester*, edit. 1610, p. 332.]

J. H. M. *of M.*

Hatred muft be beguilde by fome new courfe,
Where ftates are ftiff, and princes doubt their force.

[*Civil Wars*, B. iv, st. 94.]

S. DANIELL.

Spight bites the dead, that living never darde.

ED. SPENCER.

Sildome doth malice want a meane to worke.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Hate hits the hie, and windes force tallest towers :

Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

[*James IV of Scotland*, 1598.]

R. GREENE.

Hatred accompanies prosperitie,

For one man greeveth at an others good ;

And fo much more we thinke our miserie,

The more that fortune hath with others stood :

So that we feld are feene as wisedome would,

To bridle time with reafon, as we should.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act i.]

TH. KYD.

HASTE.

OFT times, the greatest Hafte the worfer speeds.

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

As busie braines must beat on tickle toyes ;

As rash invention breeds a raw device ;

So fuddein falles do hinder hastie joyes :

And as swift baits do fleetest fish intice,

So Hafte makes waste ; and therefore, now, I say,

No hafte but good, where wisedome beares the sway.

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 36.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

The swiftest bitch brings forth the blindest whelpes,

The hottest fevers coldest crampes ensue,

The nakedst need hath over lateft helpes.

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 36.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Hastie respect repents, when tis too late.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKEHAM.

Rashneffe fees all, but nothing can prevent.

M. DRAYTON.

Fore-judging, puts out one of wisedomes eies.

[*No author's name.*]

For if by rashneffe valour have got honour,

We blame the rashneffe, but reward the valour.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 175.]

CH. FITZ JEFFREY.

O rash, false heat ! wrapt in repentant cold,

Thy hafty spring still blasts, and nere growes old.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 7.]

W. SH.

HELL.

AN hidious hole, all vast, withouten shape,

Of endleffe depth, orewhelm'd with ragged stone,

With ougly mouth and grisly jawes doth gape,

And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.

Here entred we, and yeeding forth, anon

A dreadfull loathly lake we might discern

As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Averno ;

A deadly gulfe, where nought but rubbish growes,

With foule blacke swelth in thickned lumps that lies,

Which up in th' aire such stinking vapours throwes,

That over there may fly no fowle but dies,
Choakt with the noyfome favours that arife.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 261.]

M. SACKVILE.

Thence come we to the horror and the Hell,
The large great kingdomes and the dreadfull raigne
Of Pluto, in his throne where he did dwell ;
The wide wafte places, and the hugie plaine ;
The waylings, shrikes, and fundry forts of paine,
The fighes, the fobbes, the deep and deadly grone,
Earth, aire, and all, refounding plaint and mone.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, p. 269.]

IDEM.

Thence turning backe, in filence foft they ftole,
And brought the heavy corfe with eafie pace
To yawning gulfe of deep Avernus hole.
By that fame hole an entrance, darke and bafe,
With fmoake and fulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to Hell : there creature never paft,
That back returned, without heavenly grace ;
But dreadfull furies, which their chaines have braft,
And damned fprights, fent forth to make ill men agaft.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. v, st. 31.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Darkfome dens of Avernus,
Wher's no path to returne, nor ftarting hole to be fcaping ;
Defteny, death, and hell, and Cerberus horrible hell-hound,
Loathfom ftreames of Stix, that nine times compaffe
Avernus.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Izychurch*, Part ii, 1591.] AB. FRAUNCE.

They paffe the bitter waves of Acheron,

Where many foules fit wayling wofully ;
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghoasts in torments fry,
 And with sharpe shrilling shrikes do bootlesse cry,
 Curfing high Jove, the which them thither sent.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. v, st. 33.]

ED. SPENCER.

About the defart parts of Greece there is a vally low,
 To which the roaring waters fall, that from the mountains
 flow ;

So rocks do overshadow it, that scarfe a man may vew
 The open aire ; no sun shines there : amidst this darkefom
 mew

Doth stand a citie ; to the same belongs one onely gate ;
 But one at once may come therto, the entrance is so strait,
 Cut out the rough maine-stony rocke : this citie did belong
 To Pluto, and because that he was ever doing wrong,
 And kept a theevish rable that in mischiefes did excell,
 His citizens were divels said, and citie named Hell.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. i, ch. vi.]

W. WARNER.

HONOUR.

IN woods, in waves, in warres she wonts to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine ;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happie mansion attaine.
 Before her gate hie God did sweate ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii. c. vi. st. 41.]

ED. SPENCER.

Honour is purchas'de by the deeds we doo.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

..... Honour is not wonne,
Untill some honourable deed be donne.

[*Ibid.*, Sest. 1.]

IDEM.

Danger bids feeke the fafest way one may ;
But what faith Honour ? Honour faith not so.
Never retire with shame ; thus Honour faith :
The worst that can befall one is but death.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xv, st. 34.]

S. J. HARR.

In brave purfuit of honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble feed ;
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence :
As feates of armes, and love to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science,
Proper to gentle blood ; some others faine,
To manage steeds, etc.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iv, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Ever great imployment for the great,
Quickens the bloud, and Honour doth beget.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, st. xvii.]

S. DANIELL.

..... Promotion is a puffe ;
These worldly honors are but shades of sweete :
Who seeke too much before they get enough,
Before they meet the meane with death they meete :

With death they meete, the haven of all desire,
Where will must waine, and pride cannot aspire.

D. LODGE.

Honour, a thing without us, not our owne.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 40.]

S. D.

Then what availes to have a princely place,
A name of honour, and an high degree,
To come by kindred of a noble race,
Except we princely, worthy, noble bee?
The fruite declares the goodnesse of the tree.
Do brag no more of birth or linage than,
For vertue, grace, and manners, make the man.

[*J. Higgins: King Kimarus*, edit. 1610, p. 103.]

M. of M.

Search all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde therein,
That honour is more hard to hold, then win.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, st. 45.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Defected Honour never more is to be got againe.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. xxviii.]

W. WARNER.

For vile is Honour, and a little vaine,
The which true worth and danger do not gaine.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. vi, st. 83.]

S. DANIELL.

Vertue can beare what can on vertue fall:
Who cheapneth Honour must not stand on price.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

It most behoves the honourable race
Of mightie peeres true wisedome to sustaine:

And with their noble countenance to grace
 The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine ;
 Or rather, learnd themselves behoves to bee :
 That is the garland of nobilitie.

[*Tearcs of the Muses*, 1591. *Clio*.]

ED. SPENCER.

But if that Honour have one minutes staine,
 An hundred yeares scant can it cleanse againe.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxviii, st. 6.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

A flame to fetch our long discent from kings,
 And from great Jove derive our pedigree ;
 The brave atchiements of an hundred things,
 Breathing vaine boasts, the world to terrifie,
 If we ourselves do blot with infamie,
 And staine that blood and Honour which is theirs.
 Men cannot leave their vertues to their heires.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 12.]

M. DRAYTON.

Honour is grounded on the tickle yce :
 The purest lawne most apt for every spot.

[*Ibid.*, st. 34.]

IDEM.

Honors shade thrusts Honors substance from his place.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598, Sat. 5.]

I. MARSTON.

Honour, by due right, is vertues hire.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 34.]

TH. WATSON.

Honours, without imployment of estate,
 Arc like to fun-beames without heate or light :
 A noble man, and not a magistrate,

Shines halfe eclipsed in his clearest bright ;
 Joyne heavenly gifts to earthly, light to light :
 Let these great excellencies make a truce,
 Fortune shall need no wheele-wright for her use.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

T. H. STORER.

Great is the strife that growes in youthfull minde,
 When Honour falles at variance with affection :
 Nor could it yet be knowne, or well definde,
 Which passion keeps the other in subjection.
 Both do allure, both do the judgement blinde ;
 Both do corrupt the heart with strong infection ;
 Yet loe, sometimes these hurts procure our weale,
 Even as one poyson doth another heale.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxv, st. 1.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

The fiery-sparkling precious chrysolite,
 Spangled with gold, doth most transplendent shine :
 The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
 The one the others beautie doth refine ;
 And both together beauties do combine :
 The jewell decks the golden haire that weares it,
 Honour decks learning, that with Honour reares it.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1595, st. 151.]

CH. FITZ.

The inward touch that wounded Honour beares
 Rests closely ranckling, and can find no ease,
 Till death, of one side, cure this great disease.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. iii, st. 26.]

S. DANIELL.

HOPE.

HER yonger sifter, that Speranza hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her befeemed well ;
 Not all so chearfull seemed she of fight,
 As was her sifter ; whether dread did dwell
 Or anguish, in her heart, is hard to tell :
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell ;
 And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. x, st. 14.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Hope, a handsome maide,
 Of chearfull looke, and lovely to behold ;
 In filken samite she was light araide,
 And her faire locks were woven up in gold :
 She alway smilde, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water sprinkle, dipt in dewe,
 With which she sprinkled favours manifold
 On whom she list, and did great liking shewe ;
 Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

IDEM.

True Hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Richard III*, 1597, act v, sc. 2.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Wan-hope, (poore foule !) on broken anchor sits,
 Wringing his armes, as robbed of his witts.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. C 4.]

T. LODGE.

What better emperor can the body hold,
Then sacred Hope? the element from whence
Vertue is drawne fresh looking, never old;
Matter most worthy of a strong defence:
It animates yoong men, and makes them bold,
Arming their hearts with holy influence;
It, like a seale, in tender thoughts doth presse
The perfect image of all happinesse.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

..... Hope is double, and hath double power,
As being mortall, and immortall fram'de:
In th' one shee's movelesse, certaine every houre;
In th' other doubtfull, and incertaine nam'de.
Th' immortall Hope raines in a holy bowre,
In earthy closures is the mortall tam'de;
And these two contraries, where ere they meete,
Double delight, and make our thoughts more sweete.

IDEM.

He that hopes least, leaves not to hope at all,
But hopes the most, hoping so little hope:
Augmenting of our hope, makes hope growe small,
And taking from it, gives it greater scope.
The desperate man, which in dispaire doth fall,
Hopes by that end ill fortune to revoke;
And to this hope belongs a second part,
Which we call confidence, which rules the hart.
This second part of Hope, this confidence
Doth Tully call a vertue, that doth guide
The spirit to an honest residence;

Without whose aide, no pleafure will abide
In our world-wearied flefh.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKEHAM.

All men are guefts, where Hope doth hold the feaft.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, edit. 1587, st. 88.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Such is the weakneffe of all mortall Hope,
So tickle is the ftate of earthly things,
And brings us bale and bitter forrowings,
That ere they come unto their aimed fcope,
They fall too fhort of our fraile reckonings,
In ftcad of comfort which we fhould embrace.
This is the death of keyfars and of kings :
Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any unluckie cafe.

ED. SPENCER.

Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faireft Hope, withouten farther triall.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. x, st. 17.]

IDEM.

I Hope, like the hyenna, comming to be old,
Alters his fhape, is turn'd into difpaire.

[*Diana* (1592), Decad. iv, fon. 10.]

H. C.

Sorrow cloth utter what us ftill doth grieve,
But Hope forbids us forrow to beleve.

IDEM.

..... Our Hopes good deceives us,
But that we would forgoe, that feldome leaves us.

IDEM.

None without great Hopes will follow such,
Whose power and honour doth not promise much.

[*Civil Wars*, 1609, B. iii, st. 39.]

S. DANIELL.

Who nothing hopes, let him dispaire in nought.

TH. ACHELLY.

To live in Hope of that they meane to give,
Is to deceive ourselves, and not to live.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue iii.]

D. LODGE.

Hope lost breeds griefe; griefe, paine; and paine, discafe.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 63.]

TH. WATSON.

Our haps do turne, as chaunces on the dice;
Nor never let him from his Hope remove,
That under him hath mould, the starres above.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Hope and have; in time a man may gaine any woman.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Iuychurch*, 1591.]

A. FRAUNCE.

Hope well, feare not; marke this, be wise;
Droue not; for to dispaire, is to die twife.

IGNOTO.

Bad haps are holpe with hope and good believe.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xlv, st. 15.]

S. J. HARRINGTON, *Transl.*

O Hope! how cunning with our cares to gloze
Griefes breathing poynt, the truce-man to desire,
The rest in sighes, the very thoughts repose;
As thou art milde, oh! wert thou not a her?

Faire-speaking flatterie, subtill-foothing guile ;
 Ah ! how in thee our forrowes sweetly smile.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 166.]

M. DRAYTON.

HUMILITIE.

HE was an aged syre, hoary gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full flowe,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight Humilta : they passe in, stouping lowe,
 For straight and narrow was the way which he did shewe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. x, st. 5.]

ED. SPENCER.

Humilitie to heaven, the step, the staire
 Is, for devotion, sacrifice, and praier.

M. DRAYTON.

The bending knee in safetie still doth goe,
 When others stumble, as too stiffe to bowe.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 142.]

IDEM.

As on the unfavourie stocke the lillie is borne,
 And as the rose growes on the pricking thorne,
 So modest life, with fobs of grievous smart
 And cries devout, comes from an humbled hart.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. ii.]

TH. HUDSON, *Transl.*

More honour in Humilitie, then safetie in walles :
 Proud livers prove not monuments, save onely in their falles.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. xxvii.]

W. WARNER.

Ah! God shield, man, that I should clime,
 and learne to looke aloft ;
 This reed is rife, that oftentime
 great climbers fall unsoft.
 In humble dales is footing fast,
 the trode is not so tickle ;
 And though one fall through heedlesse haste,
 yet is his misse not mickle.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579: July.]

ED. SPENCER.

The lowly heart doth win the love of all,
 But pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

[*Songs and Sonnets*, 1567, fo. 9 b.]

G. TUR.

HYPOCRISIE.

..... HYPOCRISIE hath bred of godlike divels store,
 That speake to seeme, that seeme to shift, that shift to spoyl
 by guile,
 And smoothe and foothe, and yet deceive with *scriptum est*
 meane while.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, ch. 22.]

W. WARNER.

But let them heave their hands to heaven, they shew theyr
 hier in hell,
 That seeme devout, to cloake deceit ; and say, but do not
 well.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Who cloakes their mindes in hoods of holinesse
 Are double villaines, and the Hypocrite

Is most odious in Gods glorious fight,
That takes his name to cover wickednesse.

I. SYL.

Many use temples to set godly faces
On impious hearts : those finnes use most excesse,
That seeke their throwdes in fained holinesse.

G. CHAPMAN. *Vide Dissimulation.*

JEALOUSIE.

SHEE seem'd of womans shape, but in her head
A thousand eyes she had, that watch did keepe ;
As many eares, with which she harkened ;
Her eyes want lids, and therefore never sleepe :
In stead of haire, her crowne snakes overspred.
Thus marched she forth of the darknes deepe ;
Her tayle, one serpent bigger then the rest,
Which she with knots fastened about her brest.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlii, st. 45.] S. J. HARRINGTON, *Transl.*

A monster, others harme, selfe-miserie,
Bewties plague, vertues scourge, succour of lies :
Who his owne joy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cherish doth with injuries ;
Who since he hath, by natures speciall grace,
So piercing pawes, as spoile when they embrace,
So nimble fecte, as stirre still though on thornes,
So many eyes, ay seeking their owne woe,
So ample cares, that never good newes knowe :

Is it not ill, that such a devill wants hornes ?

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit. fo. 1598, son. 78] S. PH. SYDNEY.

O hatefull hellish snake ! what furie first
Brought thee from balefull house of Proserpine ?
Where in her bosome she thee long had nurst,
And fostered up with bitter milke of tine,
Foule Jealousie ! that turnest love divine
To joylesse dread, and mak'st the loving hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart !
Of all the passions in the minde, thou vilest art.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. xi, st. i.]

ED. SPENCER.

O Jealousie ! daughter of envie and love,
Most wayward issue of a gentle fire,
Fostred with feares, thy fathers joies t' improve ;
Mirth-marring monster, borne a subtile lier,
Hatefull unto thy selfe, flying thine owne desire ;
Feeding upon suspect, that doth renew thee,
Happie were lovers, if they never knew thee.
Thou hast a thousand gates thou entrest by,
Condemning trembling passions to our hart :
Hundred eyed Argus, ever waking spy,
Pale hagge, infernall furie, pleasures smart ;
Envious observer, prying in every part,
Suspitious, fearefull, gazing still about thee,
O would to God, that love could be without thee !

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 70.]

S. DANIELL.

A new disease ?—I know not, new or old ;
But it may well be term'd poore mortals plague,

For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
 The houfes of the braine : firft, it begins
 Solely to worke upon the phantafie,
 Filling her feat with fuch peftiferous aire,
 As foone corrupts the judgement ; and from thence
 Sends like contagion to the memorie :
 Still each to other catching the infection,
 Which, as a fearching vapour, fpreads it felfe
 Confufedly through every fenfitive part,
 Till not a thought, or motion in the minde,
 Be free from the blacke poyfon of fufpect.

[*Every Man in his Humour*, 1601, act ii, sc. 1.]

B. JOHNSON.

For where love raignes, disturbing Jealoufie
 Doth call himfelfe affection's centinell,
 Gives falfe alarms, fuggefteth mutiny,
 And in a peacefull houre dooth crye, kill, kill ;
 Diftempering gentle love in his defire,
 As ayre and water do abate the fire :
 This four informer, this bate-breeding fpie,
 This cancker that eates up loves tender fpring,
 This carry-tale, difcentious jealoufie.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 109.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Fowle-weather Jealoufie to a forward fpring
 Makes weeds growe ranke, but fpoiles a better thing ;
 Soves tares (gainft harveft) in the fields of love,
 And dogged humor dogdayes-like doth proove,
 Scorching loves glorious world with glowing tong ;
 A ferpent by which love to death is ftonge ;
 A fire, to wafte his pleafant fummer bowers,

Ruine his manſions, and deface his towers.

[*Skiaetheia*, 1598, Sat. 4.]

E. GUILPIN.

Pale Jealouſie, childe of infatiate love,
Of heartſicke thoughts with melancholy bred,
A hell-tormenting feare, no faith can move;
By diſcontent with deadly poyſon fed,
With heedleſſe youth and error vainly led:
A mortall plague, a vertue-drowning flood,
A helliſh fier, not quenched but with blood.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

What ſtate of life more pleaſing may we finde
Then theirs, that true and heartie love do beare?
Whom that ſweet yoke doth faſt together binde,
That man in Paradice firſt learnd to weare;
Were not ſome ſo tormented in their minde
With that ſame vile ſuſpect, that filthy feare,
That torture great, that fooliſh phrenezie,
That raging madnes, called Jealouſie.
For every other ſower, that gets a place
To ſeate itſelfe amid this pleaſant ſweete,
Helpes in the end to give a greater grace,
And makes love joy more gratefull when they meet:
He that abſtaines from ſuſtenance a ſpace,
Shall finde both bread and water reliſh ſweete.

[*Orlando Furioſo*, 1591, B. xxxi, ſt. 31.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

..... Jealouſie is Cupids foode;
For the ſwift ſteed runnes not ſo faſt alone,
As when ſome ſtraine, ſome ſtrive him to out-gone.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. v, ſt. 70.]

ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

Love wakes the jealous eye, leaft thence it moves :
The jealous eye the more it looks it loves.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 197.]

S. PH. SYDNEY.

..... No Jealoufie can that prevent,
Whereas two parties once be full content.

IDEM.

Impatience changeth smoake to flame, but Jealoufie is hell.

[*Albions England*, B. viii, c. xli.]

W. WARNER.

On love, faie some, waits Jealouzie ; but Jealoufie wants love,
When curiously it over-plus doth idle quarels move.

[*Ibid.*, B. ix, c. liii.]

IDEM.

..... Where Jealoufie is bred,
Hornes in the mind are worfe then hornes in the hed.

B. JOHNSON.

That canker-worme, that monfter, Jealoufie,
Which eates the heart, and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miferie,
Through feare of loofing his felicitie.

[*Hymn in honour of Love*, 1596.]

ED. SPENCER.

Shun Jealoufie, that hart-breake love ; if cat will go to kinde,
Be fure that Io hath a meanes that Argus fhall be blinde.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

True love doth looke with pale fufpicious eie ;
Take away love, if you take Jealoufie.

[*Epistle, Q. Mary to Charles Brandon*, 1598.]

M. DRAVTON.

No beaft is fiercer then a jealous woman.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 86.]

S. DANIELL.

IDLENESSE.

[PRIDES coach] was drawne of fixe unequall beafts,
On which her fixe fage counfellours did ride ;
Taught to obey their beftiall beheafte,
With like conditions to their kindes applide :
Of which the firft, that all the reft did guide,
Was fluggifh Idlenefse, the nurfe of finne ;
Upon a flothfull affe he chofe to ride,
Arraid in habit black and amis thin,
Like to an holy monke, the fervice to begin.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 18.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Idlenefse pure innocence fubverts,
Defiles our bodie, and our foule perverts :
Yea, foberest men it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.

J. SYL. *Transl.*

That humours by exceffive ease are bred,
That floath corrupts and choakes the vitall sprights ;
And kills the memorie, and hurts the lights.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

..... Drowfie floth, that counterfeiteth lame,
With fnaile-like motion meafuring the ground,
Having her armes in willing fetters bound :

Foule, fluggish drone, barren, (but finne to breed)
Diseafed begger, starv'd with finfull need.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

J. SILVESTER.

If thou flie Idleneffe, Cupid hath no might ;
His bowe lyeth broken, his torch hath no light.

[*No author named.*]

IGNORANCE.

At laft, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as fnow ;
That on a ftaffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gate both too and fro,
For his eye-fight him failed long ago ;
And on his arme a bunch of keyes he bore,
The which, unused, ruft did overgrow.
Thofe were the keyes of every inner doore,
But he would not them ufe, but kept them ftill in ftore.
But very uncouth fight was to behold
How he did fafhion his untoward pace ;
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward ftill was turn'd his wrinckled face,
Unlike to men, who, ever as they trace,
Both feete and face one way are wont to lead :
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the gyaunt dead ;
His name, Ignaro, did his nature right aread.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i. c. viii, st. 30]

ED. SPENCER.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the bosome of the blacke abisse,
And fed with furies milke for sustenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
By yawning sloth, on his owne mother night ;
So he his fonnes both fyre and brother hight.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. *Euterpe*.]

ED. SPENCER.

So all is turned into wilderneffe,
Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

But hell and darknesse and the grisly grave
Is Ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men, borne heavenly, doth debace.

[*Ibid.* *Urania*.]

IDEM.

Tis nought but shewes that Ignorance esteemes ;
The thing posselt is not the thing it seemes.

[*Civil Wars*, B. ii, st. 13.]

S. DANIELL.

..... Great ill upon desert doth chance,
When it doth passe by beastly Ignorance.

M. DRAY.

IMPATIENCE.

IMPATIENCE changeth smoake to flame, but jealousie is hell.

[*Repetition from* p. 170.]

W. WARNER.

Make not thy griefe too great by thy suppose ;
Let not Impatience aggravate thy woes.

[*Tragedy of Marcius and Sylla*, 1594.]

D. LODGE.

INFAMIE.

THAT to attempt hie daungers evident,
 Without constraint or need, is Infamie;
 And honour turnes to rafhneffe in th' event:
 And who so darres, not caring how he darres,
 Sells vertues name to purchase foolish starrs.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

..... Reproach!

Ah! vile disease that never time can cure.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 95.]

M. DRAYTON.

Sinne in a chaine leades on her sifter Shame,
 And both in gives fast fettered to defame.

[*Ibid.*, st. 40.]

IDEM.

Thy name once foil'd, incurable the blot,
 Thy name defaste, which toucht with any staine
 And once supplanted, never growes againe.
 Gainst open shame no text can well be cited;
 The blow, once given, cannot be evited.

M. DRAYTON.

INGRATITUDE.

FOR why, Unthankfulneffe is that great fin,
 Which made the divel and his angels fall;
 Loft him and them the joyes that they were in,
 And now in hell detaines them, bound and thrall.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxii, st. 41.]

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Thou hatefull monster, base Ingratitude !
 Soules mortall poyson, deadly killing wound :
 Deceitfull serpent, seeking to delude ;
 Blacke loathsome ditch, where all desert is drown'd ;
 Vile pestilence, which all things doest confound :
 At first created to none other end
 But to greeve those, whom nothing could offend.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 80.]

M. DRAYTON.

Ingratefull who is call'd, the worst of evils is spoken.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit. 1598, Song 5.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Tis true, that flave whom Pompey did promote,
 Was he that first affaid to cut his throte.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 5.]

T. LODGE.

INNOCENCIE.

A PLAINT of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Sildome untoucht doth Innocencie escape,
 When errour commeth in good counsels shape :
 A lawfull title counterchecks proud might ;
 The weakeft things become strong props to right.

[*Epistle, Geraldine to Lord Surrey*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

Pure Innocence sildome suspecteth ought.

[*Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy*, 1596, st. 96.]

IDEM.

A guiltlesse mind doth easly decme the best.

M. of M.

The lyon licks the fores of filly wounded sheep,
The dead mans course may cause the crocodile to weep :
The waves that waft the rocks refresh the rotten reeds ;
Such ruth the wrack of Innocence in cruel creatures breeds.

[*Legend of Henry VI*, edit. 1610, p. 375.]

M. of M.

Well gave that judge his doom, upon the death
Of Titus Lælius, that in bed was flaine :
When every wight the cruell murder laith
To his two sonnes, that in his chamber laine,
That judge, that by the prooffe perceiveth plaine
That they were found fast sleeping in their bed,
Hath deem'd them guiltlesse of this bloud yshed.
He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man, in such outrage,
Could so, forthwith, themselves to rest betake :
He rather thought the horror and the rage
Of such an hainous guilt, could never swage,
Nor never suffer them to sleepe or rest,
Or, dreadlesse, breathe one breath out of their brest.

[*Duke of Buckingham, M for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 439] M. SACKVILE.

INCONSTANCIE.

UNTO the world such is Inconstancie
As fappe to tree, as apple to the cie.

[*Glaucus and Silla*, 1589, Sig. A 2.]

D. LODGE.

JOYE.

ALL like as sickler as the end of woe is Joye,
And glorious light to obscure night doth tend,
So extreame mirth in extreame mone doth end.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 423.]

M. of M.

For why, extreames are haps rackt out of course
By violent might, far swinged forth perforce ;
Which, as they are piercing'ft, they violent'ft move,
For that they are nere to cause that doth them fhove,
So sooneft fall from that their highest extreame,
To th' other contrary, that doth want of meane ;
So laugh'd he erst who laughed out his breath.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

The pleasingft meanes bode not the luckieft ends,
Nor aye found treasure to like pleasure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all time, thrice happie hire,
Of witte to shun th' exceffe that all desire.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Joy lighteneth woe, woe Joy doth moderate.

M. DRAYTON.

Joy is forgetfull, weale thinkes not of woe.

IDEM.

For Joy ascends, but forrow sings below.

[*Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 226.]

CH. FITZ.

A A

Fruits follow flowers, and forrow greateſt Joyes :
As fudden griefe, ſo fudden Joy doth kill.

TH. ACHELLY.

The Romane widow died when ſhe beheld
Her ſonne, who criſt ſhe counted ſlaine in field.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, 1587.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

..... Exceſſive Joy
Leapeth, and likes ; finding the Appian way
Too ſtrait for her, whoſe fences all poſſeſſe
All wiſhed pleaſure in all plenteousneſſe.

[*The Furies*, from *Du Bartas*.]

J. SYLVESTER.

INJUSTICE.

INJUSTICE never yet tooke laſting roote,
Nor held that long impietie did winne.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, ſt. 89.]

S. DANIELL.

So foule a thing, ô thou Injuſtice ! art,
That tott'reſt both the doer and the diſtreſt :
For when a man hath done a wicked part,
O how he ſtrives to excuſe, to make the beſt,
To ſhift the fault, t' unburden his chargde hart,
And glad to find the leaſt ſurmise of reſt ;
And if he could make his ſeeme others ſin,
O what reſpoſe, what eaſe he findes therein !

[*Ibid.*, B. iii, ſt. 59.]

IDEM.

Injustice never escapes unpunisht still ;
Though men revenge not, yet the heavens will.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

JUSTICE.

Now, when the world with sin gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Returnd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race ;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see
The heavens bright-shining bawdrick to inchace ;
And is the virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next her self her righteous ballance hanging bee.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. i, st. 11.]

ED. SPENCER

Then Justice comes, the last of all the gods,
That left her residence here on this earth :
For lacke of whom, the world grew all at ods,
And man to man curses each others birth :
For then usurping wrong succeeded straight,
That no man knew how long to hold his right.
Then calls the world for Justice back againe,
Complaining how they now were overrunne,
And they would suffer any scourging paine,
In penance for those finnes themselves had donne ;
For that their wickednesse did force this power
To leave the seate whereas she fate before ;

Whereas the gods did in their court decree,
 Justice should be transformed to these starres,
 Where foolish men might every minute see
 Her, that should helpe these miseries of theirs ;
 But stand, like Tantalus, within those brinckes
 Where he sees water, but yet never drinckes.

[*History of Heaven*, 1596.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

..... Faire Astræa, of the Titans line,
 Whom equitie and justice made divine.

M. DRAYTON.

Well, therefore, did the anticke world invent
 That Justice was a god of soveraigne grace,
 And altars unto him and temples lent,
 And heavenly honours in the highest place ;
 Calling him, great Osyris of the race
 Of th' old Egyptian Kings, that whilome were ;
 With fained colours shading a true case :
 For that Osyris, whilst he lived here,
 The justest man alive and truest did appeare.
 His wife was Isis, whom they likewise made
 A goddesse of great power and soveraigntie ;
 And in her person cunningly did shade
 That part of Justice which is equitie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. vii, st. 2.]

ED. SPENCER.

For till the world from his perfection fell
 Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
 Astræa here, mongst earthly men, did dwell,
 And in the rules of Justice them instructed well.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, c. i, st. 5.]

IDEM.

Where Justice growes, there growes the greater grace,
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 53.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Sparing Justice feeds iniquitie.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 243.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' east, before untam'de, did overrunne,
And wrong repress'd, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly foredone :
There justice first her princely rule begunne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne :
And monstrous tirants with his club subdued,
The club of Justice dread, with kingly power endued.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. i, st. 2.]

ED. SPENCER.

Who so upon himselfe will take the skill
True Justice unto people to devise,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride :
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And make wrong-doers Justice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might ;
For power is the right-hand of Justice truly hight.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, c. iv, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Offences, urg'd in publike, are made worse ;
The shew of Justice aggravates despight :

The multitude, that looke not to the cause,
 Reft fatisfied, fo it be done by lawes.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 96.]

S. DANIELL.

It often falles, in courfe of common life,
 That right long time is overborne of wrong,
 Through avarice or power, or guile, or strife,
 That weakens her, and makes her partie strong ;
 But Justice, though her doome she do prolong,
 Yet, at the laft, she will her owne cause right.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. xi, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Good causes need not curious termes ; and equall Judges
 heare

The equitie, not eloquence.

[*Albion's England*, edit. 1602, B. vi, c. xxx.]

W. WARNER.

Who paffeth judgement for his private gaine,
 He well may judge he is adjudg'd to paine.

[*Greene and Lodge's Looking-glass for London and England*,
 1594.]

R. GREENE.

KINGS.

KINGS be the gods vicegerents here on earth.
 The gods have power, Kings from that power have might :
 Kings should excell in vertue as in birth :
 Gods punish wrongs, and Kings should maintaine right ;
 They be the funnes, from which we borrow light ;
 And they, as Kings, should still in justice strive

With gods, from whom their beings they derive.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 133.]

M. DRAYTON.

The bafer is he, comming from a King,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honoured, or begets him hate ;
For greateft scandall waits on greateft ftate.
The moone, being clouded, prefently is mift,
But little ftarres may hide them where they lift.
The crowe may bathe his cole-blacke wings in mire,
And, unperceiv'd, flie with the filth away ;
But if the like the fnow-white fwan defire,
The ftaine upon his filver downe will ftay :
Poore groomes are fightles night, Kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wherefoever they flie,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eie.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 145.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Since the heavens ftrong arms teach Kings to ftand,
Angells are plac't about the glorious throne,
To gard it from the ftroakes of traitrous hand.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

When thou becom'ft an earthly god, mens lives to overfee,
Forget not that eternall God, that overlooketh thee.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. xxvi.]

W. WARNER.

The leaft part of a King is his, allowing him, and none
Lefse private then a prince, the weale or woe of every one.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

He and his people make but one, a body weake or strong,
As doth the head the limbs, or limbs the head affist, or
wrong.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. 25.]

W. WARNER.

Kings, lords of times and of occasions,
May take th' advantage when and how they list.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609.]

S. DANIELL.

..... Kings will be alone, competitors must downe ;
Neare death he stands, that stands to weare a crowne.

IDEM.

..... It is a daungerous thing,
In rule of love, but once to crosse a King.

M. DRAYTON.

Endles cares concur with crowns, a bitter sweet is raigin.

[*Albions England*, B. iii, c. 16.]

W. WARNER.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balme from an anyoynted King :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputie elected by the Lord.

[*Richard II*, 1597, act iii, sc. 2.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

He knowes not what it is to be a King,
That thinks a scepter is a pleafant thing.

[*James IV of Scotland*, 1598.]

R. GREENE.

A glittering crowne doth make the haire foone gray,
Within whose circle a King is but arrested ;

In all his feasts hee's but with sorrow feasted,
And when his feete disdaine to touch the mold,
His head's a prisoner in a jaile of gold.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Unhappy Kings, that never can be taught
To know themselves, or to discern their fault.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 58.]

S. DANIELL.

O, be remember'd! no outrageous thing
From vassall actors can be wipte away;
Then, Kings misdeeds can not be hid in clay.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 88.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

No scepter serves dishonour to excuse,
Nor kingly vaile can cover villainie;
Fame is not subject to authoritie.

M. DRAYTON.

Thinke not but Kings are men, and as the rest miscarry,
Save that their fame and infamy continually doth tarry.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

Kings want no meanes to accomplish what they will.

M. DRAYTON.

Mislikes are filly lets, where Kings resolve them;
Where counsell chafing will hath emperie,
Deeds are too preft for reason to dissolve them;
In mightie mindes a grounded vanitie,
Like springs that, ceaselesse, never stoppeth,
Untill her neighbour oake the overtoppeth.

D. LODGE.

B. B.

..... Great men, too well grac'd, much rigor use ;
 Prefuming favorites, mischiefe ever bring ;
 So that, concluding, I may boldly speake,
 Minions too great argue a King too weake.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 38.]

S. DANIELL.

New Kings do feare, when old Kings farther straine ;
 Eftablisht state to all things will consent.

[*Ibid.*, B. iii, st. 14.]

IDEM.

A sceptor, like a pillar of great height,
 Whereon a mightie building doth depend ;
 Which, when the fame is over-prest with waight,
 And past his compasse forc't thereby to bend,
 His massie roofe downe to the ground doth fend,
 Crushing the leffer part, and murthering all
 Which stand within the compasse of his fall.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Too true that tyrant Dyonisyus
 Did picture out the image of a King,
 When Damocles was placed in his throne,
 And ore his head a threatning sword did hang,
 Fastened up only by a horses haire.

R. GREENE.

KINGDOMES.

A RULE there is, not failing, but most sure,
 Kingdome no kin doth know, ne can endure.

[*G. Ferrers, in Humphrey of Gloucester*, 1610, p. 328.] *M. of M.*

Thebes, Babel, Rome, these proud heaven daring wonders,
Loe under ground in dust and ashes lie,
For earthly Kingdomes, even as men, do die.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER.

If thou wilt mightie be, flie from the rage
Of cruell will, and see thou keep them free
From the fowle yoake of sensuall bondage ;
For though thy empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy feare trembleth the farthest Thylee,
If thy desire hath over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governour.

[*Sir T. Wyat : Add. Poems in Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.]

E. of Surrey.

KNOWLEDGE.

THROUGH Knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostered was :
And judge of natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse masse.
By Knowledge we do learne our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.
From hence we mount aloft unto the skie,
And looke into the christall firmament ;
There we behold the heavens great hierarchie,
The starres pure light, the spheares swift movement,
The spirits and intelligences faire ;
And angels waiting on th' Almightyes chaire.
And there, with humble mind and hie insight,

Th' eternall Makers majestie we viewe,
 His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
 And mercy, more then mortall men can viewe.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. *Urania*.]

ED. SPENCER.

Soule of the world, Knowledge! without thee,
 What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
 Why should our pride make such a stirre to bee,
 To be forgot? What good is like to this?
 To do worthy the writing, and to write,
 Worthy the reading, and the worlds delight.

[*Musophilus*, to *F. Greville*, 1599.]

S. DANIELL.

What difference twixt man and beaft is left,
 When th' heavenly light of Knowledge is put out,
 And th' ornaments of wisedome are bereft?
 Then wandreth he in errour and in doubt;
 Unweeting of the daunger he is in,
 Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of fin.

[*Tears of the Muses*. *Urania*.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Our now Knowledge hath, for tedious traine,
 A drouping life, an overracked braine,
 A face forlorne, a fad and fullen fashion,
 A restleffe toyle, and cares selfe-pining passion.
 Knowledge was then even the soules soule for light,
 The spirits calme port, and lanthorne shining bright.
 To strait-stept feet cleare Knowledge, not confusde;
 Not fower, but sweete; not gotten, but infusde.

J. SVL. *Transl.*

And yet we see, to know men still are glad :
And yet we see, Knowledge oft makes men mad.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxiii, st. 85.] S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

Who so knowes most, the more he knowes to doubt ;
The least discourse is commonly most stout.

[*Musophilus to F. Greville*, 1599.] S. DANIELL.

..... Common is the prooffe,
That cunning is not cunning, if it standeth not aloofe.

[*Albions England*, B. vi, c. xxx.] W. WARNER.

By Knowledge thine, thou hast no name,
Least others know, thou know'st the same.
Skill comes too flow, and life so fast doth flie,
We learne so little, and forget so much.

[*Vosce Teipsum*. Introduction.] I. DAVIES. *Vid. Learning*.

LABOUR.

WHERE ease abounds it's eath to do amisse,
But who his limbs with Labours, and his minde
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie misse :
Abroad in armes, at home in studious kinde,
Who seekes with painfull toyle shall honour soonest finde.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iii, st. 40.] ED. SPENCER.

Learne, with the ant, in fommer to provide ;
Drive, with the bee, the drone from out the hive ;

Build, like the fwallow, in the fommer tide.

[*Rosalynd*, edit. 1598, Sig. B 2.]

D. LODGE.

Much Labor is too litle, that should houfhold charge defraye,

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. xxvii.]

W. WARNER.

..... Induftry, well cherifht to his face,
In fun-fhine walkes, in fpiht of fower difgrace.

M. ROYDON.

The nobleft borne dame fould induftrious bee ;
That which doth good difgraceth no degree.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 5.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Let Mandevile example be for men not to be idle ;
In amorous paffions Labour is to love at leaft a bridle.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, ch. lxiii.]

W. WARNER

[Adams Labour in Eden.]

..... Edens earth was then fo fertill and fo fat,
That he made only fweet affaies in that
Of skilfull Induftry ; and naked wrought,
More for delight then for the gaine he sought.
In briefe, it was a pleafant exercife,
A labour likte, a paine much like the guife
Of cunning dauncers, who although they fkip,
Run, caper, vault, traverfe, and turne, and trip,
From morne til even, at night againe, full merry,
Renew their daunce, of dauncing never weary :
Or els of hunters, that with happie lucke
Rowfing betimes fome often breathed bucke,

Or goodly stagge, their yelping hounds uncouple,
Wind loud their horns, their hoopes and hallows double ;
Spurre on and spare not, following their desire,
Themselves unweary, though their hacknies tire.
But, for in th' end of all their jollitie
Their's found much stifnesse, sweat, and vanitie,
I rather match it to the pleasing paine
Of angels pure, who ever sloth disdaine ;
Or to the suns calme course, who plainlesse aye
About the welkin poasteth night and day.

[*Eden, from Du Bartas.*]

I. SYL. *Transl.*

LEARNING.

O BLESSED Letters ! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all :
By you we do conferre with who are gone,
And the dead-living unto counsaile call :
By you the unborne shall have communion
Of what we feele, and what doth us befall.

[*Musophilus to F. Greville, 1599.*]

S. DANIELL.

By the cleare beames of Learnings light,
We tread the obscure pathes of fages right.

IDEM.

And but that Learning, in despite of fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven-gate,
And to the seat of Jove it selfe advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.

Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
 That he and povertie should alwaies kis ;
 And to this day is every scholler poore :
 Groffe gold from them runnes headlong to the boore.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Of little worth is Learnings worthy skill,
 Where pilots wisedome is not perfect still.
 Corinnaes praife and Sapphoes are discerned
 Above the rest, because they both were learned.

S. J. HARR. *Transl.*

And how that Cecrops, and his feed, did honor Athence fo,
 As that from thence are said the springs of sciences to flow.

[*Albions England*, B. i, c. i.]

W. WARNER.

LECHERY.

AND next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
 Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged haire
 And whally eyes (the signe of jealousy)
 Was like the person selfe whom he did beare,
 Who rough and blacke, and filthy did appeare :
 Unfeemly man to please faire ladies eie,
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by :
 O ! who does know the bent of womens fantasie ?

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 24.]

ED. SPENCER.

Incontinence, dull sleepe, and idle bed,
 All vertue from the world have banished.

The tickling flames which our fond foules furprize,
(That dead a while in epilepsie lies)
Doth starke our finewes all, by little and little,
Drawing our reason in fowle pleasure brittle.

I. SYL. *Transl.*

Love comforteth like fun-fhine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne ;
Loves gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes ere fommer halfe be donne :
Love surfets not, lust like a glutton dies,
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 134.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Where whoredome raignes, there murder follows fast,
As falling leaves before the winter blast.

[*Looking-glass for London and England*, 1594.]

R. GREENE.

Lust is a fire, and for an houre or twaine
Giveth a scorching blaze, and then he dies.

[*Diana* (1594) Dec. v, son. 1.]

H. C.

O deeper sinne, then bottomlesse conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination !
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his owne abomination :
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heate, or raigne his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, selfe-will himselfe doth tire.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 102.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Though Luft takes never joy in what is due,
But still leaves knowne delights to feeke out new.

[*Epistle, Octavia to Antony*, 1599.]

S. DANIELL.

Inchastitie is ever prostitute,
Whose trees we loath, when we have pluckt their fruite.

[*Hymnus in Cynthiam*, 1594.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Eschue vile Venus toyes, she cuts off age;
And learne this leesson oft, and tell thy friend,
By suddenn death, pocks, begging, harlots end.

[*Legend of King Mempricius*, edit. 1610, p. 53.]

M. of M.

The lechars toong is never voyd of guile,
Nor crocodile wants teares to win his praie:
The subtil'st temptor hath the sweetest stile;
With rarest musicke fyrens soon'st betraie.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 35.]

M. DRAYTON.

Luft puts the most unlawfull things in ure;
Nor yet in limits ever could be bounded,
Till he himselfe himselfe have quite confounded.

[*Ibid.*, st. 46.]

IDEM.

Abandon luft, if not for sin, yet to avoyd the shame;
So hogs of Ithacus his men the Latian witch did frame.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, ch. 21.]

W. WARNER.

That great phisition that had liv'd in helth an age admire,
Did answer, askt the cause; he had not done, as flesh desire.

[*Ibid.*, B. xi, ch. lxvii.]

IDEM.

The Spartans war for rapted queene, to Ilions overthrow,
The monarch of Assiria chang'd ; and Latine kings also,
For Tarquins lust.

W. WARNER.

Each house for lust a harbor and an inne,
Each citie is a sanctuary for sinne :
And all do pitie beautie in distresse,
If beautie chaste, then onely pitiless.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John, 1599.*]

M. DRAYTON.

LAWES.

DERIVE thy Lawes from wisest heads, to be upholden still,
Not adding or abstracting, as conceited tirebrains will.

[*Warner's Albions England, B. v, ch. xxv.*]

Encourage good men by thy love, reforme the bad by Lawe ;
Reserve an eare for either plea, and borrow least of awe.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

W. WARNER.

In vaine be counsells, statutes, humane Lawes,
When chiefe of counsell pleades the justest cause.

M. DRAYTON.

So constantly the judges confer Lawes,
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

M. of M.

Paufanias and Lisander, by their swords
And warlike vertues, made Lacedaena rich ;

Fame followed them where they the tents did pitch ;
 But grave Licurgus, by his Lawes and words,
 Did merit more then these renowned lords.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue iv.]

D. LODGE.

Licurgus, for good Lawes, loft his owne libertie ;
 And thought it better to prefer common commoditie.

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 37.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

That lawyer, thogh who more by art then right doth over-
 throw,

Consents to sin, deceives the judge, wrongs right, is justice foe.

[*Albions England*, B. ix, ch. 46.]

W. WARNER.

LIBERTIE.

SWEETE Libertie now gives me leave to sing
 What world it was, where love the rule did beare ;
 How foolish chaunce by lots rul'd every thing,
 How errour was maine faile, each wave a teare ;
 The master Love himselfe, deepe sighes weare winde,
 Cares rowd with vowes the ship unmerry minde :
 Fals hope as healme oft turn'd the boate about,
 Inconstant faith stood up for middle mast ;
 Dispaire the cable, twisted all with doubt,
 Held griping griefe, the piked anchor, fast ;—
 Bewtie was all the rockes.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 85.]

TH. WATSON.

O Liberty ! how much is that man blest,
 Whose happie fortunes do his fates areede,

That for deferts rejoyces to be freedde ?

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Sweete Libertie, the lifes best living flame.

I. MARKHAM.

For lands may come againe, but Libertie, once lost,
Can never find such recompence as countervails the cost.

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 45.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Learne freedom and felicitie, haukes flying where they list,
Be kindlier and more found then haukes best tended to
the fist.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. xxv.

W. WARNER.

He lives to die a noble death, that life for freedom spends.

[*Ibid.*, B. iv, c. xxii.]

IDEM.

Then shall you find this name of Libertie,
The watchword of rebellion ever ufde ;
The idle eccho of uncertaintie,
That evermore the simple hath abusde.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 15.]

S. DANIELL.

LIFE.

FOR all mans Life me seemes a tragedie,
Full of sad sighes and fore catastrophes ;
First comming to the world with weeping eie,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophies,

Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare ;
And he at laft laid forth on balefull beare.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. *Melpomene*.]

ED. SPENCER.

Our Life is but a ſtep in duſtie way.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 445.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

This mortall Life as death is tride,
And death gives life.

[*Elegy on Sidney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

What in this Life we have, or can deſire,
Hath time of growth and moment of retire.

[*Phyllis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Our bodies, every foot-ſtep that they make,
March toward death, untill at laſt they die :
Whether we worke or play, or ſleep or wake,
Our Life doth paſſe, and with times wings doth flie.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, Sest. 31.]

I. DAVIES.

The Life of man, a warfare right, in body and in foule,
Reſignes his robbed carkaffe to be rolled in the mould.

W. WARNER.

..... The terme of Life is limited :
Ne may a man prolong nor ſhorten it.
The fouldier may not move from watchfull ſted,
Nor leave his ſtand, untill his captaine bed.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 41.]

ED. SPENCER.

The longer Life, I wot, the greater fin ;
The greater fin, the greater punishment.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 43.]

ED. SPENCER.

Thus passeth with the overplus of day,
The pleasant spring and flower of mortall life ;
The Aprils pompe, once subject to decay,
Returnes not in the bud that earst was rife :
Whilest mornings weepe, the lively flower doth boſt,
Then pluck the ſtalke, and let not it be loſt.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

The funne doth ſet, and brings againe the day ;
But when our Life is gone, we ſleepe for aye.

TH. ACH.

Sunne ſets and riſeth, goes downe and quickly reviveth ;
But mans light once out, eternall darkneſſe abideth.

[*Lady Pembroke's Iwychurch*, 1591.]

AB. FRAUNCE.

All mortall men muſt from this Life be gone ;
Of life and death there are more ſoules then one.

[*No author named.*]

So greateſt and moſt glorious thing on ground,
May often need the helpe of weaker hand ;
So feeble is mans ſtate, and life unfound,
That in aſſurance it may never ſtand,
Till it diſſolved be from earthly band.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, st. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

Then thus the reſtleſſe Life which men here lead,
May be reſembled to the tender plant :

It springs it sprouts, as babes in cradle breed,
 Flourish in May, like youthes that wifedome want,
 In Autumne ripes and roots, leaft store waxe scant,
 In Winter shrinkes and shrowdes from every blast,
 Like crooked age, when lustie youth is past.

[*Hearbes*, edit. 1587, p. 164.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

The wicked livers oftentimes have wicked ends.

S. J. H.

Life is not loft, said she, for which is bought
 Endles renowne, that more then death is to be sought.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. xi, st. 19.]

ED. SPENCER.

Better it is for one to live obscure,
 Then in a publike state to live unfure.

D. LODGE.

No Life is blest, that is not grac't with love.

[*Every Man out of his Humour*, act iii, sc. 8.]

B. JOHNSON.

They double Life, that dead things grieve sustaine;
 They kill, that feele not their friends living paine.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, sest. 4.]

G. CHAPMAN.

That Life's ill spar'd that's spar'd to cost more blood.

S. DANIELL.

LOVE.

OF Love's perfection perfectly to speake,
 Or of his nature rightly to define,

Indeed, said Colin, passeth reasons reach,
And needs his priest t' expresse his power divine :
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus bosome deare ;
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.

[*Colin Clouts come Home again*, 1595.]

ED. SPENCER.

So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerfull faw :
All being made the vassalls of his might,
Through secret fence which thereto doth them draw.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Vapour eterne in man, in beast, in tree,
In plant and flower is Love, (and so of might)
For in the world may not contained bee,
Without accord, and Loves imperiall right :
Yet wends the foxe in holy hood full oft,
And craft, in stead of truth, beares crest aloft.

[*Phyllis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

For that true Love, which dauncing did invent,
Is he that tun'd the worlds whole harmonic,
And link't all men in sweete societie :
He first extracted from th' earth-mingled minde,
That heavenly fier, or quintessence divine,
Which doth such sympathy in bewtie finde,
As is betwixt the elme and fruitfull vine,
And so to beautie ever doth encline :
Lifes life it is, and cordiall to the hart,

And of our better part the better part.

[*Orchestra*, 1596, st. 102.]

I. DAVIES.

For Love is a celestiaall harmonie
Of likely hearts compos'd of starres consent,
Which joyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke each others joy and true content,
Which they have harboured since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see
And know each other here belov'd to bee.

[*Hymn in honour of Beautie*, 1596.]

ED. SPENCER.

Iron with wearing shines, rust wasteth treasure;
On earth, but Love, there is no other pleasure.

[*Diana* (1594), Dec. iv, son. x.]

H. CONSTABLE.

Love, a continuall fornace doth maintaine.

[*Ibid.*, Dec. v, son. i.]

IDEM.

Wealth maister is and porter of the gate
That lets in Love, when want shall come too late.

TH. CHURCHYARD.

Call it not Love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurpt his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Upon fresh bewtie, blotting it with blame,
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soone bereaves,
As caterpillers do the tender leaves.

[*Venus and Adonis*, edit. 1593, st. 133.]

W. SH.

Love is a spirit, all compact of fier,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

[*Ibid.*, st. 25.]

IDEM.

Love is a golden bubble, full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fills us with extreames.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our fence and reason, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit that force,
Which wit or labour never may devour.
It is a will that brooketh no consent :
It would refuse, yet never may repent.
Love's a desire, which for to waight a time
Doth loose an age of yeares ; and so doth passe,
As doth the shadow, severd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was ;
Leaving behind nought but repentant thoughts
Of dayes ill spent for that which profits noughts.
It's now a peace, and then a sudden warre,
A hope consumde before it is conceiv'd ;
At hand it feares, and menaceth a-farre ;
And he that gaines, is most of all deceiv'd.

[*No author's name ; but R. Greene's Menaphon*, 1589.]

Love whets the dullest wits, his plagues be such,
But makes the wife, by pleasing, dote as much.

E. O.

Love is a brain-sicke boy, and fierce by kind ;
A wilfull thought, which reason can not move,
A flattering fycophant, a murdering theefe,
A poysoned choaking baite, a ticing greefe,
A tyrant in his lawes, in speech untrue,

A blindfold guide, a feather in the winde,
 A right chamelion, for change of hew ;
 A lame-limme lust, a tempest of the minde,
 A breach of chastitie, all vertues foe,
 A private warre, a toilsome web of woe,
 A fearefull jealousy, a vaine desire,
 A labyrinth, a pleasing miserie,
 A shipwracke of mans life, a smoakeleffe fier,
 A ship of teares, a lasting lunacie,
 A heavy fervitude, a droppe thirst,
 A hellith jaile, whose captives are accurst.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 108.]

TH. WATSON.

A fugged harme, a poyson full of pleasure,
 A painted shrine, ful-fill'd with rotten treasure ;
 A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove ;
 A gaine in seeming, shadowed still with want,
 A broken staffe, which folly doth uphold ;
 A flower that fades with every frostie cold ;
 An orient rose, sprung from a withered plant ;
 A minutes joy, to gaine a world of griefe ;
 A subtile net, to snare the idle minde ;
 A feeling scorpion, yet in seeming blinde ;
 A poore rejoyce, a plague without reliefe.

[*Rosalind*, 1590, edit. 1598, Sig. E.]

D. LODGE.

Love is a smoake, made with the fume of sighes ;
 Being purg'd, a fier sparkling in lovers eies ;
 Being vext, a sea, nourisht with lovers teares ;
 What is it else ? a madnesse most discreet,
 A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 1.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

It is a doubled grieffe, a sparke of pleasure,
 Begot by vaine desire, and this is Love;
 Whom, in our youth, we count our chiefeft treasure,
 In age, for want of power, we do reprove:
 Yea, fuch a power is Love, whose loffe is paine,
 And having got him, we repent againe.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Love, the idle bodies worke, and furfet of the eye.

[*Albions England*, 1602, B. vi, c. xxxi.]

W. WARNER.

Love is but a terme, like as is eccho but a voice;
 That this doth babble, that doth breed or not, is ours the
 choice.

IDE .

..... Love is a subtill influence,
 Whose finall force ftill hangeth in fufpence.

D. LODGE.

Love is a wanton famine, rich in foode,
 But with a riper appetite controlled;
 An argument in figure and in moode,
 Yet hates all arguments; difputing ftill
 For fence againft reafon, with a fenceleffe will.

[*Ovids Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Of every ill the hatefull father vile,
 That doth the world with forceries beguile;
 Cunningly mad, religiously prophane,
 Wits monfter, reafons canker, fences bane.
 Love taught the mother that unkind desire
 To wafh her hands in her owne infants blood;

Love taught the daughter to betray her fire
 Into most base and worthy servitude :
 Love taught the brother to prepare such foode
 To feast his brother, that the all-seeing funne,
 Wrapt in a cloude, that wicked fight did shunne.

[*Orchestra*, 1596, st. 98.]

I. DAVIES.

Love is a fowre delight, a fugged griefe,
 A living death, an everdying life,
 A breach of reasons law, a secret theefe,
 A sea of teares, an everlasting strife,
 A baite for fooles, a scourge of noble wits,
 A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.
 Love is a blinded god and angry boy, .
 A labyrinth of doubts, an idle lust,
 A slave to bewties will, a witleffe toy,
 A ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,
 A burning heate, a cold, a flattering joy,
 A private hell, a very world of woe.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 18.]

TH. WATSON.

..... Love, bewitcher of the wit,
 The scorner of vertue, vices parasite,
 The slave to weakenesse, friendships false bewraier,
 Reasons rebell, fortitudes betraier,
 The churchmens staffe, court, camp, and countries guider,
 Arts infection, chaste thoughts and youths defiler.

I. WEEVER.

Controlling Love, proud fortunes busie factor,
 The gall of wit, sad melancholies schoole,
 Heart-killing corfive, golden times detractor.

Life-fretting canker, mischiefes poyfoned toole,
The ideots idoll, but the wise mans foole :
A foe to friendship, enemie to truth,
The wrong misleader of our pleasing youth.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 27.]

M. DRAYTON.

..... Love is roote, and onely crop of care,
The bodies foe, the hearts annoy, and cause of pleasures rare :
The sicknesse of the minde, the fountaine of unrest,
The gulfe of guile, the pit of paine, of grieve the hollow chest :
A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with ice,
A heavie burden light to beare, a vertue fraught with vice.
It is a warlike peace, a safetie set in dread ;
A deepe dispaire, annexed to hope ; a famine that is fed ;
Sweete poyson for his taste, a port Charibdis-like,
A Scylla for his safetie thought, a lyon that is meeke.

[*George Turberville's Songs and Sonets*, 1567, fo. 53.]

TH. TURBERVILE.

..... O brawling Love, O loving hate !
O, any thing of nothing first created !
O heavie lightnesse ! serious vanitie !
Mishapen chaos of well-feeling formes !
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sick helth !
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act i, sc. 1.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Sight is his roote, in thought is his progression,
His childhood wonder, prentiship attention ;
His youth delight, his age the foules oppression ;
Doubt is his sleepe, he waketh in invention :
Fancie his foode, his cloathing is of carefulnesse ;

Beautie his booke ; his play, loves discention :
 His eies are curious searck, but vaild with warefulnesse ;
 His wings desire, oft clipt with desperation :
 Largeffe, his hands, could never skill of sparefulnesse.
 But how he doth by might, or by perswasion,
 To conquer, and his conquest how to ratifie,
 Experience doubts, and schooles hold disputation.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 4to, 1590, fo. 235.]

S. PH. SYDNEY.

Love hath two shafts ; the one of beaten gold,
 By stroake whereof a sweete effect is wrought ;
 The other is of lumpish leaden mold,
 And worketh none effect but what is nought.

[*The Ekatomp̄athia* (1581), son. 63.]

TH. WATSON.

At Venus intreatie for Cupid, her sonne,
 These arrowes by Vulcan were cunningly done :
 The first is Love, as here you may behold,
 His feathers, head and body, are of gold.
 The second shaft is Hate, a foe to love,
 And bitter are his torments for to prove.
 The third is Hope, from whence our comfort springs,
 His feathers are puld from Fortunes wings.
 Fourth, Jealousie, in basest mindes doth dwell,
 This mettall Vulcans Cyclops sent from hell.

[*The Hunting of Cupid* (1591).]

G. PEELE.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
 When all three kinds of Love together meet ;
 And do dispart the heart with power extreame,
 Whether shall waigh the ballance downe ; to weet,

The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fier of love to woman kinde,
Or zeale of friends, combinde with vertues meet ;
But of them all, the band of vertuous minde,
Me seemes, the gentle heart should most assured binde.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ix, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Of vertue onely perfect love doth grow,
Whose first beginning, though it be more slow
Then that of lust, and quickens not so fast,
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The strawe inkindles soone, and flakes againe,
But yron is slow, and long will heat retaine.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HUDSON.

..... True love hath no power
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.

[*Spenser's Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iii, st. 30.]

W. SHA.

Love alwaies doth bring forth most bounteous deeds,
And, in each gentle heart, desire of honour breeds.

[*No author named.*]

For love is free, and led with felse delight,
Ne will inforced be with masterdome or might.

[*Spenser's Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. i, st. 46.]

IDEM.

Love, naked boy, hath nothing on his backe ;
And though he wanteth neither arme nor legge,
Yet maim'd he is, fith he his sight doth lacke :
And yet, though blind, he bewtie can behold.

F. F.

And yet, though nak'd, he feeles more heat then cold.

[*Diana*, edit. 1592, son. 14; edit. (1594) Dec. ii, son. 6.] H. C.

Love staies not long, it is but one yeares bird.

[*Chippes*, Part I, 1575.] TH. CHURCHYARD.

Love muſt have change, to ſeaſon ſweet delight.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*] IDEM.

Love lawes and judges hath in fee,
Nature and uſe his judges bee;
To whom his whole courts cenſures flee,
Since paſt, and things to come, they fee.

[*Phillis and Flora*, 1595, st. 101.] G. CHAPMAN.

Love will in power be felt of all, in perſon found of none;
Or rather, is not reall, but ſome fancie; if not, then
Fantaſticall in women, but eſſentially in men.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. vi, c. xxxi.] W. WARNER.

Loves eyes, in viewing, never have their fill.

W. MARLOWE.

This is the leaſt effect of Cupids dart,—
To change the mind, by wounding of the hart.

TH. WATSON.

How to the woods Love runs, as well as rides to the pallace;
Neither he beares reverence to a prince, nor pittie to begger:
But (like a point in miſt of a circle) ſtill of a neerneſſe,
All to a leſſon he drawes; neither hills nor caves can avoyd
him.

[*Arcadia*, 1598, B. i, p. 79: not in 4to 1590.] S. PHIL. SYDNEY.

The throne of Cupid hath an easie faire ;
His barke is fit to faile with every winde :
The breach he makes, no wisedome can repaire.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. iv, st. 34.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

..... Love will have his godhead seene
In famous queenes, and highest princes hearts.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxiii, st. 94.]

S. J. H.

Love wants his eyes, yet shootes he passing right,
His shafts our thoughts, his bowe he makes our fight ;
His deadly piles are tempered with such art,
As still directs the arrow to the hart.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), Sig. C 3 b.]

M. DRAYTON.

..... Love doth raigne
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre ;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall jarre ;
O miserable men that to him subject are !

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ii, st. 26.]

ED. SPENCER.

It was his first : and first is firme, and toucheth very neare.

[*Albion's England*, B. ii, ch. xi.]

W. WARNER.

But Love to life this cognizance doth give,
This badge, this marke, to every man that minds it ;
Love lendeth life, which dying cannot die,
Nor living, live.

[*Flowers*, edit. 1587, p. 4.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Love is not full of mercy, as men fay,
But deafe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Love paints his longings in fweet virgins eyes.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 5.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Love gainfaid growes madder then before.

[*The Ekatompethia* (1581), son. 33.]

TH. WATSON.

Love findeth meane, but hatred knowes no meafure.

ED. SPENCER.

As Bacchus opes diffembled harts,
So Love fets out our better parts.

[*Elegy on Sir P. Sidney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

As Love hath wreathes, his pretie eyes to seare,
So lovers must keep fecret what they feare.

D. LODGE.

Love keeps his revels where there are but twaine.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 21.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

As Iris coate in fundry taints doth fhowe,
So Love is clad in weale, and ftrait in woe.

D. LODGE.

Love can abide no law, Love alwaies loves to be lawleffe ;
Love altereth nature, rules reafon, mayftreth Olympus :
Lawes, edicts, decrees, contemnes Jove mightily thundring,

Jove that rules and raigns, that with beck that bendeth
Olympus.

Love caus'd Hyppolitus with briars and thorns to be
mangled,

For that he had fowle love of lusting Phedra refused.

Love made Abfyrus with fifters hands to be muredred,
And in peeces torne, and here and there to be fcattered.

Love forst Pafiphae mans company long to be loathing,
And for a white bulls flefh bulls company long to be lusting.

Love and luring lookes of lovely Polixena caufed
Greekifh Achilles death, when he came to the church to be
wedded.

Love made Alcides, that great invincible heros,
Maifter of all monfters, at length to be whipt by a Myftres.

Love drown'd Leander fwimming to the beautiful Hero,
Unto the towne Ceftos from towne of curf'd Abydos.

Love made Jove, that's ruler of earth and ruler of heaven,
Like to a filly fhepheard, and like to the fruitfull Echidna,
Like to a fyre, to a fwan, to a fhowre, to a bull, to an eagle:
Sometimes Amphetrion, fometimes Dictynna refembling.

[*Lady Pembroke's Ioychurch*, 1591. Sixth Day.] AB. FRAUNCE.

Trifling attempts no ferious acts advance,

The fier of Love is blowne by dalliance.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 4.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Where there growes a fympany of harts,
Each paffion in the one the other paineth ;
And by even carryage of the outward parts,
(Wherein the actuall worke of Love remaineth)
The inward griefes, millikes, and joyes are taught,

And every signe bewraies a secreet thought.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Love, deeply grounded, hardly is diffembled.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

O hard-beleeving Love! how strange it seemes

Not to beleeve, and yet too credulous!

Thy weale and woe are both of them extreames,

Dispaire and hope make thee ridiculous:

The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,

In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 166.]

W. SHA.

Love goes toward Love, as schoole-boyes from their bookes,

But Love from Love, toward schoole with heavy lookes.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 2.]

IDEM.

For Love can comment upon every woe.

[*Venus and Adonis*, st. 119.]

IDEM.

Cupids deep rivers have their shallow fordes,

His griefes bring joyes, his losses recompences:

He breeds the fore, and cures us of the paine;

Achilles launce, that wounds and heales againe.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. iv, st. 92.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Wonder it is to see, in divers mindes,

How diversly Love doth his pageants play,

And shewes his power in variable kindes:

The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway

Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,

It stirreth up to fensuall desire,
And in leaud sloth to waste his carelesse day ;
But in brave spirit it kindles goodly fire,
That to all hie desert and honour doth aspire.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. v, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Such ones ill judge of Love that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feele kindly flame :
For-ty they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne natural affection faultlesse blame,
For fault of few that have abus'd the fame ;
For it of honour and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blisse,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

[*Ibid.* Introduction to B. iv, st. 2.]

IDEM.

For persons must in passions jumpe, else love proveth lame,
Nor thinke I of a womans graunt, but as a woocers game.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, ch. ix.]

W. WARNER.

Pure Love (said she) the purest grace pursues ;
And there is contact, not by application
Of lippes or bodies, but of bodies vertues :
As in our elementale Nation,
Starres by their powers, which are their heat and light,
Do heavenly workes ; and that, which hath probation
By vertuall contact, hath the noblest plight,
Both for the lasting and affinitie
It hath with naturall divinitie.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

For Love is lord of truth and loyaltie,
 Lifting himselfe out of the lowly duft
 On golden plumes, up to the purest skie,
 Above the reach of loathly sinfull lust ;
 Whose base affect, through cowardly distrust
 Of his weake wings, dare not to heavens flie ;
 But, like a moldwarpe, in the earth doth lie.

[*Hymn in honour of Love*, 1596.]

ED. SPENCER

..... One loving howre
 For many yeares of forrow can dispence :
 A dramme of sweet is worth a pound of fowre.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iii, st. 30.]

IDEM.

For Love and majestic dwell ill together.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 126 : and *Sir J. Harington's Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xiii, st. 5.]

S. DANIELL.

The joyes of Love, if they should ever last,
 Without affliction or disquietnes
 That worldly chaunces do among them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessednes ;
 Liker to heaven then mortall wretchednes.
 Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
 That here on earth is no fure happines,
 A thousand fowres hath tempered with one sweet,
 To make it seeme more dear and daintie, as is meet.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. xi, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

True he it said, what ever man it said,
 That love with gall and hony doth abound ;
 But if the one be with the other waid,
 For every dramme of hony therein found,

A pound of gall doth over it redound.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. x, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

Love hath delight in sweet delicious fare ;
 Love never takes good counsell for his friend :
 Love author is and cause of idle care ;
 Love is distraught of wit, and hath no end.
 Love shooteth shafts of burning hot desire ;
 Love burneth more then either flame or fire :
 Love doth much harme through jealousies assault ;
 Love, once imbrac't, will hardly part againe :
 Love thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault ;
 Love makes a sport of others deadly paine :
 Love is a wanton childe, and loves to brall ;
 Love, with his warre, brings many foules to thrall.

[*The Ekatompathia*, son. 89.]

TH. WATSON.

..... Gods themselves are chaung'd by Love :
 Jove steales from skies to lie by Lædaes side ;
 Arcas descends for faire Aglauras sake ;
 And Sol, so soone as Daphne is espide,
 To follow his chariot doth forsake.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
 And in the tast confounds the appetite :
 Therefore, love moderately ; long Love doth so :
 Too swift arrives as tardie as too slowe.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 6.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

..... The rights
 In which Loves beautilous empreffe most delights

Are banquets, doricke musicke, midnight revell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that sterne age counteth evill.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. I.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Those easly men credit whom they love.

S. DANIELL.

Play with the fire, yet die not in the flame ;
Shew passion in thy words, but not in hart,
Least, when thou think'st to bring thy thoughts in frame,
Thou prove thy selfe a prisoner by thy art.
Play with these babes of Love as apes with glasses,
And put no trust in feathers, wind, or lasses.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

The greedie moone, along her giddie spheare,
Boads not such change in her inconstant course ;
No crinite comet, in the waine of yeare,
No rising rage nor swelling of fourse,
As Love in shape, in substance, and effect,
But gods and men with fury doth infect.
A morning starre (that peereth from the pride
Of silver floate) bedew'd, and sparkling bright,
Borne from the second forme of waters glide,
The queene of Love, the mistresse of delight
Aye, such is Love in semblance at the first ;
But his effects are cruell and accurst.

D. LODGE.

Albeit, bewtie moves to love, and Love doth make thee sue,
Better at first be nonsuite, then at length not to subdue.

[*Albions England*, B. vi. c. xxxi.]

W. WARNER.

It hath bene when as heartie Love did treat and tie the knot,
Though now, if gold but lack in graines, the wedding fadgeth
not.

[*Ibid.*, B. vi, c. xxix.]

W. WARNER.

Love learnes rural wits and base-borne brats to be reading
Heart-burning secrets, and wonders daintily written,
In faire flaming eyes, by the hand of lovely Cupido.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Izychurch*, act ii, chorus.] A. FRAUNCE.

Love nill consent that bewties field lie waste.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ii, st. 15]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Tis often seene, Love workes a man a weake dejected minde:
Tis ever seene, a womans love doth alter as the winde.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, c. lxiii.]

W. WARNER.

No stile is held for base, where Love well named is;
Each eare suckes up the words a true love scattereth.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 74: 4to, 1590, fo. 86 b.] S. PH. SYDNEY.

All losse is leffe, and leffe the infamy,
Then losse of Love to him that loves but one:
Ne may Love be compeld by maisterie;
For soone as maisterie comes, sweete Love anon
Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. i, st. 25.]

ED. SPENCER.

For every pleasure that in Love is found,
A thousand woes, and more, therein abound.

[*The Ekatompathia*, son. 97.]

TH. WATSON.

Like as a nibling fiſh, that halfe miſtruſts
 The golden ſhew of an enticing baite,
 Makes many offers for the thing ſhe luſts,
 Daring to deale with that ſhe deemes deceite :
 So plaies the amorous god with his faire prize,
 Whom Love and luſt bids board, but ſhame denies.

[*History of Heaven*, 1596.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

From theſe hie hills, as when a ſpring doth fall,
 It trilleth downe with ſtill and ſubtill courſe,
 Of this and that it gathers ay, and ſhall,
 Till it have juſt downe flowe to ſtreame and force ;
 Then, at the foote, it rageth over all :
 So fareth Love ; when he hath tane a fourſe,
 Rage is his raine, reſiſtance vaileth none,
 The firſt eſchue is remedie alone.

[*Sir Thomas Wyat : Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.] *E. of Surrey.*

Not all the writs Diana hath can Cupids plaint remove.

[*Albions England*, 1602.]

W. WARNER.

..... Lordly Love is ſuch a tyrant fell,
 That where he rules, all power he doth expell.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*. October.]

ED. SP.

Now if Love compelled be, and cannot chuſe,
 How can it gratefull or thanke-worthy prove ?
 Love muſt free-harted be, and voluntary,
 And not enchaunted, or by fate conſtrain'd ;
 Nor like that love, which did Uliffes carry
 To Circes ile with mightie charmes enchain'd.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Seſt. 8.]

I. DAVIES.

Where heate of Love doth once possesse the hart,
There cares oppresse the minde with wondrous ill ;
Wit runnes awrie, not fearing future smart,
And fond desire doth overmaister will :
The belly neither cares for meate nor drinke,
Nor overwatched eyes desire to winke :
Footesteps are false, and wavering too and fro,
The brightsome flower of beautie fades away ;
Reason retires, and pleasure brings in woe,
And wisedome yeeldeth place to blacke decay :
Councell, and fame, and friendship are contemned,
And bashful shame, and gods themselves condemned.
Watchfull suspect is linked with dispaire,
Inconstant hope is often drown'd in feares ;
What folly hurts not, fortune can repaire,
And miserie doth swim in seas of teares.
Long use of life is but a lingring foe,
As gentle death is onely end of woe.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581)]

TH. WATSON.

Unlawfull meanes doth make Love lawfull gaine,
He speakes most true, when he the most doth faine.

M. DRAYTON.

As many bees as Hybla daily sheelds,
As many frie as fleet on oceans face,
As many heards as on the earth do trace,
As many flowers as deck the fragrant fields,
As many starres as glorious heaven containes,
As many cloudes as wayward winter weepes,
As many plagues as hell enclosed keepes ;
So many griefes in Love, so many paines,

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, praiers,
 Mislikes, misdeeds, fond joyes, and fained peace,
 Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small encrease,
 Vowes, hope, acceptance, scornes, and deepe dispaire.

[*Rosalynd*, edit. 1598, Sig. E 2 b.]

D. LODGE.

The gnawing envie, the heart-fretting feare,
 The vaine surmises, the distrustfull shewes,
 The false reports that flying tales do beare,
 The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
 The fained friends, the unassured foes;
 With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
 Do make a Lovers life a wretches hell.

[*Hymn in honour of Love*, 1596.]

ED. SPENCER.

Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings prov'd,
 If not to gaine by Love, to be belov'd.

[*Every man out of his Humour*, act iv.]

B. JOHNSON.

Against Loves fier feares frost hath dissolution.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 52.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

For greater conquest of hard Love he gaines,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. vi, st. 3.]

ED. SPENCER.

For unto knight, there is no greater shame
 Then lightnes and inconstancie in Love.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. iv, st. 1.]

IDEM.

Loves creeping flames by reason do subdue,
 Before their rage grow to so great unrest

As miserable lovers use to rue,
Which still wax old in woe, whil'ft woe still waxeth new.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ix, st. 9.]

ED. SPENCER.

Old Love is litle worth, when new is more preferd.

[*Ibid.*, B. vi, c. ix, st. 40.]

IDEM.

Who can shew all his Love, can love but lightly.

S. DANIELL.

No man from the monarch, Love by wealth or weapon flies.

[*Albions England*, B. i, ch. i.]

W. WARNER.

For loftie Love doth loathe a lowly eye.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*. October.]

ED. SPENCER.

Love thrives not in the heart, that shadowes dreadeth.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Gather, therefore, the rose while yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre :
Gather the rose of Love while yet is time,
Whil'ft, loving, thou mai'ft loved be with equall crime.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xii, st. 75.]

ED. SPENCER.

O ! learne to love ; the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, never lost againe.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 68.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Lovers, their loved ladies loves to gaine,
Promise, protest, and sweare ; without regard
That God doth see and know their falshood still,
And can and shall revenge it at his will.
Their oathes but words, their words are all but wind,

Utterd in hafte, and with like hafte forgotten ;
 With which their faithes they do as firmly bind
 As bundles are trust up with coards all rotten.
 Coinesse is nought, but worfe to be too kind :
 Men care not for the good that soone is gotten ;
 But women of their wits may justly boast,
 That are made wiser by an others cost.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. x, st. 6.]

S. J. H.

He that bindes himselfe in worthy bands,
 Although his mistres shew him grace but small,
 Although he finde no favour at her hands,
 Sharp words, coy lookes, small thanks, hope none at all,
 Though more and more aloofe from him she stands ;
 Yet, so his heart and thoughts be highly paced,
 He must not mourne, no, though he die disgraced.

[*Ibid.*, B. xvi, st. 2.]

IDEM.

Dumbe swans, not chattering pies, do Lovers prove ;
 They love, indeed, who dare not say they love.

[*T. Nash's edit. of Astrophel and Stella*, 1591 ; edit. fo. 1598, p. 537.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

*Source, —
not in S.*

The Lover and beloved are not tied to one Love.

W. SH.

He that on Loves blind snares once fets his foote,
 Seeketh to draw it backe, but findes it caught,
 And madnesse meere in Love to overhoote
 The foole hath felt, the wise hath ever taught.
 And though in all alike it take not roote,
 Yet all shall finde, Love is a thing of nought :

For fure it is an open signe of madnesse,
To have an others pleafure breed thy fadnesse.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxiv, st. 1.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

The birds their beake, the lion hath his taile,
And Lovers nought but fighes and bitter mone,
The fpotheffe fort of fancie to affaile.

[*Rosalynd*, edit. 1598, Sig. H 4 b.]

D. LODGE.

Sweete are the kifses, the embracements fweete,
When like defires and affections meete ;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raifed,
Where fancie is in equall ballance peized.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Foule words and frownes muft not repell a Lover ;
What though the rofe hath prickles, yet tis pluckt :
Were bewtie under twentie locks kept faft,
Yet Love breakes through, and pickes them all at laft.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 96.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

For Lovers houres are long, though feeming fhort ;
If pleafde themfelves, others they think delight
In fuch like circumftance, with fuch like fport :
Their copious ftories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

[*Ibid.*, st. 141.]

IDEM.

A Lover may bestride the goffamours,
That idle in the wanton fommer aire,
And yet not fall ; fo light is vanitie.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 6.]

IDEM.

The Dutch in love is proude, Italians envious,
 The French man full of mirth, the Spanyard furious.

[*No author named. Warner: Albions England.*]

MAGICKE.

THREE kindes there are for natures skill :
 The first they naturall do name,
 In which by hearbes and stones they will
 Worke wondrous things, and worthy fame.
 The next is mathematicall,
 Where Magicke workes by nature so,
 That brazen heads make speake it shall,
 Of woods, birds, bodies, flie and go.
 The third veneficall by right
 Is named, for by it they make
 The shape of bodies chang'd in fight,
 And their formes on them to take.

M. of M.

..... Oh ! who can tell

The hidden power of hearbes, and might of magicke spell ?

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ii, st. 10.]

ED. SPENCER.

MAN.

IN time convenient, therefore, this world He created,
 And it a large theater to behold his glory appointed ;
 Which when he had with store of treasures richly replenisht,
 And with abundant grace cauld every part to be furnisht,
 Man was made at length : Adam was lastly created,

Laſt worke, not leaſt worke ; Adam was dayntely framed
 Moſt perfect creature, and like to the mightie Creator ;
 Good, wiſe, immortall, of mankind only beginner :
 But proud ambition, the ſerpent, craftily cloaking
 With curſt bitter-ſweete, his cankered poyſon abounding.
 Adam diſpoſſeſt of pleaſant beautifull harbors,
 Adams heart poſſeſt with moſt unſpeakable horrors :
 Man was mard at length ; Adam was foully defaced ;
 Laſt worke and loſt worke, Adam was filthily fowled :
 Moſt curſed creature, unlike to the mightie Creator,
 Bad, fooliſh, mortall, of mankind only the murderer.

[*Counteſſe of Pembroke's Emanuel*, 1591, Sig. A 2.] A. FRANCE.

..... Vile Man ! begot of clay, and borne of duſt.

ED. FAIRFAX.

Man, compoſed firſt of flime,
 Doth live to lead his daies in ſtrife ;
 And as the heavens do that diſpoſe,
 So ſhuts and ſpreads he with the roſe.

D. LODGE.

Time, ever old and yoong, is ſtill revolved
 Within it ſelfe, and never taſteth end ;
 But mankind is for aye to nought reſolved.
 The filthy ſnake her aged coat can mend,
 And, getting youth againe, in youth doth flouriſh ;
 But unto Man age ever death doth ſend.
 The very trees with grafting we can cheriſh,
 So that we can long time produce their time ;
 But Man, which helpeth them, helpleſſe muſt periſh.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 429 : 440, 1590, fo. 346 b.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

So what is Mans declines, and suddenn ends ;
Each thing begins, continues, and converts.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

..... Man to woman giveth all perfection ;
And, as our chiefe philosophers do fay,
Woman by man is perfect made each way.

I. WEEVER.

..... Man is loaden with ten thoufand languors ;
All other creatures only feele the angors
Of fewe difeafes ; as the gleaming quaille
Only the falling ficknes doth affaile.
The turne-about and murraine trouble cattle,
Madneffe and quincie bid the maſtife battle.

J. SILVESTER.

It doth exceed mans thought, to thinke how hie
God hath raifd Man, ſince God a Man became :
The angels do admire this myſterie,
And are aſtoniſht when they view the fame.

[*Nosce Teipſum*, 1602, Sest. 29.]

I. DAVIES.

Men do not know what then themſelves will bee,
When as, more then themſelves, themſelves they ſee.

[*Civil Wars*, 1609, B. i, st. 91.]

S. DANIELL.

Like as the fatall raven, that in his voyce
Carries the dreadfull ſummons of our deaths,
Flies by the faire Arabian ſpiceries,
Her pleaſant gardens and delightſome parks,
Seeming to curſe them with his hoarſe exclames :
And yet doth ſtoupe, with hungry violence,

Upon a peece of hatefull carrion.
 So wretched Man, displeas'd with those delights
 Would yeeld a quickning savour to his foule,
 Pursues, with eager and unstanched thirst,
 The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.

[*David and Bethsabe*, 1599, Cho. to act ii.]

G. PEELE.

Man is a little world, and beares the face
 And picture of the universitie :
 All but resembleth God, all but his glasse,
 All but the picture of his majestie.

Man is the little world, (so we him call)
 The world the little god, God the great all.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, lib. i, epigr. 4.]

TH. BASTARD.

The gallant courser, in his full carrire,
 Is made by man to stoppe with slender raine ;
 But Man himselfe, his lust and fond desire
 Is sildome drawne by reason to refraine.
 Tis hard to stop, but harder to retire,
 When youthfull course ensueth pleasure vaine ;
 As beares do breake the hives and weake defences,
 When smell of hony commeth to their fences.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xi, st. 1.]

S. J. H.

So Pompey, in the midst of victorie,
 All unexpected happened on his end ;
 And Cæsar, in his greatest majestie,
 Untimely murdered by his dearest friend.
 Such are Men's best estates ; more wretched they,
 In greatest pompe most subject to decay.

[*Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 28.] CH. MIDDLETON.

And what makes Men without the parts of men,
 Or in their manhoods, lesse then children,
 But manlesse natures? all this world was nam'd
 A world, of him for whom it first was framde ;
 Who (like a tender cheverell) shrunke with fire
 Of base ambition, and of selfe desire,
 His armes into his shoulders crept, for feare
 Bountie should use them, and fierce rape forbear ;
 His legs into his greedy belly runne,
 The charge of hospitalitie to shunne.
 In him the world is to a lumpe reverst,
 That shrunke from forme that was by forme disperst ;
 And in nought more then thanklesse avarice,
 Not rendring vertue her deserved price.

[*Hymnus in Noctem*, 1598.]

G. CHAPMAN.

But as rude painters that contend to shoue
 Beasts, fowles, or fish, all artlesse to bestowe
 On every side his native counterfet,
 Above his head his name had need to set ;
 So Men, that will be men in more then face,
 (As in their foreheades) should in actions place,
 More perfect characters, to prove they be
 No mockers of their first nobilitie :
 Els may they easily passe for beasts or foules ;
 Soules praise our shapes, and not our shapess our foules.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

When as Men all do know, then nothing know.

S. DANIELL.

Ay, but the milder passions shew Man :
 For, as the leafe doth bewtifie the tree,
 The pleasant flowers bedeck the painted spring,
 Even so, in Men of greatest reach and power,
 A mild and piteous thought augments renowne.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act ii, sc. 1.]

D. LODGE.

No Man before his end is truly blest.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Man to Man, as beast to beast, holds civil duties vain.

W. WARNER.

Mans inward parts are colder, and the nummer,
 When outwardly they feele a boyling fommer.
 Mans voyce, in every ones opinion, is but an airie re-
 percussion.

D. LODGE.

MARRIAGE.

HYMEN, that now is god of nuptiall rights,
 And crownes, with honor, love and his delights.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 5.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Before them, on an altar he presented
 Both fire and water, which was first invented,
 Since, to ingenerate every human creature,
 And every other birth produc't by nature,
 Moysture and heate must mix ; so, man and wife,
 For humane race, must joyne in nuptiall life.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... In Athence

The custome was, that every mayd did weare,
During her maydenhead, a filken spheare
About her waste, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minervaes knot ; and that was freed
By the faire bridegroom, on the Marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, sest. 5.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Shouldst thou but dream what Marriage were, thou wouldst
not live a maid ;

One hart of two, two foules to one, by wedlocke is convaide.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. 25.]

W. WARNER.

Beleeve me, man, there is no greater blisse
Then is the quiet joy of loving wife ;
Which who so wants, half of himselfe doth misse.
Friend without change, playfellow without strife,
Food without fulnesse, counsaile without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 388.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

In choyce of wife, preferre the modest chaste :
Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell ;
The sweetest lookes by age are soon defaste ;
Then choose thy wife by wit, and living well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withall,
Presents thee hony mixt with bitter gall.

[*Rosalynd*, edit. 1598, Sig. B 2.]

D. LODGE.

Wild savages, that drinke of running springs,
Thinke water farre exceeds all earthly things ;

But they that daily taste neate wine despise it.
 Virginitie, albeit some highly prize it,
 Compar'd with Marriage, had you tride them both,
 Differs as much as wine and water doth.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

All touch sweet, taste sweet, eie sweet, eare sweet, fent sweet,
 foule sweete is

A vertuous match ; but vicious love in all contraries this.

[*Albions England*, B. xii, c. lxxiv.]

W. WARNER.

One is no number ; maides are nothing then
 Without the sweet societie of men.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

..... Marriage will destroy
 Those passions which to youthfull head do clime,
 Mothers and nurfes of all vaine annoy.

[*Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 390.]

IDEM.

..... Wretched Wedlock breeds but hated heat,
 Where no love seemes so sweet, as stolen and secret.

D. LODGE.

Offer no love rights, but let wives still seeke them ;
 For when they come unfought they fildom like them.

[*Every Man out of his Humour*, act ii, sc. 4.]

B. JOHNSON.

..... Even as Adam wrought his overthrow,
 By tasting fruite that God did him forbid ;
 So he that curiously will search to know
 All that his wife hath said, or what she did,

May fortune at the laft himfelfe befhrow.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xliii, st. 8.]

S. J. H.

Let him, that his wife to his bent will drawe,
Match with a virgin, and keepe her in awe.

[*No author named.*]

To love, and wed for love, is perfit bliffe.

[*Songs and Sonnets*, 1567, p. 74.]

G. TURB.

His be the hurt, that lookes not ere he wed ;
The husband may the woman make or marre.

IDEM.

Nor are we male and female borne, that fruitlefse we fhould
die.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. v, ch. xxv.]

W. WARNER.

Perhaps experience, beating us, doth bid us lay to thrive ;
The firft degree to which, fay fome, is warely to wive :
But wived if our faint become (as not unlike) a fhrow,
Then is that firft degree to thrift, the third degree in woe.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, c. xxvii.]

IDEM.

Let nothing fever thofe whom God doth linke.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xliii, st. 7.]

S. J. H.

..... The chance that once befell
To wandring Dina, may be witneffe well
That fecret Mariage, that to fewe is kend,
Doth never lead the lovers to good end :
For of our bodies we no power may claime.

Except our parents do confirm the same.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HUD.

We worldly folke account him very wise,
 That hath the wit most wealthily to wed :
 By all meanes, therefore, alwaies we devise
 To see our iffue rich in spoufall sped.
 We buy and sell rich orphans ; babes, scant bred,
 Muſt marry, ere they know what Marriage meanes ;
 Boyes marrie old trots, old fooles wed yoong queanes.
 We call this wedding, which in any wiſe
 Can be no Marriage, but pollution plaine,
 A new found trade of humane marchandize,
 The divels net, a filthy fleſhly gaine,
 Of kind and nature an unnaturall ſtaine,
 A foule abuſe of Gods moſt holy order,
 And yet allow'd almoſt in every border.

[*Legend of Lord Rivers*, edit. 1610, p. 398.]

M. of M.

A filthy trull is irkſome to the eie,
 A gallant gyrlle allures the lookers mind,
 A wanton wench will have the head to die,
 An aged trot to like is hard to find :
 A bearing wiſe with brats will cloy thee fore ;
 A greater carcke then childrens care is none :
 A barren beaſt will grieve thee ten times more ;
 No joy remaines, when hope of fruite is gone.
 Wherefore, let wiving goe ; live ſingle aye ;
 A fhrew we ſee is wedded in a day,
 But ere a man can ſhift his hands tis long.

[*Songs and Sonets*, 1567, fo. 73 b.]

G. TURR.

MALADIE.

FAST by old age pale Maladie was plac't,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomacke, favour, and of taste ;
Ne could she brook no meate, but broaths alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sicknesse past recure,
Detesting phisicke, and all phisicks cure.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 264.]

M. SACKVILL.

Sicknesse, the herauld of armes, hearts, and all.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

As th' humorous sicke, removing, find no ease,
When chaunged chambers change not the diseafe.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 14.]

S. DANIELL.

And thus, O Sicknesse ! thou art oft beliede,
When death hath many ways to come beside.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, st. 85.]

IDEM.

MIGHT.

THE meanest fault is hie offence, urg'd of a mighty toe.

W. WARNER.

To shadow finne Might can the more pretend.

M. DR.

..... Might is ever absolute alone,
When of two powers ther's true conjunctione.

[*Mortimeriados*. 1596.]

M. DR.

Power constrain'd, is but a glorious slave.

ED. FAIRFAX.

..... Slight, force, are mightie things,
From which much, (if not most,) earths glory springs :
If vertues selfe were clad in humaine shape,
Vertue, without these, might go beg and scrape.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598, Sat. 5.]

I. MARSTON.

United powers makes each the stronger prove.

S. PH. SYDNEY.

..... Honey words make foolish minds,
And power the greatest wit with error blinds.

[*Marius and Sylla*, 1594, act v, sc. 1]

D. LODGE.

For as the higher trees do sheeld the shrubs
From posting Phlegons warmth, and breathing fier :
So mightie men obscure each others fame,
And make the best defervers fortunes game.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

For excellencie never beares this minde,
By no inferiour skill to be definde.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Where power decreed hath to find th' offence,
The cause is better still then the defence.

[*Civil Wars*, B. v, st. 80.]

S. DANIELL.

MISERIE.

HIS face was leane, and some deale pinde away,
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
 But what his body was I cannot say,
 For on his carkaffe rayment had he none,
 Save cloutes and patches peeced one by one:
 With staffe in hand, and scrippe on shoulder cast,
 His chiefe defence against the winters blast.
 His food, for most, was wilde frutes of the tree,
 Unlesse sometime some crummes fell to his share,
 Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
 As one the which full daintily would fare:
 His drinke, the running streame; his cup, the bare
 Of his palme clozd; his bed the hard cold ground.
 To this poore life was Miserie ybound.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 262.]

M. SACKVILL.

..... This iron world
 Brings downe the stoutest hearts to lowest state;
 For Miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
 And makes them seeke for what they wont to scorne,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.

[*Mother Hubbard's Tale*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

Mother, he hath a foolish fantasie,
 That thinkes to find a friend in Miserie.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, 1587, act ii, sc. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

O Miserie! where once thou art possesst,
 How soone thy faint infection alters kind,

And, like a Circe, turnest man to beaft ;
 And with the body doft transforme the mind,
 That can in fetters our affection bind.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

For Miserie is troden on by many,
 And, being lowe, never reliev'd by any.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 118]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

..... The mightiest that have liv'd
 Have falne, and headlong too : in Miserie
 It is some comfort to have companie.

G. PEELE.

Men flie from foes, but not from Miserie.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Let him, that sees his private Miserie,
 Avoyd the prospect of prosperitie ;
 It breeds pale envie, and sad discontent,
 Procures offence before a profered wrong,
 Torments it selfe till all conceits are spent,
 And thoughts delivered by malicious tongue ;
 Then, rapt with violent fury, growes so strong,
 That it envenomes all our humaine parts,
 Blind-judging eyes, and fence-confounding harts.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

MELANCHOLY.

..... MELANCHOLY, from the splene begunne,
 By passion mov'd, into the vaines doth runne :

Which, when this humour, as a swelling flood,
By vigour is infused in the blood,
The vitall spirits doth mightily appall,
And weakeneth so the parts organicall,
And when the fences are disturb'd and tir'd
With what the heart incessantly desir'd,
Like travellers, with labour long oppress'd,
Finding release, eft-soones they fall to rest.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), Sig. D 2 b.]

M. DRAYTON.

Thou nursing mother of faire wisedomes lore,
Ingenuous Melancholy.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598. Proemium.]

I. MARSTON.

Those men to Melancholy given, we saturnists do call.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. i, c. ii.]

W. WARNER.

MEMORIE.

THIS lidger-booke lies in the braine behinde,
Like Janus eye, which in his poll was set ;
The laymans tables, storehouse of the minde,
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sest. 21.]

I. DAVIES.

Here, fences apprehension end doth take ;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth an other circle make,
Till the last circle touch the banke at last.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Remembrance is the life of grief, his grave
Forgetfulness.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. xviii, st. 2.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Remembrance fresh, makes weakened sorrows strong.

IDEM.

MISCHIEFE.

THE cause once gone, th' effects thereof surcease ;
And Mischiefes, being prevented whil't they are yong,
Cannot braunch forth themselves to do that hurt,
That time, their natures, and bad men would worke.

[*Legend of Humphrey of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 48.] CH. MIDDLETON.

A Mischiefe feene may easily be prevented ;
But being hapt, not helpt, yet still lamented.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Faire goodnesse is foule ill, if Mischiefes wit
Be not repress from leaud corrupting it.

[*John Marstons Satires*, 1598.]

IDEM.

Mischiefe is oft made good by speeding well.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. vi, st. 10.]

S. DANIELL.

MERCIE.

SOME clarkes do doubt, in their devisfull art,
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,

To weeten Mercie, be of iustice part,
 Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreat.
 This well I wot, that fure she is as great,
 And meriteth to haue as hie a place,
 Sith in th' Almighty's everlasting feat
 She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
 From thence powr'd downe on men by influence of grace.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. x, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

O, who shall shew the countenance and gestures
 Of Mercie and Iustice! which faire, sacred sisters
 With equall poize do ever ballance even
 Th' unchaunging projects of the King of Heaven:
 The one sterne of looke, th' other mild aspecting,
 Th' one pleas'd with teares, th' other bloud affecting;
 Th' one beares the sword of vengeance unrelenting,
 Th' other brings pardon for the true repenting.

I. SYLVESTER.

And still as rage kindleth the fire of wrath,
 Mercie, to quench it, store of water hath.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxiv, st. 30.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

..... This noble vertue and diuine,
 Doth chiefly make a man so rare and od,
 As in that one he most resembleth God.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Then come we neareſt to the gods on hie,
 When we are fartheſt from extremitie,
 Giving forth ſentence of our lawes with Mercie.

THO. ACHELA.

Mercie may mend whom malice made offend :
 Death gives no thankes, but checks authoritie.

[*Civil Wars*, B. vi, st. 60.]

S. DANIELL.

So rulers mildnesse subjects love do nourish.

[*No author named.*]

Soft pittie enters at an iron gate.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 86.]

W. SH.

Mercie but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 1.]

IDEM.

Pittie drawes love, bloud-fhed is natures grieve ;
 Compassion followeth the unfortunate.

[*Civil Wars*, B. vi, st. 61.]

S. D.

When pittie runneth afore, love alwaies followeth after.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel*, 1591.]

A. FRAUNCE.

As it is greater praise to save then spill,
 So better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. x, st. 2.]

ED. SPENCER.

How deare is Mercie, having power and will,
 When pittie helps where equitie doth kill ?

M. DRAYTON.

MINDE.

THE minde hath in her felse a deitie,
 And in the stretching circle of her eie

All things are compast, all things present still :
Will fram'd to power doth make us what we will.

[*Hymnus in Cynthiam*, 1594.]

G. CHAPMAN.

It is the Minde that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore :
For some that hath aboundance at his will,
Hath not inough, but wants in greatest store.
And other, that hath little, askes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wife.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. ix, st. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

The Minde is free, what ere afflict the man ;
A king's a king, do fortune what she can.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596 (B. v, st. 35, edit. 1603.)]

M. DRAYTON.

..... The Minde, times enemie, oblivions foe,
Disposer true of each note-worthy thing.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. i, st. 36.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Our Mindes discern, where eies could never see.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596 : B. iii, st. 20, edit. 1603.]

M. DRAYTON.

And that Minde most is bewtifull and hic,
And nearest comes to a divinitie,
That farthest is from spots of earthes delight,
Pleasures that loose their substance with their sight :
Such one Saturnius ravisheth to love,
And fills the cup of all content to Jove.

[*Hymnus in Cynthiam*, 1594.]

G. CHAPMAN.

The fetled Mind is free from fortunes power ;
 They need not feare who looke not up aloft,
 But they that climbe are carefull every hower ;
 For when they fall, they light not very soft.

[*T. Churchyard's Shore's Wife*, edit. 1610, p. 501.] *M. of M.*

What plague is greater then the grieve of Mind ?
 The grieve of Mind, that eates in every vaine ;
 In every vaine that leaves such clods behinde ;
 Such clods behind, as breed such bitter paine ;
 So bitter paine, that none shall ever finde
 What plague is greater then the grieve of minde.

[*T. Nash's edit. of Astrophel and Stella*, 1591.] *E. of Ox.*

Ill Mind to mind so much of others ill,
 As to become unmindfull of his owne.

ED. SPENCER.

Into our Minds let us a little fall,
 And we shall find more spots then leopards skin.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 229: not in 4to, 1590.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

O vanitie of mans unstable Minde,
 Puft up with every blast of friendly winde.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. xii, st. 58.] ED. FAIRFAX.

In base Minds no friendship dwels, nor enmitie.

ED. SPENCER.

Oft times we see, that sorrowes of the Minde
 Finde remedie unsought, which seeking cannot finde.

IDEM.

Weak body wel is chang'd for Minds redoubled force.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ix, st. 55.]

ED. SPENCER.

So move our Minds, as motions move the aire.

M. of M.

Nor is it but our Minds that make our native homes our
grave,

As we to ours, others to theirs like parcial fancie have :
Transmute we but our Minds, and then all one an alien is,
As if a native : one resolv'd makes every country his.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, c. lxiii.]

W. WARNER.

MONARCHS.

AUGUSTUS, quailing Anthony, was emperour alone,
In whose unfoed Monarchy our common health was knowne.

[*Albions England*, B. iii, c. xviii.]

IDEM.

A mighty Monarch must, whilest greening youth doth flower,
Make one, or two, or three proofes of his peerles power :
For valour is the gate of honour beautified,
The first faire step it is, whereby good hap doth guide
Our feete to glories mount ; and nothing hartens so
The men of armes to fight, as valiant prince (we know).
But afterward he must with wary wifedome warre,
More often with his wit, then with his weapon farre ;
And feeding so his spirit, with sweet sharpe easie paine,
Not keepe a fouldiers place, but capitaines roome retaine.

J. SYLVESTER.

Mildnesse fitteth majestie, hie minds are disalowed.

[*Albions England*, B. vii, ch. xxxvi.]

W. WARNER.

No man from the Monarch love by wealth or weapon flies.

IDEM.

Mildnesse would better suite with majestie,

Then rash revenge and rough feveritie.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAV.

MURDER.

BLACK, hell-bred humor of fier-venging fin,

By whose inticements Murders we commit :

The end unthought of, rashly we begin,

Letting our passion overwhelme our wit.

[*No author named.*]

Who may and will not save, Murder in truth committeth.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, fo. 1598, p. 552 ; 4to, 1591, p. 51.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Unpunisht scapes from hainous crime some one,

But unreveng'd, in mind and body, none.

IDEM.

The cruell man a cruell death shall tast,

And blood with blood be venged at the last.

[*Furies, from Du Bartas.*]

J. SYL.

Those that in blood such violent pleasure have,

Seldome descend, but bleeding, to their grave.

B. JOHNSON.

Vengeance on minde the fretting Furies take,
The sinfull corps, like earth-quake, agues shake ;
Their frowning lookes, their troubled minds bewray,
In hast they run, and midst their race they stay,
As gidded roe, amidst their speech they whist :
At meate they muse ; no where they may persist,
But some feare netleth them : aye hang they so.
So never wanteth the wicked Murderer woe.

[*Dolman : Legend of Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 418.] *M. of M.*

MUSES.

IMPS of King Iove, and Queene Remembrance, loe !
The Sisters nine, the poets pleafant pheers :
Calliope doth stately style bestowe,
And worthy praises paints of princely peers ;
Clio in solemn songs reneweth old day,
With present yeares conjoyning age by past ;
Delightfull talke loves comicall Thaley,
In fresh green youth who doth like lawrell last :
With voyces tragicall founds Melpomen ;
And, as with chaines, th' allured eare she binds.
Her strings when Terpsichor doth touch, even then
She toucheth hearts, and raigneth in mens minds.
Fine Erato, whose looke a lovely cheare
Presents, in dauncing, keeps a comely grace :
With seemly gesture doth Polhymnie stere,
Whose words whole routs of ranks doo rule in place :
Uranie, her globes to view all bent,

The ninefold heaven observes with fixed face :
 The blaſtes Euterpe tunes her instrument,
 With ſolace ſweete hence heavy dumps to chace.
 Lord Phœbus in the miſt, whoſe heavenly ſpirit
 Theſe ladies doth inſpire.

[*N. Grimald, in Tottell's Miscellany, 1557.*]

E. of Surrey.

The golden brood of great Apolloes witte.

ED. SPENCER.

Sweet lady Muſes, ladies of delight,
 Delights of life, and ornaments of light.

[*Mother Hubberds Tale, 1591.*]

IDEM.

Then followed on the Muſes ſacred nine,
 With the firſt number equally divine,
 In virgins white, whoſe lovely mayden browes
 Were crowned with tryumphant lawrel bowes :
 And on their garments, painted out in glory,
 Their offices and functions in a ſtory ;
 Imblazoning the fury and conceat
 Which on their ſacred company await.

[*Endymion and Phæbe (1594), Sig. F 3.*]

M. DRAYTON.

From theſe the Muſes only are derived,
 Which of the angels were in nine contrived.
 Theſe heaven-inſpired babes of memory,
 Which, by a like attracting ſympathy,
 Apolloes prophets in their furies wrought,
 And in their ſpirit inchaunting numbers taught,
 To teach ſuch as at poeſie repine,
 That it is only heavenly and divine ;

And manifest her intellectuall parts,
 Sucking the purest of the purest arts.
 And unto these, as by a sweet consent,
 The sphery circles are æquivalent,
 From the first mover, and the starry heaven,
 To glorious Phœbe, lowest of the seven,
 Which Jove in tunefull diapazons framde,
 Of heavenly musicke of the Muses namde :
 To which the soule, in her divinitie,
 By her Creator made of harmonie,
 Whilest she in fraile and mortall flesh doth live,
 To her nine fundry offices do give :
 Which offices united are in three,
 Which like the orders of the angels bee ;
 Prefiguring thus by the number nine,
 The soule, like to the angels, is divine.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), Sig. F 3.]

M. DRAYTON.

Provide, therefore, ye princes, whilst ye live,
 That of the Muses ye may friended be :
 Which unto men eternitie doe give,
 For they be daughters of dame Memoric,
 And Jove, the father of Eternitie ;
 And do those men in golden thrones repose,
 Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.
 The sevenfold yron gates of grisly hell,
 And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
 They able are with power of mighty spell
 To breake, and thence the foules to bring away
 Out of dread darknesse to eternall day,
 And them immortall make, which els would die

In fowle forgetfulnesse, and namelesse lie.

[*The Ruins of Time*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

But wise words, taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for aye ;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away :
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
Nor age nor envie shall them ever waft.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

The Muses, not long since, intrapping Love
In chaines of roses, linked all aray,
Gave Bewtie charge to watch in their behove
With Graces three, leaft he should wend away :
Who fearing yet, he would escape at last,
On hie Parnassus top they clapt him fast.
When Venus understood her Sonne was thrall,
She made post haste to have god Vulcans aide ;
Sold him her jennes and ceston therewithall,
To raunsome home her Sonne that was betraid.
But all in vaine ; the Muses made no store
Of gold, but bound him faster then before.

[*The Ekatompathia*, son. 83.]

TH. WATSON.

The Muses basely beg, or bibbe, or both ; and must, for why ?
They find as bad bestoe, as is their portage beggerly.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. xxvii.]

W. WARNER.

MUSICKE.

AND thou, sweet Musicke, dauncings only life,
The cares sole happinesse, the aires best speech,

Load-stone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft minds paradize, the sicke minds leech ;
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones canst teach :
That when the aire doth daunce her finest measure,
Then art thou borne, the gods and mens sweet pleasure.

[*Orchestra*, 1596, st. 46.]

I. DAVIES.

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No Musicke kindly, without love.

[*Arcadia*, edit. fo. 1598, p. 73.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Esclepiad did cure with trompets found
Such men as first had lost their hearing quite ;
And many such, as in their drinke lay drown'd,
Damon reviv'd with tunes of grave delight :
And Theophrast, when ought his mind opprest,
Usde Musicke found to bring himself to rest.
With sound of harpe Thales did make recure
Of such as laie with pestilence forlorne :
With organ pipes Xenocrates made pure
Their wittes, whose mindes long lunacy had worne.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 13.]

TH. WATSON.

Some that report great Alexanders life,
They say that harmony so mov'd his minde,
That oft he rose from meate to warlike strife,
At sound of trompe, or noyse of battell kinde :
And then, that Musicks force, of softer vaine,
Caus'd him returne from strokes to meate againe.

[*Ibid.*, son. 14.]

IDEM.

NATURE.

NATURE, in which divinitie doth shine,
 Lively presenting unborne deitie,
 Is that same spirit of reason most divine,
 Which causeth every naturall worke to be.
 All things she doth preserve, and can refine
 Muddy pollutions from impietie.
 Philosophy can teach no art, nor ground,
 Which Nature, elder-borne, had not first found.

I. MARKHAM.

..... Nature in mans heart her lawes doth pen,
 Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will ;
 Which do accuse, or els excuse all men,
 For every thought or practife, good or ill.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sest. 26.]

I. DAVIES.

Nature above things requireth this,
 That we our kind do labour to maintaine.

[*Arcadia*, edit. fo. 1598, p. 389.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Nature, which headlong into life doth thring us
 With our feete forward, to our grave doth bring us :
 What is leffe ours then this our borrowed breath ?
 We stumble into life, we go to death.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, B. vii, epig. 47.]

TH. BASTARD.

Inexplicable Nature, by the God of Nature wrought,
 Makes things seeme miracles to some, by some not wonders
 thoght ;
 And every climates people, both as they are men and live.

Do differ nothing, if observ'd, she not admir'd doth give.
The workman rather than the work extoll we, though in her
Not curiously, and all things to his providence refer.

[*Albions England*, B. x, c. lxi.]

W. WARNER.

Nature hath powr'd inough in each mans lappe,
Could each man learne to use his private happe.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

For markes descried in mens nativitie
Are Nature's faults, not their owne infamie.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 78.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Nature is Learnings eyes ; she, Natures thought :
Use, wanting either, is imperfect made ;
They, without use, no better then a shade.

I. MARKHAM.

..... Nature seemeth onely faire in chaunge.

[*Rosalynd*, 1590: edit. 1598, Sig. M.]

D. LODGE.

..... Where Nature failes in strength, she addes in wit.

W. W.

Nature gives bewtie, fortune wealth, in vaine.

ED. FAIRFAX.

Then this desire of Nature is not vaine,
She covets not impossibilities ;
Fond thoughts may fall into some idle braine,
But one assent of all is ever wise.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sest. 30.]

I. DAVIES.

Nature doth hate and shunne her contrarie.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, Sest. 30, Reason iii.]

TH. STORER.

..... Nature teacheth ever,
Who loves preferment needs must love the giver.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

IDEM.

NOBILITIE.

IF to be noble and hie thy mind be meved,
Confider well thy ground and thy beginning ;
For He that hath each starre in heaven fixed,
And geves the moone her hornes and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working :
So that wretched no way may thou bee,
Except foule lust and vice do conquer thee.

[*Sir T. Wyatt, in Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.]

E. of Surrey.

Each man may cracke of that which was his owne :
Our parents good is theirs, and no whit ours ;
Who therefore will of noble birth be knowne,
Or shine in vertue like his auncestors,
Gentry consisteth not in lands and towers ;
He is a churle, though all the world were his,
Yea, Arthurs heire, if that he live amis.

[*T. Phaer : Owen Glendour*, edit. 1610, p. 297.]

M. of M.

See here the difference of a noble minde :
Some vertue raifeth, some by vice have climde :
The first, though onely of themselves begunne,

Yet circlewife into themselves do runne ;
 Within themselves their force, united fo,
 Both endlesse is, and stronger gainst their foe :
 For when end'th it, that never hath begunne ?
 Or how may that that hath no end, b' undone ?
 The other, as by wicked meanes they grew,
 And rained by flatterie, so soone they rue,
 First tumbling step from honours old is vice ;
 Which once stept downe, some linger, none arise
 To former type ; but they catch vertues spray,
 Which raifeth them that climbe by lawfull way.
 Beware to rise by serving princely lust :
 Surely to stand one mean, is rising just.

[*Dolman: Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 412.]

M. of M.

The rose, although in thornie shrubs she spread,
 Is still the rose ; her bewties waxe not dead :
 And noble mindes, although the court be bare,
 Are by resemblance knowne how great they are.

R. GREENE.

A noble minde disdaineth servitude.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act ii.]

TH. KYD.

True Nobleffe never doth the thing it shoud not.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

The noble heart that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with childe with glories great intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th' eternall broode of glory excellent.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. v. st. l.]

ED. SPENCER.

L. L.

OLD AGE.

AND next in order, fad Old Age we found,
 His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blinde,
 With drouping cheere still poaring on the ground,
 As on the place where nature him assignd
 To rest, when that the Sisters had untwind
 His vitall thred, and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast declining life.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 263.]

M. SACKVILL.

Crookt-backt he was, tooth shaken and bleare eide,
 Went on three feete, and fometime crept on foure,
 With old lame bones that ratled by his side;
 His scalp all pild, and he with eld forlore:
 His withered fist still knocking at deaths dore,
 Fumbling and driveling as he drawes his breath;
 For breefe, the shape and messenger of death.

[*Sackville's Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 264.]

G. GASCOIGNE, *Transl.*

For Age and winter accord full nie;
 This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrie.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*. February.]

ED. SPENCER.

For he that plies the laps and lips of ladies all his prime,
 And fals to arms, Age failing arms, then also loofeth time.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. xxvi.]

W. WARNER.

As if a beare in moon-shine shuld attempt the moone to
 clime.

[*Ibid.*, but no author named.]

Thus infancie is feeble, and our lustie youth unftaid,
Our manhood carking, and our Age more loathed then obaid.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. xxvii.]

W. WARNER.

Our heires wax sickish of our health, too long our here abode;
Mean while, the nerer to our graves the farther we from God:
Gripple in works, testie in words, loathsome for most at length;
And such at four score as at foure, for maners, wit, and
strength.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Eld is ordaind to counsell, youth to fight,
Age to foresee, yong courage to inact.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue iv.]

D. LODGE.

Skill and experience good companions beene,
Age knoweth whatsoever youth hath seene.

S. J. H.

For crooked Age, and hoary silver haire,
Still craveth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, act iii.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

It is a common point whereon the aged grossly runne,
Once to have dared, said, and seene, more then was ever done.

[*Albion's England*, B. iv, ch. xxii.]

W. WARNER.

..... The equal Age doth equall life desire.

S. DANIELL.

Small drops (God knowes), do quench that heatlesse fire,
When all the strength is onely in desire.

[*Epistle, Q. Mary to Charles Brandon*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

OPINION.

O MALE-CONTENT seducing ghueft,
 Contriver of our greatest woes ;
 Which borne of winde, and fed with showes,
 Dost nurfe thyselfe in thine unrest ;
 Judging ungotten things the best,
 Or what thou in conceit designest.

[*Cleopatra*, 1599, chor. to act ii.]

S. DANIELL.

Thou, all things in the world dost deeme
 Not as they are, but as they seeme.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Thou foule of pleasure, honor's onely substance,
 Great arbitrator, umpire of the earth,
 Whom fleshly epicures call vertues essence :
 Thou moving orator, whose powerfull breath
 Swaies all mens judgements, great Opinion.

[*Pygmalion's Image*, 1598, *To the World*.]

I. MARSTON.

Opinion is as various as light chaunge,
 Now speaking courtlike friendly, straightwayes strange.
 Shee's any humours perfect parasite,
 Displeasd with her, and pleasd with her delight :
 Shee is the eccho of inconstancie,
 Soothing her no with nay, her I with yea.

[*Skialetheia*, 1598, Sat. 6.]

E. GUILPIN.

This fyren, or Opinion, wind-borne lame,
 Seeking to ease us, brings us to unrest ;

For it adjudgeth nothing it doth see
By what it is, but what it seemes to bee.

I. MARKHAM.

We must, in matters morall, quite reject
Vulgar Opinion, ever led amisse :
And let autenticke reason be our guide,
The wife of truth, and wisedomes governess.

G. CHAPMAN.

OPPORTUNITIE.

O, OPPORTUNITIE! thy guilt is great ;
Tis thou that execut'ft the traitors treason,
Thou setst the wolfe where he the lambe may get ;
Who ever plots the sinne, thou point'ft the season.
Tis thou that spurn'ft at right, at law, at reason ;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spie him,
Sits sinne, to seize the soules that wander by him.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 127.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Opportunitie can winne the coyest she that is.
Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine, and tempers toies
with art,
Brings love, that swimmeth in her eyes, to dive into her hart.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. ii, c. ix.]

W. WARNER.

When love hath knit two harts in perfect unitie,
They feldome faile to finde their Opportunitie.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xiii, st. 9.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

OCCASION.

OCCASION'S wing'd, and ever flyeth fast ;
 Comming, the smiles ; and frownes, once being past.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 121.]

M. DRAYTON.

Now by the forehead let us take Occasion,
 Least, after all our travell and expence,
 He hide away his haire, and turne his balld,
 And we unprovident be thought and calld.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxviii, st. 48.]

S. J. H.

If lust or age doth minde affaile,
 Subdue Occasion, fo thou shalt prevaile.

IDEM.

OPINION.

TRUE judgement flight regards Opinion.

[*Satires*, 1598. Dedication.]

I. MARSTON.

Opinion, how dost thou molest
 Th' affected mind of restless man ?
 Who, following thee, never can
 Nor ever shall attaine to rest,
 Forgetting what thou saist is best ;
 Yet, loe ! that best he findes farre wide
 Of what thou promisest before :
 For in the fame he look't for more,

Which proves but small, when once is tried.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

He onely treads the sure and perfect path
To greatnesse, who love and Opinion hath.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. v, st. 114.]

IDEM.

Let us esteeme Opinion as she is,
Fooles bable, innovations mistress,
The Proteus, Robin good-fellow, of change,
Smithfield of jaded fancies, and th' exchange
Of fleeting censures, nurse of heresie,
Begot by nature on inconstancie.
Its but the hisse of geese, the peoples noise,
The tongue of humors, and fantastick voice
Of hairebrained apprehension : it respects
With all due titles, and that due neglects,
Even in one instant.

[*Skialetheia*, 1598, Sat. 6]

ED. GUILPIN.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE doth beare a never pierced sheeld,
Whose brightnesse hath enforc't more monsters yeeld,
Then that of ugly Gorgons head was made.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER.

Patience is angers subject, and controll'd
With every fury, which men would redresse,
But cannot do 't ; for she is gentle, milde,

Orecome and kept downe like a strengthlesse childe.

[*Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 77.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

Patience, a praife ; forbearance is a treafure ;

Sufferance, an angell ; a monfter, rage.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. v, st. 47.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

At leaft let Patience profit thee, for Patience is a thing
Whereby a begger gaineth of a discontented king.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. ii, c. x.]

W. WARNER.

Man in himfelfe a litle world doth beare,
His foule the monarch ever ruling there ;
Where ever then his body doth remaine,
He is a king that in himfelfe doth raigne,
And never feareth fortunes hot't alarms,
That beares againft her Patience for his armes.

[*Epistle, De la Pole to Q. Margaret*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

The leffer pangs can beare, who hath endured the chief.

ED. SPENCER.

What fortune hurts, let Patience onely heale ;
No wifedome with extremities to deale.

[*Epistle, De la Pole to Q. Margaret*.]

M. DR.

By patient fufferance could we mildly beare
With fortune, yet we equally might share ;
And overcoming that, which all do feare,
By prefent cure prevent enfuing care.

IDEM.

Who in distresse from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yeeld to miferies.

[*Epistle, Lady Jane Gray to Dudley*, edit. 1599.]

M. DR.

That life is only miserable and vile,
From which faire Patience doth it selfe exile.

[*No author named.*]

Though eyes want sight of that they would see faine,
The thought yet sees, and hearts with patience take it :
Long absence greeves, yet when they meet againe
Absence delights, and doth more pleasant make it.
To serve and sue long time for little gaine
(So that all hope do not ev'n quite forsake it)
One may endure ; for when the paine is past,
Reward, though long it staie, yet comes at last.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxxi, st. 3.]

S. J. H.

Let Brontes and black Steropes
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating :
An houre will come, they must affect their ease,
 Though but while mettall's heating :
And after all their Ætnean ire,
"Gold that is perfect will out-live the fire :
 " For fury wasteth,
 " As Patience lasteth.
"No armor to the mind." He is shot free
 From injury,
That is not hurt ; not hee, that is not hit :
 So fooles, we see,
Oft scape their imputation, more through luck then wit.

B. JOHNSON.

M M

PASSION.

PASSION beares hie when puffing witt doth blowe,
 But is indeede a toy ; if not a toy,
 True cause of evils, and cause of causeleffe woe.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 227.]

S. PHIL. SID.

They only aptest are for to reveale
 Their private Passions, who the same do feele.

D. LODGE.

None doth live not passionate of love, ire, mirth, or grieve.

W. WARNER.

A man may not of Passions judge aright,
 Except his mind be from all Passions free :
 Nor can a judge his office well acquite,
 If he possesse of either partie bee.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sest. 4.]

I. DAVIES.

PARENTS.

IT is as common as unkind a fault
 In youth (too subject to this worlds assault)
 To imitate, admit, and daily chuse
 Those errors which their lawleffe Parents use.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 3]

D. LODGE.

If damned dice the father doth affect,
 The selfe-like folly doth his heire infect :
 If lust, to lust the sonne is too proclive ;

If fraud, by fraud his wanton race will thrive :
If fursit, fursit is esteem'd no sin,
For youth perseveres as he doth begin.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 3.]

D. LODGE.

Then, gentle friend, from damned deeds abtaine,
From lawlesse riots, and from pleasures vaine ;
If not regarding of thine owne degree,
Yet in behalfe of thy posteritie ;
For we are docible to imitate
Depraved pleasures, though degenerate.
Be carefull, therefore, least thy sonne admit,
By eare or eye, things filthy or unfit.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

The babe is blest that godly Parents bred,
And sharpe-sweet tutors traine in loving dred :
But chiefly that (in tender cradle bed)
With sincere milke of pietie is fed.

J. SYL.

Then charitable, godly-wise, and continent, were fit
Should Parents be ; so prosper they, theirs, and whom theirs
beget.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. x, ch. lix.]

W. WARNER.

As oft we see men are so fond and blinde,
To carry to their sonnes too much affection ;
That when they seeme to love, they are unkinde ;
For they do hate a childe, that spare correction.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. vii, st. 39.]

S. J. H.

..... Parents thoughts in love oft steppe awry.

G. PEELE.

Our Parents age worfe then our graund-fyres bee,
We, worfe, beget our children worfe then wee.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

PEACE.

O MOTHER of the living, second nature
Of th' elements, (fire, water, earth, and aire :)
O grace (whereby men clime th' heav'nly staire),
Whence voyd, this world harbors no happie creature :
Piller of lawes, religions pedestall,
Hope of the godly, glory of th' immortall,
Honor of cities, pearle of kingdomes all,
The nurse of vertues, Muses chiefe supportall,
Patron of arts, of good the speciall spring.

[*Sonnets on the Peace*, son. 3.]

J. SYLVESTER.

Heavens sacred nymph, faire goddesse ! that renewest
The golden age, and brightly now revewest
Our cloudy skie, making our fields to smile ;
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile,
Virgin unseene in France this many a yeare,
O blessed Peace ! we bid thee welcome heere.

[*Ibid.*, son. 5.]

IDEM.

O holy Peace ! by thee are only found
The passing joyes that every where abound.

[*Francis Kinwelmarsh, in Jocasta*. Chor. to act iv.]

G. GASCOIGNE, *Transl.*

But lovely concord and most sacred Peace
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds ;
 Weak she makes strong, and strong things does increase,
 Till it the pitch of higheft praise exceeds.
 Brave be her warres and honourable deeds,
 By which she tryumphs over ire and pride,
 And wins an olive garland for her meeds.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ii, st. 31.]

ED. SPENCER.

Peace doth depend on reason, warre on force :
 The one is humane, honest, and upright ;
 The other brutish, fostered by despight :
 The one extreame, concluded with remorse ;
 The other all injustice doth divorce.

[*Fig for Momus* 1595. Eclogue 4.]

D. LODGE.

Peace brings in pleasure, pleasure breeds excesse,
 Excesse procureth want, want workes distresse,
 Distresse contempt, contempt is not repaired
 Till timelesse death determine hope dispaired.

[*Ibid.*, Sat. 5.]

IDEM.

Warres greatest woes and miseries increase,
 Flowes from the surfets which we take in Peace.

B. JOHN.

PLEASURE.

[PSYCHE] in stedfast love and happie state
 With Cupid lives, and hath him borne a childe.

Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. vi, st. 50.]

ED. SPENCER.

But easie is the way, and passage plaine
To Pleasures pallace ; it may foone be spide,
And day and night her doores to all stand open wide.

[*Ibid.*, B. ii, c. iii, st. 41.]

IDEM.

Her face was wan, a leane and writheld skin
Her stature scant three horsloaves did exceed ;
Her haire was gray of hue, and very thin,
Her teeth were gone, her gummes ferved in their steed :
No space there was betweene her nose and chin ;
Her noysome breath contagion would breed :
In fine, of her it might have well bene said,
In Nestors youth she was a prettie maid.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. vii, st. 62.]

S. J. HARR.

O poysoned hooke, that lurkes in sugred bait :
O Pleasures vaine, that in this world are found ;
Which, like a subtill theefe, do lie in wait
To swallow man, in sinke of sin profound.

IDEM.

For revels, daunces, maskes, and merry howers,
Fore-run faire love, strowing her way with flowers.

[*Love's Labours Lost*, act iv, sc. 3.]

W. SHA.

O Pleasure ! thou the very lure of sin,
The roote of woe, our youths deceitfull guide ;
A shop where all confected poysons bin,
The bait of lust, the instrument of pride :

Inchaunting Circes smoothing cover-guile,
Alluring fyren, flattering crocodile.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 54.]

M. DRAYTON.

Pleasures be poore, and our delights be dead,
When as a man doth not enjoy the head.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

IDEM.

Never have unjust Pleasures bene compleat
In joyes intire ; but still feare kept the dore,
And held backe something from that full of sweet,
To interfowre unfure delights the more :
For never did all circumstances meet
With those desires, which were conceived before ;
Something must still be left to check our sin,
And give a touch of what should not have bin.

[*Letter from Octavia to Antony*, 1599.]

S. DANIELL.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceiv'd.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

In feare her arts are learned, now a daies,
To counterfait their haire, and paint their skin ;
But reasons ring their craft and guile bewraies :
No wife men of their paintings passe a pin.

S. J. H.

Too much desire to please, Pleasure divorces :
Attempts, and not intreat, get ladies larges.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Our fond preferments are but childrens toyes,
And as a shadow all our pleasures passe ;

As yeaeres increafe, fo waining are our joyes,
 And beautie crazed like a broken glasse ;
 A prettie tale of that which never was.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 155.]

M. DRAYTON.

But Pleasures never dine, but on exceffe ;
 Whose diet made to draw on all delight,
 And overcome in that sweet drunkenneffe,
 His appetite maintained by his fight,
 Strengtheneth desire, but ever weakeneth might ;
 Untill this ulcer, ripening to an head,
 Vomits the poyson which it nourished.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

IDEM.

Short houres worke long effects, minutes have change ;
 While Pleasure joyeth, paine more ripe doth growe.

IDEM.

The secret sweet is sweetest, sweet to fall.

TH. ACHILLEY.

But unto them that know not Pleasures price,
 Alls one, a prifon and a paradise.

[*Epistle, King John to Matilda*, 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

POESIE.

ALL art is learnd by art, this art alone
 It is a heavenly gift : no flesh nor bone
 Can preife the hony we from Pinde distill,
 Except with holy fier his breft we fill.

From that spring flowes, that men of speciall chofe,
 Confum'd in learning, and perfit in profe,
 For to make verfe in vaine dois travell take,
 When as a prentife fairer works will make.

[*Essays of a Prentice*, 1585. *Urania*.]

K. of S.

Whilome, in ages pafte, none might profefse
 But princes and hie priefts that fecret skill :
 The f acred lawes therein they wont exprefse,
 And with deep oracles their verfes fill,
 Then was fhe held in foveraigne dignitie,
 And made the nourfling of nobilitie :
 But now, nor prince nor prieft doth her maintaine,
 But fuffer her prophaned for to bee
 Of the bafe vulgar, that with hands uncleane
 Dares to pollute her hidden mifterie ;
 And treadeth under foote her holy things,
 Which was the care of keyfars and of kings.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. *Polyhymnia*.]

ED. SPENCER.

Thofe numbers, wherwith heaven and earth are mov'd,
 Shew weaknes fpeaks in profe, but power in verfe.

[*Musophilus, to Fulke Greville*, 1599.]

S. DANIELL.

For man from man muft wholly parted bee,
 If with his age his verfe do well agree.
 Amongft our hands he muft his wits refing,
 A holy traunce to higheft heaven him bring :
 For even as humane fury makes the man
 Leffe then the man, fo heavenly fury can

Make man passe man, and wander in holy mist,
 Upon the fiery heaven to walke at list.
 Within that place the heavenly Poets fought
 Their learning, sin to us here downe it brought,
 With verse, that ought to Atropos no due,
 Dame Natures trunchmen, heavens interprets true.

[*Essays of a Prentice. Urania.*]

K. of Scots.

The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
 Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell :
 Unwisely weaves that takes two webbes in hand.

[*Shepherd's Calendar, 1579. October.*]

ED. SPENCER.

O peerlesse Poesie ! where is then thy place ?
 If nor in princes pallace thou doe sit,
 (And yet is princes pallace the most fit)
 Ne breft of baser birth doth thee embrace,
 Then, make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
 And, whence thou cam'st, fly backe to heaven apace.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

IDEM.

All art is learn'd by art, but Poesie
 It is a gift divine, and cannot die.

IDEM.

Like as into the waxe the seales imprint
 Is like a seale ; right so the Poet gent
 Doth grave so vive in us his passions strange,
 As makes the reader halfe in author change ;
 For Verses force is fike, that softly slides
 Through secret poris, and in our fences bides,

As make them have both good and ill imprented,
Which by the learned works is represented.

[*Essays of a Prentice*, 1585. *Urania*.]

K. of Scots.

..... Onely he of lawrell is condigne,
Who wifely can with profit pleasure mingie.
The fairest walking on the sea-coast beene,
And surest swimming where the braes are greene ;
So wise is he, who in his verse can have
Skill mixt with pleasure, sports with doctrine grave.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Who ever casts to compasse wightie prise,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat,
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bits of meat ;
For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wife ;
And, when with wine the braine begins to sweat,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth rise.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*. October.]

ED. SPENCER.

Ridled Poefies, and those significantly flowe,
Differ in cares, as do in mouths the apricocke and floe.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. ix, ch. xlv.]

W. WARNER.

What reason mov'd the golden Augustine
To name our Poetrie vaine errors wine ?
Or Hierome (deeply sighted in their evils)
To tearme it nothing but the foode of devils ?
Nought but the misemployment of our gifts,
Ordaind for arts, but spent in shamlesse thifts.

[*Life for Momus*, 1595, Epist. 5.]

D. LODGE.

Looke, as the fun-beame in a burning glasse
 Doth kindle fier where ever it doth passe,
 But freely spread upon th' engendring earth,
 Egges on the spring, and kils the cause of dearth;
 So Poetrie, refrained in errors bounds,
 With poisoned words and sinfull sweetnesse wounds;
 But cloathing vertue and adorning it,
 Wit shines in vertue, vertue shines in wit.

[*Fig for Momus*, Epist. 5.]

D. LODGE.

POETS.

THE Greekes do paint the Poets office whole
 In Pegafus, their fained horse with wings;
 Whom, shaped so, Medusaes blood did foale,
 Who with his feete strake out the Muses springs
 From flintie rocks to Helicon that clings,
 And then flew up into the starry skie,
 And there abides among the gods on hie.
 For he that shall a perfect Poet bee,
 Must first be bred out of Medusaes blood:
 He must be chaste and vertuous, as was shee,
 Who to her power the ocean-god withstood.
 To th' end also his doome be just and good,
 He must (as she) looke rightly with one eie,
 Truth to regard, and write no thing awrie.
 In courage eke he must be like a horse;
 He may not feare to register the right.
 What though some frowne, thereof he may not force:

No bit nor reine his tender jawes may twight ;
 He must be arm'd with strength of wit and sprite,
 To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,
 Till he attaine the springs of truth most pure.
 His hooves also must pliant be and strong,
 To rive the rocks of lust and errors blind,
 In brainlesse heads that alwaie wander wrong :
 These must he bruise with reasons plaine and kind,
 Till springs of grace do gush out of the mind :
 For till affections from the fond be driven,
 In vaine is truth told, or good counsell given.
 Like Pegafus, a Poet must have wings
 To flie to heaven, or where him liketh best ;
 He must have knowledge of eternall things ;
 Almighty Jove must harbour in his brest :
 With worldly cares he may not be opprest.
 The wings of wit and skill must heave him hier,
 With great delight to fatisfie desier.
 He must also be lustie, free, and swift,
 To travell farre to view the trades of men :
 Great knowledge oft is gotten by this shift.
 Things that import he must be quicke to pen ;
 Reproving vices sharply now and then :
 He must be swift when touched tyrants chafe,
 To gallope thence, to keepe his carkas safe.

[*Legend of Collingbourne*, edit. 1610, p. 459.]

M. of M.

A Poet must be pleasant, not too plaine,
 Faults to controll, ne yet to flatter vice ;
 But found and sweete, in all things ware and wise.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

Idem.

Let not sweet Poets praise, whose onely pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride.

[*Mother Hubbard's Tale*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

For Poets right are like the pipe alway,
Who full doth found, and emptie staies to play :
Even so, their fury lasting, lasts their tone ;
Their fury ceast, their Muse doth stay affone.

[*Essays of a Prentice. Urania.*]

K. of Scots.

When heaven would strive to doo the best it can,
And put an angels spirit into a man,
Then all her powers she in that worke doth spend,
When she a Poet to the world doth send.
The difference onely twixt the gods and us,
Allowd by them, is but distinguisht thus :
They give men breath, men by their powers are born :
That life they give the poet doth adorne ;
And from the world when they dissolve mans breath,
They in the world do give man life in death.

[*Epistle, Lord Surrey to Geraldine*, edit. 1599.] M. DRAYTON.

Then, who so will with vertues deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegafus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide :
For not to have bene dipt in Læthe lake,
Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die ;
But that blind bard did him immortall make,
With verses dipt in deaw of Castalie,
Which made the easterne conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yoong man ! whose vertue found

So brave a trumpe thy noble acts to found.

[*Ruins of Time*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

Phifitions bills, not patients. but apothecaries knowe :
Some moderne Poets with themselves be hardly inward fo,
Not intellectuvely to write is learnedly, they trowe ;
Whereby they hit capacities, as blind man hits the crowe.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. ix, ch. xlv.]

W. WARNER.

Yea, now by melancholy walks, and thredbare coats, we gesse
At clients and at Poets ; none worke more, and profit lesse :
None make to more, unmade of more, the good of other men,
For those enrich our gownists, these eternize with their pen.
Yet footthly nods to Poets now weare largeffe, and but lost ;
Since for the noddant they observe no pen-note worth the
cost.

For Pallace, Hermits live secure, obscure in rooves embost.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, c. xxvii.]

IDEM.

The world and they so ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets hardly can agree :
Fewe live in court that of their good do care,
The Muses friends are every where so rare.

[*Epistle, Geraldine to Lord Surrey*.]

M. DRAITON.

He gives a Poet, that his verses heares.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

But, ah ! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ago is dead ;
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in lead,

That matter made for Poets on to play :
 For ever, who in derring do were dread,
 The loftie verse of them was loved aye.
 But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
 And mightie manhood brought a bed of ease,
 The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
 To put in preace among the learned troope :
 Tho gan the streames of flowing wits to cease,
 And sunbright honour pend in shamefull coope.

[*Shepherds Calendar.* October.]

ED. SPENCER.

But now these frugall patrons, who begin
 To scantle learning with a fervile pay,
 Make Poets count their negligence no sin :
 The cold conceit of recompence doth lay
 Their fiery furie when they should begin.
 The priest, unpaid, can neither sing nor say,
 Nor Poets sweetly write, except they meete
 With found rewards for fermoning so sweete.

[*Fig for Momus.* Eclogue 3.]

D. LODGE.

And therefore, Platoes common-weale did packe
 None of these Poets, who by verse did make
 The good men evill, and the wicked worse,
 Whose pleasant words betraid the publike corse ;
 Nor those that in their songs good termes alwaies
 Joynd with faire theames ; whil't thundring out the praise
 Of God, just thunderer, whiles with holy speach,
 Like Hermes, did the way to strayers teach.

Essays of a Prentice, 1585. *Urania*.]

K. of Scots.

PLENTIE.

FOR such is th'effect of too much store,
It makes them loathe that, which they lov'd before.

[*History of Heaven*, 1596.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

The stately eagle on his pitch doth stand,
And from the maine the fearefull foule doth smite ;
Yet scornes to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweete of his delight,
But leaves the same a pray to every kite.
With much we surfet, Plentie makes us poore,
The wretched Indian spurns the golden oare.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 41.]

M. DRAYTON.

POLLICIE.

O POLLICIE! scarce knowne in times that's past,
Or, being knowne, yet least of most esteemd ;
Thy providence most worthily shall last,
And in these latter dayes be better deemd.

I. MARKHAM.

..... Warre honour doth deserve ;
Yet counsell, in all kingdomes pollicied,
Is farre more worthy and more dignified :
For armes, but in extreames, do never serve
To reconcile and punish such as fwerve.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue 4.]

D. LODGE.

He that will gaine what Pollicie doth heed,
By Mercurie muſt deale, or never ſpeed.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Grounded advice in daunger ſeldome trips ;
The deadlieſt poyſon ſkill can ſafely drinke :
Foreſight ſtands faſt, when giddie raſhnes ſlides ;
Wifedome ſeemes blind, when eyed as a linx :
Prevention ſpeaketh all but what he thinkes ;
The deadlieſt hate with ſmiles ſecurely ſtands.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... Pollicie, religious habit weares.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

No Pollicie to ſilence now adaies.

TH. STORER.

Our troubles kept abroad, although to coſt,
Are well bought out ; for leaſt by them is loſt.

[*Tragedy of Marius and Sylla*, 1594.]

D. LODGE.

Tis better farre thy enemies t' aband
Quite from thy borders to a forren foyle,
Then he, at home, thee and thy country ſpoyle.

[*Legend of Lord Nennius*, edit. 1610, p. 119.]

M. of M.

The head that deemes to overtop the ſkie,
Shall periſh in his humane Pollicie.

[*Looking-glaſſe for London and England*, 1594.]

R. GREENE.

How oft hath watching Pollicie devizde
A cunning claufe, which hath himſelfe ſurprizde ?
How often hath leaud fraud bene ſet a flote,

Of purpose that his goods might cut his throte ?
Who builds on strength by Pollicie is stript ;
Who trusts his wit by wit is soonest tript.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 5.]

D. LODGE.

Endevours polliticke take small effect,
That wants assistance from the heavenly word :
Beside, some helpe must wealth and state afford ;
For judgement uttered by the mouth of want
Is either partiall, or admitted scant.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

A clergie-man his calling much impaires,
To meddle with the polliticke affaires.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Though Marius could begin and make the fray,
Yet Scaurus Pollicie deserves the baye.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue 4.]

D. LODGE.

Let Catulus with Pompey be compared,
Or wittie Cicero with Cateline :
And to prevent, with Pollicie divine,
That which the other over- rashly darde.
Deserves such fame as may not be imparde.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Say, military vertues do require
A valiant heart, great strength and constancie ;
The selfe like gifts, in civil Pollicie,
Are requisite for such as do aspire
To gaine renowne by counsell for their hire.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

A little harme, done to a great good end,
 For lawfull Pollicie remaines enacted :
 The poyfonous simple sometime is compacted
 In a pure compound ; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 77.]

W. SHA.

POVERTIE.

O POVERTIE, chiefe of the heavenly broode !

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. vii, st. 10.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

..... Such is the world, this cros-blis world of ours,
 That vertue hardly hides her self in poore and defart bowers ;
 And such be best as sceme not best : content exceeds a
 crowne.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. v, c. xxvii.]

W. WARNER.

..... Powerfull Need, arts auncient dame and keeper,
 The early watch-clocke of the slothfull sleeper.

J. SYLVESTER.

..... Lacke is thrall and slave to every thing.

[*Chance*, 1580.]

TH. CHURCHYARD.

Yet Need is mistresse of all exercise.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, B. i, epig. 2.]

TH. BASTARD.

A schollers want exceeds a clownes content.

[*Ibid.*, B. vi, epigr. 31.]

IDEM.

No danger but in hie estate ; none erre in meane degree.

W. WARNER.

And where imperious Need doth tyrannize,
The holy heate through worldly cares doth pawfe,
The minde (with-drawne to studie for supplies)
Is foild with earthly thoughts, and downward drawes.
Hence come those dull conceits amongst the wife,
Which coy eard readers censure to proceed
From ignorance, whereas they grow by need.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue 3.]

D. LODGE.

The citizens, like poned pikes, the leffers feed the great ;
The rich for meat seek stomachs, and the poore for stomachs
meat.

[*Albions England*, B. v, ch. xxvii.]

W. WARNER.

Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst, it will be as it is :
Learne then to lack, and learne to live, for crosses never misse.

[*Ibid*, B. ii, ch. xi.]

IDEM.

PRAYER.

PRAYER'S heart, and sides, and feet, are full of wings,
(Like to th' Arcadian which Joves arrand brings)
Her body burning, from her lips doth come
The smoake of incense, and of sweet amome.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER.

Heavens are propitious unto fearfull Prayers.

R. GREENE.

Fasting (though faint) her face with joy she cheares,
 In weaknes strong, and young in aged yeares :
 Quicke health preserver, curbing Cupids fits,
 Watchfull, purge humors, and refining wits.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

J. SYL.

PRAISE.

THIS false painted deitie called Laude,
 Which makes us thirst for vaine eternitie,
 Twixt our desires and hope, a cunning baud,
 Ushers the foule unto extremitie :
 And helpt by flye insinuating fraud,
 Covers her deeds in scrowles of pietie.

I. MARKHAM.

The hope of Praise makes men no travell thunne,
 To say, an other day, this we have donne.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. x, st. 58.]

S. J. H.

Who rightly climes the top of endlesse Praise,
 Regards not what the wise discourser saies.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

..... From Praise takes envie cause.

W. W.

But chiefeſt Praise is to imbrace the man,
 In wealth and woe, with whom your love began.

[*Songs and Sonets*, 1567, fo. 134 b.]

G. TURB.

The greateſt Praise, in greateſt perils wonne.

ED. FAIRFAX.

The loofer wantons fild are praisde of many,
Vice oft findes friends, but vertue fildome any.

[*Epistle, Jane Shore to Edward IV.*]

M. DRAY.

In Athence, where Themistocles remaind,
Though much he conquered by his regiments,
Yet Solon was more prais'd for his intents.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue 4.]

D. LODGE.

Praise not the bewty of thy wife, though she of fame be spred,
For Gyges, moved so, did graft on Candales his bed.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

PROVIDENCE.

O PROVIDENCE ! the conduct to our life,
The ground of vertue, hostile foe to sin,
That rearest towers, and appeasest strife,
Thou gatherest all dispearfed exiles in ;
Thou that inventest lawes gainst man and wife,
Thou mistresse unto auncient discipline ;
Thou that bear'st heaven and nature round about thee,
That makest all things, nothing being without thee.

I. MARKHAM.

PRIDE.

OF grifly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell :

Yet did she thinke her peerlesse worth to passe
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;
 And thundering Jove, that in high heaven doth dwell,
 And weeld the world, she claimed for her fire,
 Or, if that any els did Jove excell ;
 For to the higheft she did still aspire,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desire.
 And proud Lucifera men did her call.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 11.]

ED. SPENCER.

O Pride, the shelve close shrowded in the port
 Of this lifes ocean, drowning all refort.

D. LODGE.

Pride makes her rownds, for she hath never end ;
 And sonnets, for she never leaves hir noyse :
 She makes her dumps, if any thing offend,
 And to her idoll-selfe, with warbling voyce,
 Sings hymnes and anthems of especiall choyce ;
 And yet prides quier's put to silence cleane,
 Wanting a base, a tenor, and a meane.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

The winged giant, loftie staring Pride,
 That in the cloudes her braving brest doth hide.

J. SYL.

For Pride is roote of ill in every state,
 The fource of sin, the very fiend his fee ;
 The head of hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,
 From which do spring and sprout such fleshy feeds,

As nothing els but moane and mischief breeds.

Dulce Bellum Inexpertis, 1587, st. 17.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no mean.

[*No author named.*]

..... Nemefis hath every howre reserv'd
A plague for Pride, that hath from justice swerv'd.

D. LODGE.

..... Such is the nature still of hautie Pride,
Can nothing leffe then others praise abide.

[*Legend of Irenghas*, edit. 1610, p. 127.]

M. of M.

..... When once Pride but pointeth towards his fall,
He beares a sword to wound himselfe withall.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAVTON.

..... Loftie Pride, that dwells
In towred courts, is oft in shepheards cells.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 1]

CH. MARLOWE.

A proud man may his owne musition bee,
His heads devise makes pavins to his hart ;
His heart with leapes and pleasure daunces free,
All but the meafures framing every part,
Like organs, worthy of so sweet an art :
His thoughts plaies marches to his vaulting minde,
And memorie's recorder stands behinde.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Gay without good is good hearts greateft loathing.

ED. SPENCER.

P P

PRINCES.

THE very place wherein a Prince appears
 Discernes his prefence, makes the chamber blest ;
 Like planets are they knowne within their spheares,
 Or as halcion, with her turning brest,
 Demonstrates winde from winde, and east from west.

This is a certaine nature of estate,
 It cannot masked be, nor chaunge his gate.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

A Princes safetie lies in loving people ;
 His fort is justice, free from stratageme,
 Without the which, strong citadels are feeble :
 The subjects love is wonne by loving them ;
 Of loving them no oppression is the tryall,
 And no oppression makes them ever loyall.

J. SYL.

To be a Prince, is more then be a man.

S. DANIEL.

For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
 Where subjects eies do learn, do read, do looke.

[*Shakespeare's Lucrece*, 1594, st. 89.]

W. WARNER.

Howbeit subjects falsly judge, their Princes blest are,
 When both of peace and perils they contain the common
 care ;

And yet for this they grudgingly from pounds a penny spare.

[*Albions England*, B. iii, ch. xvi.]

IDEM.

Princes in subjects wrongs must deem themselves abus'd.

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Private men found not the hearts of Princes,
Whose actions oft beare contrary pretences.

S. DANIELL.

Princes, like lyons, never will be tamde :
A private man may yeeld, and care not howe,
But greater hearts will breake, before they bowe.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

IDEM.

The Princes armes are stretcht from fhore to fhore.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 102.]

M. DRAYTON.

It followes then that as the pawnce doth circle with the funne,
So to the vice or vertue of the Prince are people wonne.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. xxviii.]

W. WARNER.

Good Princes forrow more in punifhing,
Than evil subjects in committing fin.

CH. MID.

And as defaults will more conspicuous be,
How much th' offender greater is esteemd ;
So vertue in a princely body fee,
Lamp-like, and far more excellently deemd,
That in such unitie it feldome seem'd,
In mutuall approach of higheft bliffe,
Whether more graced each by other is.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

O happie Princes ! whose foresight and care
Can winne the love of writers in such fort

As Cæſars did, ſo as you need not dread
The lake of Læthe, after ye be dead.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxv, st. 22.]

S. J. H.

And Princes never do themſelves more wrong
Then when they hinder juſtice, or prolong.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxvii, st. 79.]

S. J. H.

In whoſe high breſt may juſtice build her bower,
When Princes hearts wide open lye to wrong?

[*Tragedy of Jocaſta*, act ii, ſc. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

We imitate the greater powers,
The Princes manners faſhion ours :
The example of their light regarding,
Vulgar looſenes much incenſes,
Vice uncontroll'd, growes wide enlarging ;
Kings ſmall faults be great offences.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

Oft for the pleaſure of a Prince go many things awry.

[*Albions England*, B. vii, c. xxviii.]

W. WARNER.

Princes (like funnes) be evermore in fight,
All ſee the clouds which do eclips their light ;
Yet they which lighten all downe from the ſkies,
See not the cloudes offending others eies,
And deeme their noone-tide is deſirde of all,
When all exspect cleare changes by their fall.

[*Epistle, Q. Isabel to Richard II.*]

M. DRAY.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honor for an inward toyle ;

And for unfelt imaginations
They often feele a world of restleffe cares :
So that, betwixt their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[*Richard III*, 1597, act i, sc. 4.]

W. SHA.

Seld shall you see the ruine of a Prince,
But that the people eke like brunt do beare :
And old records of auncient times long since
From age to age, yea almost every where,
With prooffe hereof hath glutted every eare.
Thus by the follies of the Princes hart,
The bounden subject still receiveth smart.

[*P. Kinwelmarsh*, in *Jocasta*, chor. to act i.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

QUIETNESSE.

THE wind is great upon the highest hills,
The quiet life is in the dale below ;
Who tread on yce shall slide against their wills ;
They want not cares, that curious arts would know.
Who lives at ease, and can content him so,
Is perfit wife, and sets us all to schoole :
Who hates this lore may well be call'd a foole.

[*Churchyard: Shore's Wife*, edit. 1610, p. 502.]

M. of M.

..... Quietnes, the onely nurse of ease.

M. DRA.

Well wot I, footh they fay that fay, more quiet nights and
daies

The fhepheard sleeps and wakes, then he whose cattell he
doth graze.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, c. xx.]

W. WARNER.

REASON.

BUT logicke leadeth Reafon in a daunce,
Reafon, the cynofure and bright load-ftarre
In this worlds fea, t'avoyd the rocke of chaunce ;
For with clofe following and continuance,
One reafon doth another fo enfue,
As in conclusion ftill the daunce is true.

[*Orchestra*, 1596, st. 94.]

I. DAVIES.

..... Reafon fhould have abilitie
To hold thefe worldly things in fuch proportion,
As let them come or go with even facilitie.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 149 ; 4to, 1590, fo. 156.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

For every thing that is begun with Reafon
Will come by ready meanes unto his end ;
But things mifcounfelled muft needs mifwend.

[*Mother Hubberds Tale*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

Reafon, by prudence in her function,
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Ayding, with precepts of philosophie,
Our feebled natures imbecillitie ;
But now affection, will, concupifcence,

Have got ore Reafon chiefe preheminance.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598, B. iii, Sat. 8.]

I. MARSTON.

What warre fo cruell, or what fiege fo fore,
As that which ftrong affections do applie
Against the fort of Reafon evermore,
To bring the foule into captivitie ?
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile flefh, relenting to their rage,
And exercife moft bitter tirannie
Upon the parts brought into their bondage :
No wretchedneffe is like to finfull villanage.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His parts to Reafons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the fcepter weeld,
All happie peace and goodly government
Is fetled there in fure eftablifhment.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 2.]

IDEM.

But he that is of Reafons fkill bereft,
And wants the ftaffe of wifedome him to ftay,
Is like a fhip midft of tempeft left,
Withouten helme or pilot her to fway ;
Full fad and dreadfull is that fhips event :
So is the man that wants intendement.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. Melpomene.]

IDEM.

Or did not Reafon teach, that care is vaine
For ill once paft, which cannot turne againe.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 93.]

TH. WATSON.

If Reafon bandie with opinion,
 Opinion winnes in the conclufion :
 For if a man be once opiniate,
 Millions of reafons nill extenuate
 His fore-ceited malice : conference
 Cannot affwage opinions infolence :
 But let opinion once lay batterie
 To Reafons fort, ſhe will turne hereſie
 Or ſuperſtition wily politift,
 But ſhe will win thoſe rampires which reſiſt.

[*Skialetheia*, 1598, Sat. 6.]

ED. GILPIN.

Nought can Reafon auaile in heavenly matters.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 233.]

S. PHIL. SID.

She whom, ſauns reaſon, men haue Reaſon hight,
 Since firſt in fire the Lord the aire incloſde,
 In aire the ſea, in ſea the earth diſpoſde,
 Hath with mild faith maintaind continuall fight.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

I. SYLVESTER.

The eye of Reaſon is with raging yb[1]ent.

ED. SP.

RELIGION.

SACRED Religion, mother of forme and feare.

[*Musophilus*, 1599, to *Fulke Greville*.]

S. DANIELL.

O that this power, from everlaſting given,
 (The great alliance made twixt God and us,

The intelligence that earth doth hold with heaven,) Sacred Religion ! O that thou must thus Be made to smoothe our ways unjust, uneven, Brought from above, earth quarrels to discusse. Must men beguile our foules to win our wills, And make our zeale the furtherer of ills ?

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, st. 102.]

S. DANIELL.

No one thing quailes Religion more, then foundring presbitrie,

Each sot, impugning order, faith and doth his fantasie.

[*Albions England*, B. ix, c. liii.]

W. WARNER.

What may not mischiefe of mad man abuse ? Religions cloake some one to vice doth chuse, And maketh God protector of his crime : O monstrous world ! well ought we wish thy fine.

[*Dolman: Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 421.]

M. of M.

But English men, nay Christian men, not only seeme prophane,

But man to man, as beast to beast, hold civil duties vaine : Yea, pulpits some, like pedlers packs, yeeld forth as men affect,

And what a synode shall conclude, a fouter will correct.

The rude, thus boasting literature, one schisme begets another,

And grossly, though a schisme, yet hath ech schismatick his foother.

Mean while, the learned want their meed, and none with profit hears

The tedious dolt, whose artlesse tong doth preach to wearie
eares.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, ch. xxii.]

W. WARNER.

..... Since that pure Religion doth install
Learned professors, prelates of deserts,
Let them aspire, and reare instructed harts
Against the base bestowers of church livings,
That use their graunts in fellyngs, not in givings.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

REPENTANCE.

REPENTANCE makes two rivers of her eies ;
Her humble face dares scant behold the skies ;
Her broken breast is beaten blew and blacke ;
Her tender flesh is rent with rugged facke ;
With sorrowes snowes her hoary waxen head
With ashes pale and dust is overspread.

J. SYLVISTER.

Repentance, hope, and soft humilitie,
Do flanke the wings of faiths triumphant carre.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 1592.]

IDEM.

..... Repentance,
A salve, a comfort, and a cordiall ;
He that hath her, the keys of heaven hath,
This is the guide, this is the port, the path.

M. DRAYTON.

O happie they, that keepe within their measure,
To turne their course in time, and found retreat,
Before that wit with late repentance tought,
Were better never had, then so deare bought.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. vii, st. 3.]

S. J. H.

Sinnes have their salves, Repentance can do much.

[*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594.]

R. GREENE.

..... To be penitent for faults, with it a pardon beares.

W. W.

Then hope we health, when sinne is left repentantly in hart;
Adde then new life, and we to God, God doth to us convert.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. ix, c. lii.]

IDEM.

Yet stay thy foote in murders ugly gate;
Ill comes too foone, Repentance oft too late.

[*Mortimeriados* (1596), edit. 1605, B. ii, st. 16.]

M. DR.

Their lives no man so fetled in content,
That hath not daily whereof to repent.

[*Fig for Momus*, Sat. 5.]

D. LODGE.

We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we chuse the worfe and foone repent.

S. DANIELL.

REST.

You all forweari'd be; for what so strong,
But wanting Rest, will also want of might?

The funne, that meafures heaven all day long,
At night doth bate his feedes the ocean waves among.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st. 32.]

ED. SPENCER.

Untroubled night, they fay, gives counsell best.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 33.]

IDEM.

Who long hath rested, cannot runne apace;
The fettered horfe is hindmoft in the chafe.

[*No author named.*]

REVENGE.

..... NEXT, within the entrie of this lake,
Sate fell Revenge, gnawing her teeth for ire,
Devising meanes how she may vengeance take;
Never in rest till she have her desire,
But frets within so farre forth with the fier
Of wreaking flames, that now determines shee
To die by death, or vengd by death to bee.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 262.]

M. SACKVILL.

O fearefull frowning Nemesis!
Daughter of justice most severe,
That art the worlds great arbitresse,
And queene of causes raining heere.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, chor. to act iii.]

S. DANIELL.

Fierce Nemesis, mother of fate and change,
Sword-bearer of the eternall providence.

IDEM.

..... Nemefis, whose haftie revenging
Hands are ever at hand ; whose mind is mutable alwaies ;
At miferies laughing, at mens felicitie grudging.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Iwychurch*, 1591.] A. FRAUNCE.

..... Nemefis, hie miftris of Revenge,
That with the fcouge keepes all the world in awe.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.] TH. DEKKAR.

The minde by wrong is made a male-content,
And cloudes her fhine in pleafleffe melancholy :
Her holy humours are in paffion fpent,
Till by Revenge thee's fet at libertie.
For tis Revenge that fatisfaction brings
To injur'd mindes, and to oppreffed things.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.] I. MARKHAM.

The foule is like a boyftrous working fea,
Swelling in billowes for difdaine of wrongs ;
And tumbling up and downe from bay to bay,
Proves great with child of indignations.
Yet with Revenge is brought to calme allay,
Disburdend of the paine thereto belongs ;
Her bowers are turnd to bright-fac't fun-fhine braves,
And faire content plaies gently on her waves.

[*Ibid., ibid.*] IDEM.

Revenge dies not, rigour begets new wrath,
And bloud hath never glory ; mercie hath.

[*Civil Wars*, B. vi, st. 60.] S. D.

Revenge is mine, faith he that fits on hie.

TH. ACHELLY.

O, dire Revenge! when thou in time art rakte
 From out the ashes that preserve thee long,
 And lightly from thy cinders art awakte,
 Fuell to feed on, and reviv'd with wrong,
 How soone from sparks the greatest flames are sprong,
 Which doth by nature to his top aspire,
 Whose massy greatnes once kept downe his fier.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Revenge in tears doth ever wash his hands.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Who so doth threat meanes of Revenge doth loose.

S. D.

Had I revenged bene of every harme,
 My coate had never kept me halfe so warme.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, st. 31.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Though vengeance come behind, and her foote fore,
 She overtakes th' offender going before.

[*No author named. Bastard's Chrestoleros*, B. ii, epigr. 18.]

RICHES.

DESCRIPTION OF MAMMON.

AT last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Covered with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
 Whereas, he sitting found, in secret shade,

An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
 Of grisly hue, and foule ilfavoured sight :
 His face with smoake was tand, and eies were beard,
 His head and beard with fowte were ill bedight,
 His coale blacke hands did seeme to have bene seard
 In smiths fier-spitting forge, and nails like claws appear'd.
 His iron coate, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistering gloffe, darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared to have bene of old
 A worke of rich entaile and curious molde,
 Woven with anticks and wilde imagerie ;
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he tolde,
 And turned upside downe, to feed his eie
 And covetous desire with his huge treasurie :
 And round about him lay, on every side,
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element :
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great ingowes and to wedges square,
 Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
 But most were stampd, and in their metall bare
 The anticke shapcs of kings and keyfars, strange and rare.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 3.]

E. SPENCER.

MAMMON.

All otherwife (saide he), I Riches reade,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnes ;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,

And after spent with pride and lavishnes,
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heavines :
 Infinit mischiefes of them do arise,
 Strife and debate, blood-head and bitternes,
 Outragious wrong, and hellish covetize,
 That noble heart in great dishonor doth despise.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 12.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Was but a little stride
 That doth the house of Riches from hell mouth divide.
 Before the doore fate selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
 Breake in, and spoyle the treasure there in gard.
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thitherward
 Approach, albe his drowfie den were next ;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd,
 Therefore his house is unto his annex ;
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and hel-gate them both betwixt.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 24.]

IDEM.

Well may a rich mans hearfe want teares, but heires he
 shall not misse,
 To whom that he is dead, at length, no little joy it is.

[*Albions England*, B. i, ch. i.]

W. WARNER.

Good is no good, but if it be spend ;
 God giveth good for none other end.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579. May.]

ED. SPENCER.

Vessels of brasse, oft handled, brightly shine ;
 What difference betwixt the richest mine

And basest mould, but use ? for both, not usde,
Are of like worth : then treasure is abusde
When misers keepe it ; being put to lone,
In time it will returne us two for one.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Gold is a sutor never tooke repulse ;
It carries palme with it, where e're it goes,
Respect, and obsevation ; it uncovers
The knottie heads of the most surly groomes,
Enforcing yron doores to yeeld it way,
Were they as strong ram'd up as Aetna gates.
It bends the hams of gossip Vigilance,
And makes her supple feete as swift as winde.
It thawes the frostiest, and most stiffe disdaine ;
Muffles the clearnes of election,
Straines fancie unto foule apostacie,
And strikes the quickest-sighted judgement blinde.
Then why should we dispaire ? dispaire, away !
Where gold's the motive, women have no nay.

B. JOHNSON.

Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.

[*Every Man out of his Humour*, act 1.]

IDEM.

Alas, quoth he, gentry doth small availe,
And vertue lesse, if lands and Riches faile.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xlv., st. 33.]

S. J. H.

SACRILEGE.

THE canon text fhall have a common gloffe ;
 Receits in parcels fhall be paid in groffe :
 This doctrine preach'd—who from the church doth take,
 At leaft fhall trebble reftitution make.

[*Epistle, Mortimer to Q. Isabel*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAY.

SECRECIE.

..... SECRECIE, the crowne of a true lover.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594) Sig. E 2.]

M. DRAYTON.

..... Hard it is to prove,
 By fight or fpeech, what bides in fecret brest.

S. J. H.

But out, alas! what can fo fecret bee,
 But out it will, when we do leaft fufpect ;
 For pofts have eares, and walles have eyes to fee,
 Dumbe beafts and birds have toongs, ill to detect.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxii, st. 32.]

IDEM.

SILENCE.

DUMEE Silence! fworne attendapt on black night ;
 Thou that haft power to clofe up murmures jawe,
 To ftop the barking of the watchfull hound,

And charme the gagling of those waking fowle
That fav'd Joves capitoll, milde queene of rest!

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Soft Silence, and submisse obedience,
Both linkt together, never do depart ;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence ;
Both girlonds of his faints against their foes offence.

ED. SPENCER.

..... Silence, wisedomes mother.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 397.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Silence doth seem the maske of base oppression.

[*Ibid.*, p. 217, 4to, 1590, p. 235.]

IDEM.

SENCES.

AND though things sensible be numberlesse,
But only five the Sences organs bee ;
And in those five all things their formes expresse,
Which we can touch, taste, feele, or heare, or see.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sect. 13.]

I. DAVIES.

Mans eye makes what is seene to seeme so faire,
Mans care makes what is heard to sound so sweete,
His touch by softnesse ; every sense is meete
For his owne object.

IDEM

SIGHT.

FIRST, the two eyes, which have the seeing power,
Stand as one watchman, spie, or fentinell ;
Being plac'd aloft within the heads hie tower,
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, Sect. 14.]

I. DAVIES.

Laftly, nine things to fight required are,
The power to see, the light, the visibie thing,
Being not too fmall, too thin, too nigh, too farre ;
Cleare space and time, the forme distinct to bring.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

For as a glasse is an inanimate eye,
And outward formes imbraceth inwardly ;
So is the eye an animate glasse, that showes
In formes without us.

[*Hero and Leander*, edit. 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

What we behold is censured by our eyes ;
Where both deliberate, the love is flight :
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at frst fight ?

[*Ibid.*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

I trow, that countenance cannot lye,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

[*Elegy on Sir P. Sidney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

For oft the eye mistakes, the braine being troubled.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593. st. 179.]

W. SHAK.

All amorous eyes, observing forme, thinks parts obscured
best.

W. WARNER.

A greedy eye will have a greedy hand.

[*Looking-glass for London and England*, 1594.]

D. LODGE.

The first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like owles, with beakes uncomely bent ;
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare ;
And every one of them had Linces eies,
And every one did bow and arrowes beare.
All those were laweleffe lufts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects ; all cruell enemies.
Those same, against the bulwarke of the sight
Did laie strong siege and battailous assault,
Ne once did yeeld it respite day nor night ;
But soone as Titan gan his head exault,
And soone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent :
That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault.
But two then all more huge and violent,
Bewtie and money, they against that bulwarke lent.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, st. 8.]

ED. SPENCER.

HEARING.

EARES office is, the troubled aire to take,
Which in their mazes formes a found or noyse.

Whereof her felte doth true distinction make.
 These wickets of the foule are plac'd on hie,
 Because all founds do lightly mount aloft :
 And that they may not pierce too violently,
 They are delaid with turnes and windings oft.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, Sect. 15.]

I. DAVIES.

As streames, which with their winding bankes do play,
 Stopt by their creekes, runne softly through the plaine :
 So in the eares labyrinth the voyce doth fray,
 And doth with easie motion touch the braine.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

This is the flowest, yet the daintiest fence ;
 For even the eares of such as have no skill,
 Perceive a discord and conceive offence,
 And knowing not what's good, yet finde the ill.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

These conduit pipes of knowledge feed the minde,
 But th' other three attend the body still ;
 For by their services the foule doth finde
 What things are to the body good or ill.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

The second bulwarke was the Hearing fence,
 Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes ;
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
 Some like wild boares, late rowz'd out of the brakes.
 Slaunderous reproaches and foule infamies,
 Leafings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,

Bad counfels, praifes, and falſe flatteries :
All thoſe againſt that fort did bend their batteries.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, ſt. 10.]

ED. SPENCER.

SMELLING.

NEXT, in the noſthrils ſhe doth uſe the Smell :
As God the breath of life in them did give,
So makes he now this power in them to dwell,
To judge all aires whereby we breathe and live.
This ſence is alſo miſtreſſe of an art,
Which to ſoft people ſweet perfumes doth ſell ;
Though this deare art doth little good impart,
Since they ſnell beſt that do of nothing ſmell.
And yet good ſents do purifie the braine,
Awake the fancie, and the wittes refine :
Hence old devotion incenſe did ordaine,
To make mens ſpirits more apt for thoughts divine.

[*Noſce Teipſum*, Sect. 17.]

I. DAVIES.

Likewiſe that ſame third fort, that is the Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly affaide ;
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to fiends of hell,
Some like to hounds, ſome like to apes diſmaide,
Some like to puttocks, all in plumes arraide ;
All ſhapte according their conditions :
For by thoſe ougly formes weren portraide
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which do that ſence beſiege with light illuſions.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, ſt. 11.]

ED. SP.

TASTING.

THE bodies life with meates and aire is fed ;
 Therefore the foule doth use the taſting power
 In vaines which through the tong and pallat ſpred,
 Diſtinguiſh every relliſh, ſweet and ſower.
 This is the bodies nurſe : but ſince mans wit
 Found th' art of cookery to delight his ſence,
 More bodies are conſumde and kild with it,
 Then with the ſword, famine, or peſtilence.

[*Nosce Teipſum*, Sect. 16.]

I. DAVIES.

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent
 Againſt the fourth bulwarke, that is the Taſte,
 Was, as the reſt, a griſly rabblement ;
 Some mouth'd like greedy eſtriges, ſome ſac'ft
 Like loathly toades, ſome faſhioned in the waſte
 Like ſwine ; for ſo deform'd is luxurie,
 Surfet, miſdiet, and unthriftie waſte,
 Vaine feaſts, and idle ſuperfluitie :
 All thoſe this fences fort aſſaile inceſſantly.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, ſt. 11.]

ED. SP.

FEELING.

LASTLY, the feeling power, which is lifes roote,
 Through every living part it ſelfe doth ſhed
 By finewes, which extend from head to foote,
 And, like a net, all o'er the body ſpred :

Much like a subtill spider, which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreddeth wide,
If ought do touch the outmost thred of it,
She feesle it instantly on every side.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sect. 18.]

I. DAVIES.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learne,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and drie ;
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discern ;
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharpe paine we trie ;
These are the outward instruments of sense ;
These are the guardes which every one must passe,
Ere it approach the mindes intelligence,
Or touch the phantasie, wits looking glasse.

[*Ibid.*, Sect. 19.]

IDEM.

But the fift troupe, most horrible of hue
And fierce of force, is dreadfull to report ;
For some like snailles, some did like spiders shewe,
And some like ugly urchins, thicke and short :
Cruelly they assayed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii. c. xi, st. 13.]

ED. SPENCER.

SINNE.

FOR first, we do taste the fruite, then see our Sin.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 64.]

S. DANIELL.

SS

Shame followes Sin, disgrace is duly given,
 Impietie will out, never so clofely donne ;
 No walles can hide us from the eye of heaven,
 For shame muft end what wickednes begun ;
 Forth breakes reproach, when we leaft thinke thereon.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, st. 81.]

S. DANIELL.

Like as diseafes, common caufe of death,
 Bring daunger moft when leaft they pricke and smart,
 Which is a figne they have expulft the breath
 Of lively heate, which doth defend the hart ;
 Even fo, fuch Sinnes as felt are on no part,
 Have conquered grace, and by their wicked ure,
 So kild the foule, that it can have no cure.

I. HIG., *M. of M.*

Sinnes harveft never failes, but grace hath death.

D. LODGE.

Cover thou fier never so clofe within,
 Yet out it will ; and fo will fecret Sin.

M. of M.

It doubles Sinne, if sinne by finne we practife to prevent.

[*Albions England*, B. i, ch. ii.]

W. W.

Man may fecurely Sinne, but fafely never.

[*Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600]

B. JHONSON.

What wight on earth can voyd of fault be found ?
 What faint is fuch as doth not finne fometime ?
 Twene good and bad this difference fole is found,
 That good men finne but feld, and mend betime ;

The bad man (making scruple none, nor question,)
 Yeelds wilfully to every leaud fuggestion.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxiv, st. 26.]

S. J. H.

Sinnes, oft affaid, are thought to be no Sin ;
 So foileth Sinne the soule it sinketh in.

M. of M.

Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning ;
 For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
 But use of Sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 65.]

S. DANIELL.

What though our Sinnes go brave, and better clad,
 They are as those in rags, as base, as bad.

[*Epistle, Octavia to Antony.*]

IDEM.

The spot is foule, though by a monarch made :
 Kings cannot priviledge what God forbade.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 101.]

IDEM.

..... Sinne ever must
 Be torturde with the racke of his own frame ;
 For he that holds no faith, shall finde no trust,
 But fowing wrong, is sure to reape the fame.

IDEM.

And cunning Sinne, being clad in vertues shape,
 Flies much reproofe, and many scornes doth scape.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

... Place for people, people place, and all for Sinne decay.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, ch. xx.]

W. WARNER.

To punish Sinne is good, it is no nay;
 They wrecke not Sinne, but merit wrecke for Sinne,
 The fathers fault that wreake upon the kin.

M. of M.

The Sinne to which a man by love is driven,
 So much the rather ought to be forgiven.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxiv, st. 33.]

S. J. H.

SLAUNDER.

HER face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
 Foming with poyson round about her gils,
 In which her curfed tongue, full sharpe and short,
 Appeard like aspis fting, that closely kills,
 Or cruelly does wound, whom so she wils.
 A distaffe in her other hand she had,
 Upon the which she litle spins, but spils,
 And faines to weave false tales, and leafings bad,
 To throw amongst the good which others had disprad.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. xii, st. 36.]

ED. SP.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame;
 With which she guiltlesse persons may abuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name;
 Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
 So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsly to defame:
 Ne ever thing so well was done alive,

But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. viii, st. 25.]

ED. SPENCER.

All like the stings of asps, that kill with smart,
Her frightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 26.]

IDEM.

Foule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaster of the freshest bloomes on earth,
Envies abhorred child, Detraction.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598. To Detraction.]

I. MARSTON.

Happie is he that lives in such a fort,
That needs not feare such tongues of false report.

[*Uncertain authors: Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557.]

E. of S.

For vulgar tongues are armed evermore
With slanderous brute, to blemish the renowne
Of vertuous dames; which though at first it spring
Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,
As in short space it filleth every eare
With swift report of undeserved blame.

[*F. Kinwelmarsh, in Jocasta*, act i.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

..... It ever hath bene knowne,
They others vertues scorne that doubt their owne.

S. DANIELL.

No plaister heales a deadly poysoned fore,
No secret hid, where Slander keeps the dore.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 38.]

M. DRAVTON.

Against bad tongues goodnesse cannot defend her :
 Those be most free from faults, they least will spare,
 But prate of them whom they have scantly knowne,
 Judging their humours to be like their owne.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxii, st. 34.]

S. J. H.

Slaunder fet on foot, though false, is talkatively dome.

[*Albions England*, B. vi, ch. xxx.]

W. WARNER.

No wound which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
 As doth the poysonous sting which infamie
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight.
 For by no art, nor any leaches might
 It ever can recured be againe :
 Ne all the skill, which that immortall fright
 Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
 Can remedie such hurts : such hurts are hellish paine.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. vi, st. 1.]

ED. SP.

A sprightly wit disdaines detraction.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598. To Detraction.]

I. MARSTON.

Backbiting pens, and pens that sooth up sinne,
 Envious the one, th' other clawbacks binne.

J. SYL.

SLEEPE.

AMID this darke thicke wood there is a cave,
 Whose entrance is with ivie overspread ;

They have no light within, nor none they crave :
 Here Sleepe doth couch his ever drowfie head,
 And floath lies by, that feesmes the goute to have,
 And idlenes, not so well taught as fed :
 They point Forgetfulnes the gate to keepe,
 That none come in or out, to hinder sleepe.
 She knowes no names of men, ne none will learne ;
 Their messages she list not understand ;
 She knowes no busines doth her concerne.
 Silence is fentinell unto all this band,
 And unto those he comming doth discerne,
 To come no neere he beckens with his hand ;
 He treadeth soft, his shooes are made of felt ;
 His garment short, and girded with a belt.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xiv, st. 81.]

S. J. H.

By care lay heavie Sleepe, couzen of death,
 Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
 A very corps, save yeelding forth a breath :
 Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,
 Or whom she lifted up into the throne
 Of high renowne ; but as a living death,
 So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 263.]

M. SACK.

A drowfie head to earth by dull desire
 Draws downe the foule, that should to heaven aspire.
 Writing these later lines, wearie well-nie
 Of sacred Pallas pleasing labour deare,
 Mine humble chin saluteth oft my brest ;
 With an ambrosian dewe mine eies possesse.

By peece meale clofe ; all moving powers die ftill ;
 From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill :
 Downe in my floath-bound bed againe I shrinke,
 And in darke Læthe all deepe cares I finke.

J. SYL.

SOLITARINESSE.

SWEETE folitarie life ! thou true repofe,
 Wherein the wife contemplate heaven aright ;
 In thee no dread of warre, or worldly foes,
 In thee no pompe feduceth mortall fight :
 In thee no wanton eares to winne with words,
 Nor lurking toies, which cittie life affords.

[*Poems, in Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. E b.]

D. L.

SOULDIERS.

..... O SOULDIERS ! envie, neere ally to kings,
 Majesticke humour, carefull jealous thought,
 Thou, which awak'ft us from ignoble things,
 A paffion neareft to a godhead brought.
 Onely indefinite : to whom none brings
 Limit or bound ; thou greater then our thought :
 Who holds thee, holds a power to make him able ;
 Who lofes, then becomes moft miserable.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARK.

None is fo poore of fence and eine,
 To whom a Souldier doth not shine.

[*Phillis and Flora*, 1595.]

G. CHAP.

No elegancie can bewtifie
 A shameleffe lumpe of gluttonie :
 His heart sweete Cupids tents rejects,
 That onely meate and drinke affects.
 O Flora ! all mens intellects
 Know Souldiers power such respects.
 Meere helps for need his minde sufficeth,
 Dull sleepe and surfets he despiseth :
 Loves trumpe his temples exerciseth,
 Courage and love his life compriseth.

[*Phyllis and Flora*, 1595.]

G. CHAP.

SOULE.

..... HE that spread the skies,
 And fixt the earth, first form'd the Soule in man ;
 This true, Prometheus first made man of earth,
 And shewd in him a beame of heavenly fier,
 Now in their mothers wombes, before their birth,
 Doth in all sonnes of men their soules inspire :
 And as Minerva is in fables faide
 From Jove, without an other, to proceed ;
 So our true Jove, without a mothers aide,
 Doth daily millions of Minervas breed.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sect. 5.]

I. DAVIES.

Like as the funne above the light doth bring,
 Though we behold it in the aire belowe ;
 So from the eternall light the Soule doth spring,

Though in the body she her powers do flowe.

I. DAVIES.

The Soule a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himselfe doth in the body make,
Which makes the man ; or every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.
And though the Spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt meane her power to exercise ;
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies.
Shee is a substance and a reall thing,
Which hath it selfe an actuall working might,
Which neither from the senses power doth spring,
Nor from the bodies humours tempered right.
She is a vine, which doth no propping need
To make her spread her selfe, or spring upright :
She is a starre, whose beames do not proceed
From any funne, but from a native light.

[*Nosce Teipsum.* Introd. and Sect. I.]

IDEM.

She is a spirit, and heavenly influence,
Which from the fountaine of Gods Spirit doth flowe.
She is a spirit, yet not like aire or winde,
Nor like the spirits about the heart or braine,
Nor like those spirits which alchimyfts do finde,
When they in every thing seeke gold in vaine.

[*Ibid.*, Sect. 4.]

IDEM.

And now, to shew her powerfull deitie,
Her sweete Endimion more to beautifie,
Into his Soule the goddesse doth infuse

The fierie nature of a heavenly Muse :
 Which, in the spirit labouring by the mind,
 Partaketh of celestiall things by kind.
 For why, the soule being divine, alone
 Exempt from vild and grosse corruption,
 Of heavenly secrets comprehensible,
 Of which the dull flesh is not sensible,
 And by one onely powerfull facultie,
 Yet governeth a multiplicitie ;
 Being essentiall, uniforme in all,
 Not to be severed nor dividuall,
 But in her function holdeth her estate,
 By powers divine in her ingenerate ;
 And so by inspiration conceiveth,
 What heaven to her by divination breatheth

[*Endymion and Phœbe* (1594), Sig. D 3 b.]

M. DRAYTON.

Like as the Soule doth rule the earthlie masse,
 And all the service of the body frame :
 So love of soule doth love of body passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ix, st. 2.]

ED. SPENCER.

Everie good motion that the Soule awakes
 A heavenly figure sees, from whence it takes
 That sweeteleffe bloome, which, by power of kinde,
 Formes like it selfe, an image of the mind ;
 And in our faith the operations be
 Of that divineesse, which by fayth wee see ;
 Which never erres, but accidentally,
 By our fraile fleshes imbecilitie ;

By each temptation over-apt to flide,
 Except our spirit becomes our bodyes guide.
 For as our bodyes prisons bee the towres,
 So to our soules these bodyes be of ours,
 Whose fleshy walles hinder that heavenly light,
 As these stone walles deprive our wished fight.

ED. SPENCER.

..... As Phœbus throws
 His beames abroade, though hee in clouds bee clos'd,
 Still glauncing by them, till she finde oppos'd
 A loofe and rorid vapour, that is fit
 T'event his searhing beames, and useth it
 To forme a twentie coloured eie,
 Cast in a circle round about the skie.
 So when our fierie Soule, our bodies starre,
 (That ever is in motion circular)
 Conceives a form, in seeking to display it,
 Through all our cloudy parts it doth convey it
 Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
 And that reflects it round about the face.

IDEM.

And as the moysture which the thirstie earth
 Sucks from the sea, to fill her emptie vaines,
 From out her wombe at last doth take a birth,
 And runnes a lymph along the grassie plaines :
 Long doth shee stay, as loth to leave the land
 From whose soft side she first did issue make,
 She tastis all places, turnes to everie hand,
 Her flowry bankes unwilling to forsake ;
 Yet nature so her streames doth leade and carrie,

As that her course doth make no finall stay,
Till she her selfe unto the ocean marrie,
Within whose watric bofome first shee lay.
Even so the Soule, within this earthly mould,
The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first shee doth the earth behold,
And onely this materiall world shee viewes :
At first her mother Earth shee holdeth deere,
And doth imbrace the world, and worldly things,
She flies close by the ground, and hovers heere,
And mounts not up with her celestiaall wings :
Yet under heaven shee cannot light on ought
That with her heavenly nature doth agree,
She cannot rest, she cannot fixe her thought,
She cannot in this world contented bee.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, Sect. 30, Reason 2.]

I. DAVIES.

So when the Soule findes heere no true content,
And, like Noahs dove, can no sure footing take,
Shee doth returne from whence shee first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Heaven waxeth old, and all the spheares above
Shall one day faynt, and their swift motion stay ;
And time it selfe, in time, shall cease to moove,
Onely the Soule survives, and lives for aye.

[*Ibid.*, Sect. 31.]

IDEM.

For when the Soule is drowned once in vice,
The sweete of sinne makes hell a Paradice.

[*Legend of Pierce Gowerston*, 1596, st. 53.]

M. DRAYTON.

As is the fable of the lady faire,
 Which, for her lust was turnde into a cow,
 When thirftie to a streame she did repaire,
 And saw her selfe transformde, she wist not how,
 At first, she startles, then she stands amazd,
 At last, with terror she from thence doth flie,
 And loathes the watry glasse wherein she gazd,
 And shunnes it still, though she for thirst doth die.
 Even so, mans Soule, which did Gods image beare,
 And was at first, faire, good, and spotlesse pure,
 Since with her sinnes her beauties blotted were,
 Doth, of all fights, her owne fight least indure ;
 For even at first reflection she espies
 Such strange chimeraes, and such monsters there,
 Such toyes, such antickes, and such vanities,
 As she retyres, and shrinks for shame and feare.

[*Nosce Teipsum.* Introduction.]

I. DAVIS.

And as the man loves least at home to bee,
 That hath a fluttish house, haunted with spirits,
 So she, impatient her owne faults to see,
 Turnes from her selfe, and in strange things delights.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... Tis a sacred cure
 To falue the Soules dread wounds : omnipotent
 That nature is that cures the impotent.
 Even in a moment, sure grace is infusde
 By divine favour, not by actions usde,
 Which is as permanent as heavens blisse

To them that have it, then no habit is.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598.]

I. MARSTON.

That learned father, which so firmly proves
The Soule of man immortall and divine,
And doth the feverall offices define :

ANIMA.

Gives her that name, as she the body moves,

AMOR.

Then is shee love imbracing charitie.

ANIMUS.

Moving the will in us, it is the mind.

MENS.

Retaining knowledge, still the fame in kind.

MEMORIA.

As intellectuall, it is the memorie.

RATIO.

In judging, reason onely is her name.

SENSUS.

In speedie apprehension, it is sence.

CONSCIENTIA.

In right or wrong, men call her conscience.

SPIRITUS.

The spirit, when to godward it doth inflame,
These of the Soule the feverall functions bee.

M. DRAVTON.

Like as two bellowes blowen, turne by turne,
 By little and little make cold coles to burne,
 And then their fire inflamde with glowing heate
 An iron barre, which on the anvile beate
 Seemes no more yron, but flies almost all
 In hissing sparkles and quicke-bright cinders small :
 So the worlds Soule should in our foule inspire
 Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,
 And then our foule (as forme) breathe in our corse
 Her countlesse numbers, and heavens turned force,
 Wherewith our bodyes beautie beautified,
 Should, like our deathlesse foule, have never died.

[*Translation from Du Bartas.*]

J. SYLVESTER.

OF SORROW.

IN blacke all clad, there fell before my face
 A pitteous wight, whom woe had all forewaft ;
 Forth on her eyes the cristall teares out braft,
 And, fighing fore, her hands she wrung and fold,
 Tare all her haire, that ruth was to behold.
 Her body small, forwithered and forespent,
 As is the stalke that summers drought opprest,
 Her welked face with wofull teares besprent :
 Her colour pale, (as it seemed her best,)
 In woe and plaint reposed was her rest :
 And as the stone that drops of water weares,
 So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.
 Her eyes full fwollen with flowing streames afloat,

Where with her lookes throwne up full pitiously,
 Her forcelesse handes together oft she smote,
 With dolefull shrikes that ecchoed in the skie :
 Whose plaint such sighs did strait accompanie,
 That, in my dome, was never man did see
 A wight but halfe so woe begone as shee.—
 Sorrow I am, in endlesse torments pained,
 Among the furies in th' infernall lake,
 Where Pluto, god of hell, so grisly blacke,
 Doth hold his throne ; and Læthes deadly taste
 Doth reve remembrance of each thing forepast.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit 1610, p. 257.] M. SACKVILE.

Sorrows first leader of this furious crowde,
 Muffled all over in a fable clowde,
 Olde before age, afflicted night and day,
 Her face with wrinkles warped everie way ;
 Creeping in corners, where shee sits and vies
 Sighs from her heart, teares for her blubbered eies,
 Accompanied with selfe-consuming care,
 With weeping, pittie, thought, and mad dispayre,
 That beares about her burning coles and cords,
 Aspes, poysons, pistols, haulters, knives, and swords,
 Foule squinting envie, that selfe-eating elfe,
 Through others leanneffe fattening up her selfe,
 Joyning in mischiefe, feeding but with langour,
 And bitter teares, her toad-like swelling anger,
 And jealousie that never sleeps for feare,
 (Suspitious flea, still nibbling in her eare)
 That leaves repall and rest, nere pinde and blinde,

With seeking what shee would bee loth to finde.

J. SYLVESTER.

Two inward vulturs, forrow and disdaine ;
Sorrow, misfortunes sonne, dispayres foule fire.

ED. FAIRFAX.

Sorrow breakes seasons and repofing howres,
Makes the night morning, and the noone-tide night.

[*Richard III*, 1597, act i, sc. 4.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Sorrow is still unwilling to give over.

S. DANIELL.

Sorrow grows fencelesse, when too much she beares.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DR.

For Sorrow, like a heavie hanging bell,
Once fet on ringing, with his owne weight goes ;
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knel.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 215.]

W. SH.

It is some ease our Sorrowes to reveale,
If they to whome we shall impart our woes
Seeme but to feele a part of what we feele,
And meete us with a sigh but at a clofe.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

Sighes the poor ease calamitie affoords,
Which ferve for speech, when Sorrow wanteth words.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 117.]

IDEM.

Fell Sorrowes tooth doth never ranckle more
Then when he bites, but launcheth not the fore.

[*Shakespeare's Richard II*, 1597, act. i, sc. 3.]

IDEM.

Nay, but Sorrow, clofe shrouded in the heart
I know to keep is a burdenous smart :
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare ;
When the raine is falln, the cloudes wexen cleere.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579. September.]

ED. SPENCER.

Sorrow ne neede to be hastened on,
For he will come without calling anon.

[*Ibid.* May.]

IDEM.

For gnarling Sorrow hath leffe powre to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

[*Shakespeare's Richard II*, act i, sc. 3.]

ED. SPENCER.

He that his Sorrow fought, through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettered would release againe,
Deserves to tast his follies fruit, repented paine.

ED. SPENCER.

..... Mirth doth search the bottom of annoy,
Sad foules are flaine in mirthie companie ;
Greefe best is pleasde with griefes societie :
True Sorrow then is feelingly suffizde,
When with like Sorrow it is sympathizde.
True Sorrow hath not ever a wet eye.

TH. DEKKAR.

Sad Sorrow ever longs to heare her worst.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. D.

SUSPITION.

FOR false Suspition of another is
A fure condemning of our owne amis.

[*Skialetheia*, 1598, Sat. 4.]

EDW. GUILPIN.

Mistrust doth treason in the trustiest raise :
Suspitious Romulus stain'd his walles, first rear'd,
With brothers blood, whom for light leape he feard.
So, not in brotherhood jealousie may bee borne.
The jealous cuckold weares th' infamous horne.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 421.]

M. of M.

Rivalles in love will be suspicious quickly.

I. WEEVER.

The marchant, traffiking abroad, suspects his wife at home :
A youth wil play the wanton, and an old man prove a mome.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, ch. xx.]

W. WARNER.

TEARES.

..... THESE two parts belong
Unto true knowledge ; words and Teares have force
To moove compassion in the savage mindes
Of brutish people, reason wanting kindes.

THO. MIDDLETON.

Teares, vows, and prayers, gaine the hardest hearts.

[*Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594.]

S. DANIELL.

Teares worke no truce, but where the heart is tender.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Teares harden luft, though marble weare with raining.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 81.]

W. SH.

Seld ſpeaketh love, but ſighes his ſecret paines ;

Teares are his truch-men, words do make him tremble.

[*Menaphon, or Arcadia*, 1589.]

R. GREENE.

Teares cannot ſoften flint, nor vowes convert.

S. D.

A dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,

Without vaine art or curious complements ;

And ſqualid fortune, into baſeneſſe flong,

Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. Polyhymnia.]

ED. SPENCER.

TEMPERANCE.

BUT Temperance (ſaid he), with golden ſquire,

Betwixt them both can meaſure out a meane ;

Neither to melt in pleaſures hot deſire,

Nor frie in heartleſſe griefe and dolefull teene :

Thriſe happie man who faires them both a tweene !

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. i, st. 58.]

ED. SPENCER.

Who ever doth to Temperance applie

His ſtedfaſt life, and all his actions frame,

Truſt mee, ſhall finde no greateremie

Then ſlubborne perturbation to the ſame :

To which right well the wife doe give that name,
 For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
 Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaime :
 His owne woes author, who so bound it finds,
 As did Pyrrhocles, and it wilfully unbindes.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. v, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

A harder leffon to learne continence
 In joyous pleasure, then in greevous paine ;
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker fence
 So strongly, that unneathes it can refraine
 From that which feeble nature covets faine.
 But greefe and wrath, that bee her enemies
 And foes of life, thee better can abstaine,
 Yet vertue vaunts in both her victories.

[*Ibid.*, B. ii, c. vi, st. 1.]

IDEM.

O ! in what safetie Temperance doth rest,
 When it findes harbour in a kingly brest.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

Of all Gods works, which do this world adorne,
 There is no one more fayre and excellent
 Then is mans body, both for power and forme,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government :
 But none then it more foule and indecent,
 Distempered through misrules, and passions base ;
 It growes a monster, and incontinent
 Doth loose his dignitie and native grace.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ix, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

THOUGHTS.

BUT Thoughts the flave of life, and life times foole ;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.

[*Henry IV*, Part I, 1598, act v, sc. 4.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tried.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 52.]

IDEM.

Who so thinkes many things brings few to a fortunate ending.

[*Lady of Pembroke's Ivychurch*, 1591.]

A. FRAUNCE.

The feeble eyes of our aspiring Thoughts
Behold things present, and record things past ;
But things to come, exceede our humane reach.

G. PEELE.

For unstain'd Thoughts do feldome dreame on evil ;
Birdes, never limde, no secet bushes feare.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 13.]

W. SH.

If all mens Thoughts were written in their face,
Some one that now the rest doth overcrow,
Some other eke that wants his soveraignes grace,
When as their prince their inwarde thoughts should know,
The meaner man should take the betters place,
The greater man might stoope and sit below.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xix, st. 2.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

TIME.

GREAT enimie to it, and to all the rest
 That in the garden of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Time; who, with his fitte addrest,
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
 And all their glorie to the ground downe flings,
 Where they do wither, and are foully marde:
 He flies about, and with his flaggie wings
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
 Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. vi, st. 39.]

ED. SPENCER.

Mishapen Time, coapsmate of ugly night,
 Swift subtill poast, carrier of griffie care,
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, finnes pack-horse, vertues snare,
 Thou nurfest all, and murtherest all that are.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 134.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

O! stealing Time, the subject to delay.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 354.]

S. PH. SYDNEY.

..... Times golden thigh
 Upholdes the flowrie body of the earth
 In faced harmonie, and everie birth
 Of men, and actions makes legitimate;
 Being usde aright, the use of time is fate.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

No mortall forme, that under moone remaines,
 Exempt from traiterous Time, continueth one.

Now mountes the floud, and straight his waves restrains ;
Now flowes the tyde, and strait the fourse is gone ;
Who toyles by sea must choose the fayrest gale,
For Time abodes our good or badde availe.

[*Elstred, appended to Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

All those that live, and thinke themselves but flime,
Must choose and thrive by favour of the Time.

IDEM.

Swift speedie Time, feathered with flying howres,
Dissolves the beautie of the fayrest browe.

[*Diana*, 1592, son. 31.]

S. DANIELL.

Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, and strength ;
Time kills the greenest herbes and sweetest flow'rs ;
Time roots out youth and beauties looke, at length.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 77.]

TH. WATSON.

Time, wanting bonds, still wanteth certaintie.

M. DR.

To fames rich treasure Time unlocks the doore,
Which angrie Fortune had shut up before.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

IDEM.

Time is a bondslave to eternitie.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594.]

THO. KYD.

For all that lives is subject to that law,
All things decay in Time, and to their end do draw.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii. c. vi. st. 40.]

ED. SPENCER.

X X

What wrong hath not continuance out-worne ;
Yeares makes that right that never was so borne.

[*Civil Wars*, 1609, B. iv, st. 90.]

S. DANIELL.

Good time is blest, badde time wee hold accurst,
Time hurts them oft that he did helpe at first.

[*Challenge*, 1593.]

T. CHURCHYARD.

Times glory is to calme contending kings,
To unmaske falshood, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the feale of Time in aged things,
To wake the morne, and fentinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till hee render right ;
To ruinate proude buildings with thy howres,
And smeare with dust their glittering golden towres :
To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feede oblivion with decay of things.
To blot old bookes, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quilles from auncient ravens wings,
To drie the old okes fappe, and cherish springs,
To spoyle antiquities of hammered steele,
And turne the giddie round of Fortunes wheele ;
To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorne and lyon wilde,
To mock the subtill, in themselves beguild,
To cheere the plow-man with increasfull crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

[*Lucrece*, 1594. st. 136.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

TRUTH.

THE Truth doth dwell within the holy tables
Of Gods live word, not in our wanton braine,
Which daily coyning some strange error vaine,
For gold takes lead, for Truth electeth fables.

[*Triumph of Faith*, 4to, 1592.]

J. SILVESTER.

Truth is no harauld, nor no fophist fure,
She noteth not mens names, their sheelds nor crefts,
Though shee compare them unto birds and beasts ;
But whom she doth foresheew shall raigne by force,
Shee tearmes a wolfe, a dragon, or a beare ;
A wilfull prince, a raignelesse raging horse,
A boar, a lion ; a coward, much in feare,
A hare or hart ; a craftie pricked eare ;
A lecherous, a bull, a goate, a foale ;
An underminer, a mould-warpe or a moale.

[*Legend of Duke of Clarence*, edit. 1610, p. 386.]

M. of M.

..... Tried Truth

Doth best beseeme a simple naked tale ;
Ne needes to bee with paynted proceffe prickt,
That in her selfe hath no diversitie,
But alwayes shewes one undisguised face ;
Where deepe deceit and lies do seeke the shade,
And wrappe their words in guilefull eloquence,
As ever fraught with contrarietie.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, edit. 1587, act ii, sc. 1.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

The Truth hath certaine bounds, but fallhood none.

[*Musophilus, to Fulke Greville*, 1599.]

S. DANIELL.

The naked Truth is a well-clothed lie ;
 A nimble quicke pate mounts to dignitie
 By force or fraud, that matters not a jot
 So massie wealth may fall unto thy lot.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598, Sat. 5.]

IO. MARSTON.

TREASON.

CONSPIRACIE gainst the perfon of a prince,
 Is Treason gainst the Deitie of heaven.

TH. ACHELLYE.

For Treason is but trusted like the foxe ;
 Who, nere so tame, so cherisht, and lockt up,
 Will have a wilde tricke of his auncetors.

[*K. Henry VI*, 1598, act v, sc. 2.]

W. SH.

No vertue merits prayse, once toucht with blot of Treason.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit. 1598, p. 553.]

S. PHIL. SYDNEY.

Who fayleth one is false, though trusty to another.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

There is no Treason woundeth halfe so deepe
 As that which doth in princes bosome sleepe.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRAYTON.

Who that resisteth his dread soveraigne lord,
 Doth damne his foule by Gods owne verie word :
 A christian subject should, with honour due,
 Obey his soveraigne, though he were a jew ;

Whereby affur'd, when subjects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled, and threatneth fire and hell.

[*Legend of Michael Joseph*, edit. 1610, p. 471.] *M. of M.*

Was never rebell, heretofore or since,
That could or shall prevaile against his prince.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, p. 469.] *IDEM.*

Revolted subjects of themselves will quaille.

J. SYLVESTER.

TYRANNIE.

..... NEXT to Tyrannie
Comes warres, discention, civill mutinie.

CH. MIDDLE.

In greatest wants t'inflit the greatest woe,
This is the utmost Tyrannie can doe.

[*M. Drayton's Epistle, Matilda to K. John.*] *IDEM.*

Hell haleth tyrants downe to death amaine :
Was never yet, nor shall bee, cruell deede
Left unrewarded with as cruell meed.

[*Legend of Lord Clifford*, edit. 1610, p. 367.] *M. of M.*

For no Tyrant commonly
Living ill, can kindly die ;
But either, trayterously surprize,
Doth coward poyson quayle their breath,
Or their people have devizd,

Or theyr guard, to feeke their death.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, Chor. in act iv.]

THO. KYD.

It is an hell in hatefull vassallage,
Under a Tyrant to consume ones age ;
A selfe-flaven Dennis, or a Nero fell,
Whose cursed courts with bloud and incest swell :
An owle that flies the light of parliaments
And state assemblies, jealous of th' intents
Of private tongues, who for a pastime sets
His peeres at oddes, and on their furie whets,
Who neither sayth, honour, nor right respects.

IDEM.

VERTUE.

WHAT one art thou, thus in torne weede yclad ?
Vertue, in price whom auncient sages had :
Why poorely rayd ? for fading goods past care :
Why double-fac'd ? I marke each fortunes fare :
This bridle what ? mindes rages to restraine :
Tooles why beare you ? I love to take great paine :
Why wings ? I teach above the starres to flie :
Why treade you death ? I onely cannot die.

[*N. Grimald, in Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.]

S. TH. WIAT.

The path that leades to Vertues court is narrow,
Thornie, and up a hill, a bitter journey ;
But, being gone through, you find al heavenly sweets :
Th' entrance is all flintie, but at th' end

Two towres of pearles and cristall you ascend.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Vertue is fayrest in a poore heart, aye.

IDEM.

Vertue abhorres too weare a borrowed face.

IDEM.

The wifest scholler of the wight most wise,
By Phœbus doome, with sugred sentence saies,
That Vertue, if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of love it in our foules would raife.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, Nash's edit., 1590: fo. 1598, son. 25.]

S. PH. SYDNEY.

That growes apace, that Vertue helps t'aspire.

M. ROYDON.

When Vertue riseth, base affections fall.

ED. FAIRFAX.

Like as the horse, well mand, abides the bit,
And learnes his stoppe by raine in riders hand,
Where mountaine-colt, that is not fadled yet,
Runnes headlong on amidst the fallowed land,
Whose fierce resist scarce bendes with any band ;
So men, reclaim'd by Vertue, tread aright,
Where, ledde by follies, mischiefes on them light.

[*Truth's Complaint over England*, 1584.]

D. LODGE.

Vertue doth curb affection, and for conscience flieth sin ;
To leave, for imperfection, feare, or shame, no praise doth
winne.

[*Albions England*, edit, 1602, B. ix, ch. lxi.]

W. WARNER.

Vertue it selfe turnes vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 3.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Vertue in greatest daunger is best showne,
And, though opprest, yet never overthrowne.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. vi, st. 78.]

S. DANIELL.

In only Vertue it is said, that men themselves survive.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. W.

Honour, indeede, and all things yeeld to death,
Vertue excepted, which alone survives ;
And living, toyleth in an earthlie gaile,
At last to be extol'd in heavens high joyes.

T. KYD.

All things decay, yet Vertue shall not die ;
This onely gives us immortalitie.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 155.]

M. DRAYTON.

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in winters bale ;
Yet, foon as spring his mantle doth display,
It flowreth fresh, as it should never faile ?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As Vertues braunch and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good ;
The braunch once dead, the bud eke needes must quaille.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*. November.]

ED. SPENCER.

All that wee had, or mortall men can have,
Seemes onely but a shadow from the grave ;

Vertue alone lives still.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Vertue is more amiable and more sweete,
When Vertue and true majestie doe meete.

E. SPENCER.

..... All forow in the world is lesse
Then Vertues might, and valures confidence ;
For who will bide the burden of distresse
Must not heere thinke to live, for life is wretchednes.

IDEM.

Vertue makes honour, as the foule doth fence,
And merit farre exceeds inheritance.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

For Vertue, of the auncient bloud or kin,
Doth onely praise the men that vertuous bin.

[*Legend of K. Kimerus*, edit. 1610, p. 104.]

M. of M.

For onely Vertue noblenesse doth dignifie,
And vicious life a lineage base doth signifie.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. ii, st. 58.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

The simple Vertue may consist alone,
But better are two vertues joynd in one.

D. LODGE.

What Vertue gets, once got, doth never waste,
And having this, this thou for ever haste.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAWTON.

V V

Joy graven in fence, like snow in water wafts :
Without preserve of Vertue, nothing lasts.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Vertue obscurde yeeldes small and fory gaines,
But actively impoyed, true worth retaines.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue 4.]

D. LODGE.

What Vertue breedes, iniquitie devours,
We have no good that we can say is ours :
But ill annexed opportunitie,
Or killes his life, or else his qualitie.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 126.]

W. SH.

Vertue dies not ; her tomb we need not rayse :
Let them trust tombs, which have out-liv'd their praise.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, B. iv, epig. 31.]

TH. BASTARD.

VICE.

VICE rides a horseback, vertue doth from out the faddell
boul.

[*Albions England*, B. v, c. xxviii.]

W. WARNER.

What licour first the earthen pot doth take,
It keepeth still the favour of that fame ;
Full hard it is a cramocke straight to make,
Or crooked logges with wainscot fine to frame :
Tis hard to make the cruell tyger tame ;
And so it fares with those have Vices caught,

Nought once (they say,) and ever after nought.

[*Legend of K. Madan*, edit. 1610, p. 45.]

M. of M.

Although that vertue oft wants due reward,
Yet feldome Vice wants due deserved blame.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. vii, st. 28.]

S. J. H.

Where Vice is countenanc'd with nobilitie,
Art cleane excluded, ignorance held in,
Blinding the world with meere hypocrisie,
Yet must bee footh'd in all their slavish finne ;
Great malcontents to grow they then beginne,
Nurfing vild wittes, to make their factious tooles ;
Thus mightie men oft proove the mightiest fooles.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596: B. iv, st. 62, edit. 1603.]

M. DRAYTON.

VICTORY.

WITH Victorie revenge did ever cease.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxvi, st. 10.]

S. J. H.

For hee lives long, that dies victorious.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act iv.]

TH. KYD.

The victor can no honour justly claime
To loofe the men who should advaunce the fame.

[*No author named.*]

..... That fisher is not fine,
Who for a frogge will loofe a golden line :

The holy head-band feemes not to attyre
 The head of him, who, in his furious ire,
 Preferres the paine of those that have him teend,
 Before the health and safetie of one friend.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

THO. HUDSON.

Vaine is the vaunt, and Victorie unjust,
 That more to mightie hands then rightful cause doth trust.

EDW. SPENCER.

Loffe is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe ;
 But to be leffer then himfelfe doth marre
 Both loofers lotte, and victors praise also :
 Vaine others overthrowes, who self doth overthrow.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. v, st. 15.]

IDEM.

UNDERSTANDING.

MOST miserable creature under skie
 Man without Understanding doth appeare ;
 For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
 And fortunes freates, is wisely taught to beare :
 Of wretched life the onely joy shee is,
 And th' onely comfort in calamities ;
 She armes the breast with constant patience
 Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts ;
 She solaceth, with rules of sapience,
 The gentle mindes in midst of worldly smarts ;
 When he is fadde, she seekes to make him merie,

And doth refresh his spirits when they bee wearie.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. Melpomene.]

ED. SPENCER.

VOWES.

GOOD Vowes are never broken with good deedes,
For then good deedes were bad : Vowes are but feeds,
And good deedes fruits.

[*Hero and Leander*, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Wee know not how to vow, till love unblind us ;
And Vowes, made ignorantly, never binde us.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Our Vowes must bee perform'd to Gods and kings.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596: B. ii, st. 30, edit. 1603.]

M. DRAYTON.

..... A promise made for feare, is voyde.

S. J. H.

..... A man such promise must forsake,
As at the first unlawfull was to make.

IDEM.

VIRGINITIE.

LIKE to the rose I count the virgin pure,
That growth on native stemme in garden fayre ;
Which, while it stands with walles environ'd sure,
Where herd-men with their herds can not repayre,
To favour it it seemeth to allure

The morning dew, the heate, the earth, the ayre :
 Gallant yong men and lovely dames delight
 In their sweete fent, and in their pleasing fight :
 But when that once tis gathered, and gone
 From proper stalke, where late before it grew,
 The love, the liking, little is or none ;
 Favour and grace, beautie and all, adue !
 So when a virgin graunts to one alone
 The precious flower for which so many sue,
 Well hee that getteth it may love her best,
 But shee forgoes the love of all the rest.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. i, st. 42.]

S. J. H.

Jewels being loſt, are found againe, this never ;
 Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sect. 2.]

CH. MARLOW.

Virginitie, though prayſed, is alike perform'd, for why ?
 As much the fleſh is frayle therein, as in the feare to die ;
 What, was it ſayd to all but us increaſe and multiplie ?

[*Albions England*, B. xii, ch. lxxi.]

W. WARNER.

..... Virginitie

Is neither effence ſubject to the eye,
 No, nor to any one exterior fence ;
 Nor hath it any place of reſidence ;
 Nor is't of earth, or mould celeftiall,
 Or capable of any forme at all.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sect. 1.]

CH. MARLOW.

I know not her that willingly with maiden-head would die.

[*Albions England*, B. xii, ch. lxxi, edit. 1602.]

W. W.

USE.

USE makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Seneca*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Foule cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,

But gold, thats put to Use, more gold begets.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 128.]

W. SH.

WARRE.

LASTLY stood Warre, in glittering armes yclad,
With visage grimme, sterne lookes and blackely hewed :

In his right hand a naked sword hee had,

That to the hilts was all with bloud imbrude ;

And in his left, (that kings and kingdomes rued,)

Famine and fire he held ; and therewithall

Hee rased townes, and threw downe towres and all.

Cities hee sackt, and realmes that whilome flowred

In honour, glorie, and rule above the best,

Hee overwhelm'd, and all their fame devoured,

Confunde, destroyde, waisted ; and never ceast

Till hee their wealth, their name, and all opprest.

His face forhewed with woundes, and by his side

There hung his targe, with gashes deepe and wide ;

In midst of which, depainted there wee founde

Deadly debate, all full of snakie hayre,

That with a bloody fillet was ybound,

Out-breathing nought but discord everie where.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 266.] M. SACKVILLE.

The poets old in their fond fables faine,
 That mightie Mars is god of Warre and strife :
 Th' astronomers think, where Mars doth raigin,
 That all debate and discord must bee rife :
 Some thinke Bellona, goddesse of that life.
 So that some one and some another judge
 To be the cause of every greivous grudge.
 Among the rest that painter had some skill,
 Which thus in armes did once set out the fame :
 A field of gules, and, on a golden hill,
 A stately towne consumed all with flame ;
 On chiefe of fable, (taken from the dame,)
 A sucking babe, O ! borne to bide mischance !
 Begoad with bloud, and pierced with a launce.
 On high the helme, I beare it well in mind,
 The wreath was silver, powdred all with shot,
 About the which *goutte du sang* did twind
 A rowle of fable blacke, and foule beblot ;
 The creft two hands, which may not bee forgot,
 For in the right a trenchant blade did stand,
 And in the left a fierie burning brand.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, st. 5, edit. 1587.] G. GASCOIGNE.

..... Warre, the mistresse of enormitie,
 Mother of mischiefe, monster of deformitie ;
 Lawes, manners, arts, shee breakes, shee marres, shee chaces :
 Bloud, teares, bowres, towres, she spils, smites, burns, and
 races ;
 Her brafen teeth shake al the earth asunder ;
 Her mouth a fire-brand, and her voyce a thunder ;
 Her lookes are lightning, everie glaunce a flash ;

Her fingers guns, that all to powder pass :
 Feare and dispayre, flight and disorder, coast
 With hastie march before her murderous hoast,
 As burning, waste, rape, wrong, impietie,
 Rage, ruines, discord, horror, crueltie,
 Sacke, sacriledge, impunitie, pride,
 Are still sterne comforts by her barbarous side ;
 And povertie, forrow, and defolation,
 Follow her armies bloudie transmigration.

J. SYLVESTER.

O Warre ! begot in pride and luxurie,
 The child of wrath and of diffention ;
 Horrible good, mischiefes necessarie,
 The foule reformer of confusion ;
 Unjust just scourge for our iniquitie,
 Cruell recurer of corruption.

[*Civil Wars*, B. iv, st. 46.]

S. DANIELL.

O goodly ufage of those anticke times,
 In which the sword was servant unto right ;
 When not for malice and contentious crimes,
 But all for praise, and prooffe of manly might,
 The martiall broode accustomed to fight :
 Then honour was the meede of victorie,
 And yet the vanquished had no despight.
 Let later age, that noble use envie,
 Vild rancour so avoyd, and cruell furquedry.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. i, st. 13.]

ED. SPENCER.

Warre, rightly handled, is most excellent.
 And easie makes impossibilitie ;

It mounts the Alps, and through the seas doth rent ;
By it in bloud a way to heaven we fee.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Under Warres brazen feete stoopes all the earth,
His mouth a flaming brand, his voyce a thunder.

IDEM.

No Warre is right, but that which needfull is.

S. DANIELL.

But mighty Mars hath many men in store,
Which wait alwaies to keepe his kingdome up :
Of whom no one doth fhew his service more,
Then lingring hope, which still doth beare his cup,
And flatteringlly lendes everie man a sup,
Which haunts his court, or in his progresse passe :
Hope brings the bowle wherin they all must quasse.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, st. 87, edit. 1587.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

That Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge it not.

[*Ibid.*, st. 71 ; also, S. J. H's. *Orl. Fur.*, B. xxxviii, c. lxvii.]

IDEM.

Men know not Warre, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That first by War have not been taught t' esteeme it.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxxi, st. 2.]

S. J. H.

Since wise men ever have preferred farre,
Th' unjustest peace, before the justest Warre.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 73, edit. 1609.]

S. DANIELL.

When true observing providence and Warre,
Still makes their foes farre stronger than they are.

[*Civil Wars*, B. vi, st. 4.]

S. DANIELL.

Sad be the fights and bitter fruits of Warre,
And thousande furies wait on wrathfull fword ;
Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
Then foule revenging rage, and bafe contentious jarre.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ii, st. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Great renew,
The which chief finews unto Warre affords.

[*Sir J. Harington's Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxi, st. 49.] D. LODGE.

For still these broils, that publike good pretend,
Worke most injustice, being doone through spight ;
For those agreede evermore doe bend
Against such as they see of greatest might ;
Who though they cannot help what will go ill,
Yet since they may do wrong, are thought they will.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 37, edit. 1609.]

S. DANIELL.

..... Mars is Cupidoes friend ;
And is for Venus love renouned more,
Then al the wars and spoyles the which he did before.

ED. SPENCER.

WILL.

FROM idle witte there springs a braine-ficke Will,
With wise men lust, which foolish make a god,

This in the shape of vertue raigneth still.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Will puts in practife what the wit deviseth :
Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still ;
And as from witte the power of wisedome riseth,
All other vertues daughters are of Will.

[*Sir J. Davys : Nosce Teipsum*, Sect. 27.]

IDEM.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in councell fit ;
And when witte is resolv'd, Will lends her power
To execute what is devis'd by witte.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

I. DAVIES.

Will is as free as any emperour,
Nought can restraine her gentle libertie ;
No tyrant nor no torrent hath the power
To make us will, when we unwilling bee.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Even as the Will should goodnesse truely know,
Wee have a will which that true good should choose :
Although Will oft, when wit false formes doth show,
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

It lives not in our power to love or hate,
For Will in us is over-rul'd by fate.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOW.

A stronger hand restraines our wilfull powers,
A Will must rule above this will of ours ;

Not following what our vaine desires doe woe
For vertues fake, but what we onely doe.

[*Epistle, Matilda to King John*, 1599.]

M. DR.

..... Headlesse Will true judgement doth ensnare.

IDEM.

Selfe-Will doth frowne, when honest zeale reproves.

IDEM.

For where our actions measure no regard,
Our lawlesse Will is made his owne reward.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596.]

M. DRA.

For with a world of mischiefes and offence
Unbridled Will rebelles against the fence.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

That less should lift that may doe what it will.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 57.]

S. DAN.

WISEDOME.

OUR God himselfe for Wifedome most is prayfed,
And men to God thereby are nighest rayfed.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. Clio.]

ED. SPENCER.

Wifedome doth warne, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the step, ere forced to retrate.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st. 13.]

IDEM.

Wifedome muft judge twixt men apt to amend,
And mindes incurable, borne to offend.

[*Civil Wars*, B. vi, st. 65, 1609.]

S. D.

..... In daunger, Wifedome doth advife
In humble termes to reconcile our foes.

D. LODGE.

..... Wifedome, and the fight of heavenly things,
Shines not fo cleere as earthly vanities.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Tis fayd, a wife man all mishaps withftands ;
For though, by ftarres, wee borne to mischiefes are,
Yet prudence bailes us quite from carefull bands.

M. of M.

Fore-fight doth ftill on all advantage lie ;
Wife men muft give place to neceffitie.

[*Epistle, Charles Brandon to Q. Mary*, edit. 1599.]

M. DR.

..... A wife man poore,
Is like a facred booke that's never read ;
T' himfelfe hee lives, and to all elfe feemes dead :
This age thinkes better of a gilded foole,
Then of a thred-bare faint in Wifedomes fchoole.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Wife men let faults ore-paffe they cannot mend.

CH. MIDDLE.

Who can themfelves beware by others coft,
May bee accounted well among the wife.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. vi, st. 53.]

S. J. H.

For whatsoever starres seeme to importune,
Wifedome predominates both fate and fortune.

[*Charles Fitzgeoffrey's Life and Death of Drake*, 1596, st. 209.]

CH. FITZ-GRIFFON.

WIT.

THE Witte, the pupill of the soules cleere eye,
And in mans world the onely shining starre,
Lookes in the mirror of the phantasie,
Where all the gatherings of the senses are :
From thence this power the shapés of things abstracts,
And them within her passive part receives,
Which are inlightened by that part which acts,
And so the formes of single things perceives :
But after, by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things,
She doth all universall natures know,
And all effects into their causes brings.

[*Sir J. Davys: Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sect. 25.]

Our Witte is given Almighty God to know,
Our will is given to love him, being knowne ;
But God could not bee knowne to us below,
But by his works, which through the fence are showne.

[*Ibid.*, Sect. 29.]

I. DAVIS.

Wit is the mindes chiefe judge, which doth controule
Of fancies court the judgements false and vaine :
Will holdes the royall scepter in the soule.

And on the passions of the heart doth raigne.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, edit. 1602, Sect. 27.]

I. DAVIS.

Emulation, the proud nurse of Witte.

S. D.

..... Wit and learning are two angells wings,
By which meane men foare up to mightie things.

[*Legend of Humphrey D. of Gloucester*, 1600.] CH. MIDDLE.

Wit is with boldnesse prompt, with terror daunted,
And grace is sooner got of dames, then graunted.

[*G. Chapman's Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.] ED. SPENCER.

Some loose their Wit with love, some with ambition,
Some running to the sea great wealth to get,
Some following lords and men of high condition,
Some in fayre Jewelles, rich and costly set :
One hath desire to proove a rare magician,
Others with poetrie their Witte forget ;
Another thinkes to bee an alchymist,
Till all bee spent, and hee his number mist.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxxiv, st. 84.]

S. J. H.

For Wit is monst'rous, when the fame from vertue doth
decline.

[*Albions England*, B. ii, ch. viii, edit. 1602.]

W. WARNER.

Mans Witte doth build, for time but to devoure ;
But vertue's free from time and fortunes power.

[*Epistle, Lady J. Gray to Dudley*, 1599.]

M. DR.

The Wit not hurt, because not used more,
Growes dull, and far lesse toward then before.

[*No author named.*]

But Wits ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endlesse blisse to dwell.

[*Nosce Teipsum*, Sect. 29.]

I. DAVIS.

Best loves are lost for Wit, when men blame fortune.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Carelesse Wit is wanton bewties page.

D. LODGE.

The finest Wittes are soonest snar'd with love.

TH. ACHELLEYE.

A fetled braine is worth a world of Witte.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Wits want makes men desirous to seeme wife.

[*No author named, but Idem and ibid.*]

WOE.

WOE, all in blacke, within her hands did beare
The fatall torches of a funerall;
Her cheekes were wet, disperfed was her hayre,
Her voyce was shrill (yet lothsome therewithal).

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. E. 4 b.]

D. LODGE.

Short time seemes long in forrowes sharp sustaining ;
 Though Woe bee heavie, yet it feldome sleepes,
 And they that watch see time how flow it creepes.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 227.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

And fellowship in Woe, doth woe affwage ;
 As palmer's chat makes fhort their pilgrimage.

[*Ibid.*, st. 114.]

IDEM.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore ;
 He ten times pines, that pines behoulding food :
 To see the falve doth make the wound ake more ;
 Great grievee greeves most at that would doe it good ;
 Deepe Woes rowle forwarde like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopt, the bounding bankes ore flowes :
 Greefe dallied with nor law nor limmit knowes.

[*Ibid.*, st. 161.]

IDEM.

Distresse likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.

[*Ibid.*, st. 162.]

IDEM.

For stronger Woe we hardly long may wrest ;
 The depth of grievee with words is founded least.

[*Epistle, Lady J. Gray to Dudley*, 1599.]

M. DRA.

..... The painter,
 Who thought his colours pale, could not declare
 The speciall Woe king Agamemnon bare,
 When facrificed was his onely race,
 With bend of blacke he bound the fathers face.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON.

WORDS.

WINDIE atturnies of our clyent woes,
 Ayery fucceeders of intestate joyes,
 Poore breathing orators of miseries,
 Let them have scope ; though what it doth impart
 Helpe not at all, yet doth it ease the heart.

[*Richard III*, act iv, sc. 4.]

W. SH.

Words are the tennants of an itching toy.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Allusion of Words is no sure ground
 For one thereon a steddie worke to found ;
 One word of woe another after traineth.

S. PH. SYDNEY.

Few Words, quoth he, shall fit the trespasse best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 233.]

W. SH.

Deepe founds make lesser noyfe then shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbes, being blown with wind of words.

[*Ibid.*, st. 191.]

IDEM.

Words are but winde, why cost they then so much ?
 The giltie kicke, when they too smartly touch.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings*, in *M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 429.] IDEM.

Forth irreturnable flieth the spoken Word,
 Bec it in scoffe, in earnest, or in bourd,

Without returne, and unreceived it hangs,
 And at the takers mercie, or rigor, stands ;
 Which if hee fowrely wrest, with wrathfull cheare,
 The shivering Word turnes to the speakers feare :
 If friendly courtesie doe the word expound,
 To th' speakers comfort quickly it doth redound.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings, in M. for M., 1610, p. 421.*] W. SH.

Smoothe Words dissolve hard stones, faire words inforce
 Pittie in flintie hearts.

[*Legend of Humphrey D. of Gloucester, 1600*] CH. MIDDLE.

Through the world, if it were fought,
 Faire words enow a man shall finde ;
 They bee good cheape, they cost right nought,
 Their substance is but onely winde :
 But well to say, and so to meane,
 That sweete accord is feldome seene.

[*Poems, in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557.*] S. TH. W.

And Words, well plac't, move things were never thought.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sense, 1595*] G. CHAPMAN.

Even as the vapour, which the fire repelles,
 Turnes not to earth, but in mid ayre dwelles ;
 Where while it hangeth, if Boreas frostie flawes
 With rigor rattle it, not to raine it thawes,
 But thunder, lightnings, ratling hayle, or snow,
 Sends downe to earth, whence first it rose below ;
 But if faire Phœbus, with his countenance sweete,
 Refolve it, downe the dew, or manna fleete :
 (The manna dew, that in the Esterne lands

Excell'th the labour of the bees small hands ;)
 Elfe for her Memnon, gray Auroraes teares,
 On the earth it stilleth, the partner of her feares,
 Or fendeth sweet flowres to glad their mother Earth,
 Whence first they tooke their first inconstant birth.
 To so great greefes ill taken Words do grow,
 Of Words well taken such delights do flow.

[*Legend of Lord Hastings*, edit. 1610, p. 430.]

M. of M.

For men do foulest, when they finest speake.

[*Musophilus to Fulke Greville*, 1599.]

S. DANIELL.

They wash a Moore, they strive to drie the seas,
 And plaine proude Atlas, that intend to please
 By filthy Woords, by rayling and detraction,
 Proper to Momus, and his hatefull faction ;
 For when they thinke they have deserved most,
 Alas ! fayth wisedome, all this toyle is lost.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Epist. 5]

D. LODGE.

Few Words, well coucht, doe most content the wife.

[*Menaphon, or Arcadia*, 1589.]

R. GREENE.

Rash Words flow from an unadvised mind.

[*No author named.*]

Who once hath past the boundes of honestie
 In earnest deedes, may passe it well in Words.

[*Tragedy of Jocasta*, act ii, sc. 1]

G. G.

I have care to whom, of whom, and what to speake, though
 speech be true ;

That misse made Phœbus contrarie his ravens swan-like hue.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, ch. xxi.]

W. W.

If so the crow would feast him without prate,
More meate hee should receive, lesse brawle and hate.
A foole hee is, that comes to preach and prate,
When men with swords their right and wrong debate.

[*No author named.*]

..... Words, well disposed,
Have secret power t' appease inflamed rage.

ED. SP.

WOMEN.

..... WOMEN bee
Framde with the same parts of the mind as we ;
Nay, nature triumpht in their beauties birth,
And Women made the glorie of the earth :
The life of bewtie, in whose supple breasts,
And in her fairest lodging, vertue rests ;
Whose towring thoughts, attended with remorse,
Do make their fairnesse be of greater force.

I. WEEVER.

What art so deepe, what science is so hie,
Unto the which Women have not attain'd ?
Who list in stories old to looke, may trie
And find my speech herein not false nor fain'd ;
And though of late they seeme not to come nie
The praise their sex in former times have gain'd,

Doubtleffe the fault is either in back-biters,
Or want of skill and judgement in their writers.

[*Harington's Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xx, st. 2.] I. WEEVER.

Among the many rare and speciall gifts,
That in the female sexe are found to fitte,
This one is chiefe, that they, at reapest shifts,
Give best advise, and shew most readie witte ;
But man, except he thinks, and chews, and sifts,
How everie part may aunfwere tother fit,
By rash advise doth often over-shoote him,
And doth attempt the things that doe not boote him.

[*Ibid.*, B. xxvii, st. 1.]

IDEM.

Those vertues, that in Women merit prayfe,
Are sober shoves without, chaste thoughts within,
True fayth, and due obedience to their make,
And of their children honest care to take.

[*Ibid.*, B. vii, st. 63.]

S. J. H.

Let woolves and beares be cruel in their kinds,
But Women meeke, and have relenting mindes.

[*Legend of Matilda*, 1596, st. 53.]

M. DRAYTON.

Our owne intemprature doth work in us our owne unrest,
And beautie, love, and women fault, but as fault becomings
best.

[*Albions England*, B. vi, ch. xxxi.]

W. W.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will.

The weake opprest, th' impressiion of strange kindes
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraude, or skill :
 Then, call not them the authors of their ill,
 No more then waxe shall bee accounted evill,
 Wherein is stamp't the semblance of a divell.
 Their smoothenesse, like a goodly champaine plaine,
 Laies open all the little wormes that creepe ;
 In men, as in a rough growen grove, remaine
 Cave-keeping evilles that obscurely sleepe :
 Through cristall walles each little mote will peepe.
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor Womens faces are their owne faults bookes.
 No man invey against the withered flower,
 But chide rough winter, that the flower hath kild :
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is woorthie blame : O ! let it not be hild
 Poore Womens faults, that they are so fulfil'd
 With mens abuses ; those proude lords, to blame,
 Make weake-made Women tenants to their shame.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 179.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Bee not therefore so proude and full of scorne,
 O Woman-kind ! that men come of your feede ;
 The fragrant rose growth on the pricking thorne,
 The lillie fayre comes of a filthie weede ;
 In loathsome foyle men sow the wholesome corne,
 The basest mould the fairest flower doth breede :
 Ungratefull, false, craftie you are, and cruell,
 Borne of our burning hell to be the fuell.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxvii, st. 98.]

S. J. H.

Bafe bullion for the ftampe fake wee allow ;
Even fo for mens impreffion doe wee you,
By which alone, our reverend fathers fay,
Women receive perfection everie way.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOW.

Their vertues mount like billowes to the fkyes,
And vanifh ftraight out of the gazers eyes ;
Hate and difdaine is painted in theyr eyes,
Deceit and treafon in their bofome lies.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Women were made for this intent—to put us unto paine ;
Yet fure I thinke they are a pleafure to the mind,
A joy which man can never want, as nature hath affign'd.

[*W. Warner's Albions England*.]

IDEM.

Extreamly mad the man I furely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard restraint to ftay
A Womans will, which is dispos'd to goe aftray.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. ix, ft. 6.]

ED. SPENCER.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot fhunne ;
For who wots not that Womans subtilties
Can guilen Argus ? when fhe list mifdoone,
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walles, nor many wakefull fpyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feete ;
But faft good will, with gentle curtefies,
And timely fervice to her pleafures meete,
May her perhaps containe, that elfe would algates fleete.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. ix, ft. 7.]

IDEM.

Such is the crueltie of Women-kind,
 When they have shaken off the shame-fac't band,
 With which wise nature did them strongly bind,
 T' obey the hefts of mans wel-ruling hand,
 That then all rule and reason they withstand,
 To purchase a licentious libertie :
 But vertuous women wisely understand,
 That they were borne to base humilitie,
 Unlesse the heavene them lift to lawfull foveraintie.

[*Spencer's Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. v, st. 25.] S. PH. SYDNEY.

Why, what be Women? Women, geld the latter sillable,
 Then are they nothing more then woe, their names remaine
 doth tell.

[*Albions England*, B. vi, ch. xxxi.] W. W.

Take away weakenesse, and take Women too.

S. D.

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 3.] W. SH.

They melt with words, as waxe against the funne :
 So weake is many Womens modestie,
 That what somtimes they most would seeme to sheeld,
 Another time unaskte, poore soules ! they yeeld.

[*History of Heaven*, 1596.] CH. MIDDLETON.

..... A Woman

Loves to be woed of a man : thou knowst well, Thirfis, a
 Woman

Runs, and yet so runs, as though she desir'd to be ore run ;
 Saies no, no ; yet so, as no no seemes to be no, no ;

Strives, and yet so strives, as though she desir'd to be
vanquish't.

Woman's like to a shade, that flies, yet lies by the subject ;
Like to a bee, that never strives, if sting be remooved.

[*Lady Pembroke's Ivychurch*, 1591, act ii, sc. 2.] A. FRAUNCE.

In Womens mouthes no is no negative.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581).] I. W.

Their yea or no, when as they sweare they love, or love us
most,

Beleeve who list ; soone be they got, as sodainely are lost.

W. W.

A Womans love is river-like, which, stopt, will overflow,
But when the current finds no let, it often falles too low.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, ch. lxi.] IDEM.

Varietie of men to court a Woman is her pride,
Than which their vanity of men is nothing lesse espide.

What are us but common hurts,
Those common hopes they give ;
If then their love doth die to us,
When ours to them doth live.

[*Ibid.*, B. xi, lxxv.] IDEM.

..... Women never
Love beautie in their sexe, but envie ever.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 5.] G. CHAPMAN.

And there can bee a greater clogge to no man,
Then to be wearie of a wanton Woman

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xx, st. 19.] S. J. H.

..... What more spight can be a Woman told,
Then one should say, she looketh foule and old.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xx, st. 81.]

S. J. H.

..... Bee shee base or hie,
A Womans eye doth guide her wit, and not her wit her eye.

[*Albions England*, edit 1602, B. i, ch. ix.]

W. W.

Women are most wonne, when men merit leaft :
If merit looke not well, love bids stand by,
Loves special leffon is to please the eye.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 5.]

G. CH.

He water plowes, and foweth in the fand,
And hopes the flickering wind with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes layd upon Womans hand.

[*Arcadia*, edit. 1598, p. 225.]

S. P. S.

..... Women by kind are mutable ever,
Soone hot, and foone cold ; like and mislike in a moment,
Change as a weather-cocke, and all as light as a fether.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Iwychurch*, 1591.]

A. FR.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile ;
They will, they will not : fooles, that on them trust !
For in their speech is death, hell in their smile.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. xix, st. 84.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

One Woman with another may do much.

TH. ACH.

Like untun'd golden strings all Women are,
Which long time lie untoucht, will harshly jarre.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOW.

Discurteous Women, natures fairest ill,
 The woe of man, the first created curfe,
 Base female sexe, sprung from black Atès loynes,
 Proude, disdainefull, cruell, and unjust ;
 Whose words are shaded with inchaunting wiles,
 Worfe than Medusa, mateth all our mindes,
 And in their hearts fits shamelesse trecherie,
 Turning a truthlesse vile circumference.
 O! could my fury paint their furies forth ;
 For hell's no hell compared to their hearts,
 Too simple divelles, to conceale their arts :
 Borne to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,
 Brought for eternall pestilence to the worlde.

[*History of Orlando Furioso*, 1594.]

R. GREENE.

With Women is too usual now, theirs and themselves to sel,
 For jointures, by indenture with imperious men to dwel,
 And hee doth her, and she doth him, with his and hers
 upbraid.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, c. lxv.]

W. W.

Women are kind by kind, and coy for fashion.

[*Diana* (1594), Dec. viii, son. 1.]

H. C.

OF WRATH.

AND him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
 Upon a lyon, loth for to bee led ;
 And in his hand a burning brand hee had,
 The which hee brandisheth about his head ;
 His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fierie redde,

And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming dead,
 And on his dagger still his hand hee held,
 Trembling through hastie rage when choller in him sweld.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 33.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Boyling Wrath, sterne, cruell, swift, and rash,
 That like a boare her teeth doth grinde and gnash,
 Whose hayre dooth stare like bristled porcupine,
 Who sometimes rowles her gastly glowing eyene,
 And sometimes fixly on the ground doth glaunce,
 Now bleake, then bloudy in her countenance ;
 Raving and rayling with a hideous sound,
 Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground,
 Bearing Bocconi, fire and sword, to slay
 And murder all that for her pittie pray ;
 Banning her selfe, to bane her enemye,
 Disdaining death, provided others die,
 Like falling towres, o're-turned by the wind,
 That breake themselves on that they undergrinde.

J. SYLVESTER.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath :
 Abhorred bloud-shed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murther, and unthriftie scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancors rustie knife,
 And fretting greefe, the enemye of life ;
 All these, and many evilles more, haunt ire,
 The swelling spleene, and frenzie raging rife,
 The shaking palsie, and Saint Fraunces fire.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

When men, with Wrath, and sudden pangs of ire,
Suffer themselves to bee o're-whelm'd and drown'd ;
And hot revenge, that burnes like flaming fire,
Mooves hearts to hurt, or tongs or hands to wound ;
Though after to amend it they desire,
Yet place of pardon feldome can be found.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxx, st. 1.]

S. J. H.

What iron band, or what sharpe hard mouth'd bitte,
What chaine of diamond (if such might bee)
Can bridle Wrathfulnesse, and conquer it,
And keepe him in his bonds and due degree ?

[*Ibid.*, B. xlii, st. 1.]

IDEM.

..... Hastie Wrath and heedlesse hazardie
Doe breede repentance, and lasting infamie.

ED. SPENCER.

Poore fillie lambes the lion never teares,
The feeble moute may lie among the beares ;
But Wrath of man, his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reason, ruth, and vertue quite.

[*Legend of Lord Clifford*, edit. 1610, p. 365.]

M. of M.

..... Mad man that doth seeke
Occasion to Wrath, and cause of strife :
She comes unfought, and shunned followes eke.
Happy ! who can abstaine, when rancor rife
Kindles revenge, and threatens his rustie knife :
Woe never wants where every cause is caught,
And rash occasion makes unquiet life.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iv, st. 44.]

ED. SPENCER.

Be not moody in thy Wrath, but pawze ere fift be bent ;
Oft Phillips sonne did rashly strike, and sodenly repent.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

Achilles, when with counterfainted crest
He saw Patroclus bleeding all the way,
To kill his killer was not satisfied,
Except he hald and tare him all beside.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlii, st. 2.]

S. J. H.

If fortune helpe whome thou wouldst hurt,
Fret not at it the more ;
When Ajax stormed, then from him
The prize Uliffes bore.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, c. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

Rage, wanne and pale, upon a tygre fat,
Gnawing upon the bones of mangled men ;
Nought can he view but he repines thereat ;
His locks were snakes, bred forth in Stigian den.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. C 4]

T. LODGE.

WORLD.

THE antique World, in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creators grace,
But with glad thanks and unreprieved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bountie did embrace ;
Like angelles life was then mans happie case :
But later ages, pride, like corne-fed steede,

Abufde her plentie and fatswoln increafe
To all licentious luft, and gan exceede
The meafure of her meane, and naturall firft neede.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 16.]

ED. SPENCER.

When arked Noah, and feven with him, the emptied Worlds
remaine,

Had left the instrumentall meane of landing them again ;
And that both man and beaft and all did multiply with ftore,
To Asia Sem, to Affrick Cham, to Europe Japheth bore
Their families : thus triple wife the World divided was.

[*Ulbions England*, edit. 1602, B. i, c. 1.]

W. W.

I take this World to bee but as a ftage,
Where net-maft men do play their perfonages.
Tis but a murmur and a pleafant fhew,
Syth over all ftange vanities do flow.

J. SYLVESTER.

The World, to the circumference of heaven,
Is as a fmall poynt in geometrie,
Whofe greatneffe is fo little, that a leffe
Cannot bee made.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

So was the firft World bleffed with heavenly favours,
And the laft curft with painefull hellifh labours.

[*History of Heaven*, 1596.]

CH. MIDDLE.

O vaine Worlds glorie, and unftedfaft ftate
Of all that lives on face of finfull earth !
Which from their firft untill their utmoft date,
Tafte no one howre of happineffe or mirth :

But, like as is the ingate of their birth,
 They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe,
 So wayling backe goe to their carefull tombe.

[*Ruins of Time*. Complaints, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

Ah! wretched World, the den of wickednesse,
 Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie :
 Ah! wretched World, the house of heavinesse,
 Fild with the wreakes of mortall miserie :
 Ah! wretched World and all that is therein,
 The vassals of Gods wrath, and flaves to sinne.

[*Tears of the Muses*, 1591. Melpomene.]

IDEM.

..... O Worlds inconstancie !
 That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
 And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

[*Ruins of Rome*, 1591, son. 3.]

IDEM

Must not the World wend in his common course,
 From good to bad, and from bad to wourse,
 From worse unto that is worst of all,
 And then returne to his former fall ?
 Who will not suffer the stormie time,
 Where will hee live till the lustie prime ?

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579. February.]

IDEM.

This golden age to yron doth decline,
 As summer unto winter must resigne.

D. LODGE.

The first and riper World of men and skill
 Yeelds to our latter time for three inventions ;

Myraculouſly wee write, wee fayle, wee kill,
 As neither auncient ſcrowle nor ſtorie mentions.
Printe. The firſt hath opened learnings old concealed,
 And obſcurde arts reſtored to the light :
Loadſtone. The ſecond hidden countries hath revealed,
 And ſent Chriſts goſpel to each living wight.
 Theſe we commend, but oh ! what needeth more ?
Gunn. To teach death more ſkill then he had before.

[*Chreſtoleros*, 1598, B. iv, epigr. 33.]

TH. BASTARD.

Take moyſture from the ſea, take colour from his kind,
 Before the World devoyd of change thou finde.
 All that in this World is great or gay
 Doth, as a vapour, vaniſh and decay.

ED. SPENCER.

This is the reſt the vaine World lendes—
 To end in death, that all things ends.

[*Cleopatra*, 1594]

S. DANIELL.

All men are willing with the World to hault,
 But no man takes delight to know his fault.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595, Sat. 1.]

D. LODGE.

A die, a drab, and filthie broking knaves,
 Are the Worlds wide mouthes, al-devouring graves.

[*Scourge of Villanie*, 1598.]

I. MARSTON.

Nothing doth the World ſo full of miſchiefe fill,
 But want of feeling one-anothers ill.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Senſe*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

... Not by that which is the World now deemeth,
(As it was woont) but by that fame that seemeth.

ED. SPENCER.

There never shall bee any age so cleere,
But in her smoothe face shall some faults appeare.

TH. MIDDLE.

The World must end : for men are so accurst,
Unlesse God end it sooner, they will first.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, B. iv, epigr. 7.]

TH. BASTARD.

YOUTH.

FOR Youth is a bubble blowen up with a breath,
Whose wit is weaknes, and whose wage is death ;
Whose way is wildernes, and whose inne penance,
And stoopegallant age, the hoast of greivance.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579. February.]

ED. SPENCER.

If crooked age accounteth Youth his spring,
The spring the fayrest season of the yeere,
Enricht with flowers and sweetes and many a thing
That fayre and gorgeous to the eyes appeare,
It fits that Youth the spring of man should bee,
Rich with such flowers as vertue yeeldeth thee.

[*Perimedes, the Black-Smith*, 1588.]

R. GREENE.

For noble Youth there is no thing so meete
As learning is, to know the good from ill,
To know the tongues, and perfectly endite.

And of the lawes to have a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and justice will ;
For honour is ordained for no cause,
But to see right maintained by the lawes.

[*Cavil's Legend of Michael Joseph*, 1610, p. 468.] *M. of M.*

The Youth of princes have no boundes for sinne,
Unlesse themselves doe make them boundes within.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 17.] S. DANIELL.

Most true it is, as vessels of first licours ever taste,
Love seasoned so with sweetnes of Youth, the same dooth
ever last.

[*Albions England*, B. xi, ch. lxiii.] W. WARNER.

For as the vessell ever beares a taste
Of that same juice wherewith it first was filed ;
And as in fruitfull ground the feede growes fast,
That first is sown after the same is tilled ;
So looke what lore in youthfull yeeres is plapt,
By that they grow the worse or better willed,
When as they come to manly age and stature ;
Sith education is another nature.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xiii, st. 56.] S. J. H.

The tunne retaineth long the taste and sent
Of that pure licour which at first it hent ;
And what impreffions we in youth retaine,
In age our reason hardly will restraine.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Sat. 3.] D. LODGE.

For what by vaine example Youth conceives,
The fame, for lawfull, daily he receives.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Sat 3.]

D. LODGE.

Age is deformed, Youth unkind ;
Wee scorne their bodyes, they our minde.

[*Chrestoleros*, 1598, B. vii, epig. 9.]

TH. BASTARD.

The Youth are foolish hardy, or lesse hardy then they ought,
Effeminate, fantafticke ; in few, not few are nought.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, c. 22.]

W. WARNER.

..... Forward sinne, in raines of foolish rage,
Leaves heedlesse Youth inchained his captive page.

D. LODGE.

..... Youth doth deserve by might,
But old age by good counsell and fore-fight.

[*Fig for Momus*, 1595. Eclogue 4.]

IDEM.

..... Youth may love, and yong men may admire ;
If old age cannot, yet it will desire.

I. WEEVER.

Ingrained habits, died with often dips,
Are not so soone discoloured ; yong flippes,
New fet, are easily mov'd and pluckt away,
But elder rootes clippe faster in the clay.

[*Scourge of Villany*, 1598.]

I. MARSTON.

The plow-man first his land doth dresse and turne,
And makes it apt, or ere the feede he sow ;
Whereby hee is full like to reape good corne,
Where, otherwife, no feede but weed would grow :

By which example, men may easly know,
When youth have wealth, before they can well use it,
It is no woonder though they doe abuse it.

[*Cavil's Legend of Michael Joseph*, 1610, p. 467.] *M. of M.*

Reform thee even to day; unapt to day, leffe apt to morrow :
Youth aptly offers vertues such as yeares unaptly borrow.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. v, ch. xxvi.] *W. W.*

Looke what wee have, when youth is most in prime,
That shall wee want in age, by course of time.

[*Chippes*, Part I, 1575.] *T. CHURCHYARD.*

THE DIVISION OF THE DAY NATURALL.

Mediæ noctis inclinatio.

NIGHT was farre spent; and now, in ocean deepe,
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ii, st. 46.] *ED. SP.*

By this th' eternall lamps, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent;
And the moyft daughters of huge Atlas, strove
Into th' ocean deep to drive their wearie drove.

IDEM.

..... The gentle humourous Night
Implies her middle course, and the sharpe east

Breathes on my spirit with his fierie steedes.

G. CHAPMAN.

The filent Night, that long had sojourned,
Now gan to cast her fable mantle off;
And now the sleepe waine-man softly drove
His slow-pac't teeme, that long had travailed.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act iii.]

THO. KYD.

Gallicinium.

By this, the northerne wagoner had fet
His sevenfold teeme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring are :
And cheereful Chauntecleere, with his note shrill,
Had warned once, that Phebus fierie carre
In haste was climing up the Esterne hill;
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ii, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

What time the native bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bel t' each sleepey wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call.

[*Ibid.*, B. v. c. vi, st. 27.]

IDEM.

The cheerefull Cocke, the sad nights trumpeter,
Wayting upon the rising of the funne,
Doth sing to see how Cynthia shrinks her horne.
While Clitia takes her progresse to the east,

Where wringing wet, with drops of silver dew,
 Her wonted tears of love she doth renew.
 The wandering swallow, with her broken song,
 The country wench unto her worke awakes ;
 Whilst Cytherea, sighing, walks to seeke
 Her murdered love, transformed to a rose ;
 Whom, though she see, to crophe she kindly feares,
 But, kissing, sighes, and dewes him with her teares.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act iii.]

THO. KYD.

Now ere the purple dawning yet did spring,
 The joyfull larke began to stretch her wing ;
 And now the Cocke, the mornings trumpeter,
 Plaid hunts up for the day-starre to appeare :
 Downe slideth Phebe from her cristall chayre,
 S'daigning to lend her light unto the ayre.

[*Endymion and Phœbe*, Sig. D.]

M. DRAYTON.

Diliculum.

At last fayre Hesperus in higheft skie
 Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light.

ED. SPENCER.

The night growen old, her blacke head waxen gray,
 Sure shepheards signe that morn should soon fetch day.

[*Arcadia*, edit. fo. 1598, p. 387.]

S. PH. SYDNEY.

It was the time when, gainst the breaking day,
 Rebellious night yet strove and still repined ;
 For in the east appeares the morning gray,
 And yet some lampes in Joves high pallace shined.

ED. FAIRFAX.

By this, Apolloes golden harpe beganne
 To found forth musicke to the ocean ;
 Which watchfull Hesperus no sooner heard,
 But hee the day bright-bearing carre prepar'd,
 And ranne before, as harbenger of light,
 And with his flaring beames mockt ugly night.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOW.

..... Lycaons sonne,
 The hardy plough-fwaine unto mightie Jove,
 Hath trac'd his silver furrowes in the heaven ;
 And turning home his over-watched teeme,
 Gives leave unto Apolloes chariot.

R. GREENE.

Nights candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the mistie mountaine tops.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act iii, sc. 5.]

W. SH.

Loe ! here the gentle larke, wearie of rest,
 From his moyft cabynet mounts up on hie,
 And wakes the morning ; from whose silver breast
 The funne arifeth in his majestie ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hilles seem burnisht gold.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 143.]

IDEM.

Manc.

The joyous day gan earlie to appeare,
 And sayre Aurora, fro the dewy bed
 Of aged Tithon, gan her selfe to reare

Wiith rofie cheekes, for shame as blushing red.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. xi, st. 51.]

ED. SPENCER.

Now when the rofie-fingred Morning fayre,
Wearie of aged Tithons saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewie ayre,
And the high hilles Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowfie-hed.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. ii, st. 7.]

IDEM.

And solemn night with flow sad gait descended
To ugly hell ; when, loe ! the blushing Morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light will borrow.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 156.]

W. SH.

Soone as the Morrow faire with purple beames,
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And Titan, playing on the easterne streames,
Gan cleare the dewie ayre with springing light.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iii, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

The dewie rofeat Morne had, with her hayres,
In fundrie forts the Indian clime adorne ;
And now, her eyes, apparelled in teares,
The losse of lovely Memnon long had mornde.

D. LODGE.

The gaudie Morne out of her golden sleepe
Awakte, and little birdes uncagde gan sing,
To welcome home the bride-groome of the sea.

[*The Honour of the Garter*, 1593.]

G. PEELE.

The gray-eyde Morne smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the easterne cloudes with streaks of light ;
 And flected darknesse, like a drunkard, reeles
 From forth dayes path, and Titans fiery wheels.

[*Romeo and Juliet*, act ii, sc. 3.]

W. SH

Now had the Morne espide her lovers steedes,
 Whereat shee starts, puts on her purple weedes,
 And red for anger that hee stayd so long,
 All headlong throwes her selfe the cloudes among.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 2.]

CH. MARLOW.

As soone as Morning her shining haire from the mountains
 Had shewen forth, and driven all star-light quite from the
 heavens.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Ivychurch*, 1591.]

A. FRAUNCE.

Faire Aurora betimes, by the daies-break, rose from her
 husband,
 Husband, old and cold ; and drave black clouds from
 Olympus,
 Making way to the sun, taking her way to the younker,
 Brave yonker Cephalus, whom faire Aurora desired.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Now was the time, when as Aurora faire
 Began to shew the world her golden head,
 And looke abroad to take the coole fresh ayre,
 Jealous Tithon lying still in bedde.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xi, st. 27.]

S. J. H.

The fable night dislodgd ; and now beganne
 Auroraes usher, with a windie fanne,

Sweetely to fhake the woods on everie fide,
 The whilst his miftrefse (like a ftately bride)
 With flowers, rich gemmes, and Indian gold doth fpangle
 Her lovely locks, her lovers looks to tangle ;
 When, paffing through the aire (in mantle blue,
 With filver fring'd) ſhe drops the pearlie dew :
 With her goes Abram out.

[*Sacrifice of Isaac*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER.

The roſie fingred Morne, with gladſome ray,
 Roſe to her tafke from old Tithonus lap.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. xv, st. 1.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

The night beginnes bee angrie, when ſhee fees
 She can diſtill no ſleepe in lovers eyes,
 Toffing her ſelfe among the cloudes, now hath
 Sent the red Morne as harauld of her wrath,
 Whoſe lover, Phebus, riſing from his bed,
 With dewie mantle hath the world o're-ſpread,
 Shaking his treſſes over Neptunes ebbe ;
 And giving tincture to the ſpiders webbe,
 Theſe fayre nimphs roſe, ſeeing the light did call.

I. WEEVER.

Aurora bright, her criſtall gates unbarr'd,
 And, bridegroome like, forth ſtept the glorious funne.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. i, st. 71.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

The dewie treſſed Morning, newly wake,
 With golden tinſell ſcarſe had crownd her brows.
 Riding in triumph on the ocean lake,

Embellishing the hony-fringed bowes.

[*Legend of Robert of Normandy*, 1596, st. 2.]

M. DRAYTON.

The purple Morning left her crimfen bed,
And dond her robes of pure vermillion hue;
Her amber locks shee crown'd with rofes red,
In Edens flowry gardens gathered new.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. iii, st. 1.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Solis Ortus.

At laft the golden Orientall-gate
Of greateft heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus, frefh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, fhaking his dewie haire,
And hurles his gliftering beames through gloomie ayre.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. v, st. 2.]

ED. SPENCER.

The fierie funne was mounted now on hight,
Up to the heavenly towres, and fhut each where
Out of his golden chariot gliftering light;
And fayre Aurora, with her rofie hayre,
The hatefull darkneffe now had put to flight.

[*Virgil's Gnat*, 1591.]

IDEM.

The golden funne rofe from the filver wave,
And with his beames enameld everie grene.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. i, st. 35.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

The fnoing snout of reftleffe Phlegon blew
Hot on the Indes, which did the day renew
With fcarlet flie.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HUDSON.

Meridies.

Hyperion, throwing forth his beames full hot,
Into the higheft toppe of heaven gan clime,
And the world parting by an equall lot,
Did fhed his whirling flames on either fide,
As the great ocean doth himfelfe divide.

[*Virgil's Gnat*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

For when the Sunne, towred in heavens head,
Downe from the filver mountaine of the fkie
Bent his bright chariot on the glaffe bed,
Fayre cristall gilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing fome ufurpation in his fted,
Or leaft his love fhould too long dalliance fpie
Tweene him and Virgo, whose attractive face
Had newly made him leave the Lions chace,
In that fame middayes hower, &c.

[*Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

For golden Phœbus now, that mounted hie
From fierie wheelles of his fayre chariot,
Hurled his beame fo fcorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ii, st. 29.]

ED. SPENCER.

In higheft way of heaven the Sunne did ryde,
Progreffing then from fayre Twins golden place,
Having no mafke of cloudes before his face,
But ftreaming forth of heate in his cheef pride.

[*Asirophel and Stella*, fo. 1598, son. 22.]

S. PHIL SYDNEY.

Solis Occasus.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe
 His fierie face in billowes of the west,
 And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
 Whilft from their journall labours they doe rest.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. xi, st. 31.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... Loe! the great Automedon of day
 In Isis streame his golden locks doth steepe,
 Sad Even her dusky mantle doth display;
 Light flying fowls, the posts of night, doe sport them,
 And cheerefull looking Phœbe doth comfort them.

D. LODGE.

By that the welked Phœbus gan availe
 His wearie waine, and now the frostie night
 Her mantle blacke through heaven gan overhaile.

[*Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579. January.]

ED. SPENCER.

Such love as Phœbus, from the coloured skie,
 Did headlong drive his horses toward the west,
 To suffer horned Luna for to pry
 Amidst the dusky darke.

D. LODGE.

When as the Sun haies towards the westerne flade,
 And the tree shadowes three times greater made.

[*Epistle, Rosamond to Henry II.*, edit. 1599.]

M. DR.

And now the Sunne was past his middle way,
 Leaning more lovely to his lemmons bed,

And the Moones third howre had attacht the day.

[*Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

By this the Sunne had spread his golden locks
Upon the pale greene carpet of the sea,
And opened wide the scarlet doore, which locks
The easfull evening of the labouring day ;
Now Night beganne to leape from yron rocks,
And whipp her rustie waggon through the way.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

The blushing Sunne plucks in his smiling beames,
Making his steedes to mend their woonted pace,
Till plunging downe into the ocean-streames,
There in the froathie waves hee hides his face,
Then raines them in more then his usuall space,
And leaves foule darknesse to possesse the skie,
A time most fit for foulest tragedie.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596: B. vi, st. 49, edit. 1603.]

M. D.

Now the Sunne is mounted up on hie,
And pawfeth in the midst of all the skie ;
His fierie face upon the earth doth beate,
And bakes it with intollerable heate.

I. AUTHORIS.

Vesper.

..... Now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted hie in toppe of heaven sheene,
And warnd his other brethren joyous,
To light their bleffed lamps in Joves eternall house.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. iv, st. 51.]

ED. SPENCER.

By this the night, forth from the darksome bower
 Of Erebus her teemed steedes gan call ;
 And lazie Vesper, in his timely howre,
 From golden Oeta gan proceede withall.

[*Edm. Spenser: Virgils Gnat*, 1591.]

R. GREENE.

About the time when Vesper in the west
 Gan fet the evening watch ; and silent Night,
 Richly attended by his twinckling traine,
 Sent sleepe and flumber to possesse the world,
 And fantasie to hawzen idle heades ;
 Under the starry canopie of heaven
 I layd me downe, laden with many cares.

[*The Honour of the Garter*, 1593.]

G. PEELE.

Look, the worlds comforter, with wearie gate,
 His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west ;
 The owle, nights harauld, shreekes, tis verie late ;
 The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
 The cole-blacke cloudes, that shadow heavens light,
 Do summon us to parte, and bid good night.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 89.]

W. SH.

Noctis initium.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
 With pearlie dew, and th' earths gloomie shade
 Did dimme the brightnesse of the welkin round,
 That everie bird and beaft awarned, made
 To shrowde themselves, while sleep their senses did invade.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. x, st. 46.]

ED. SPENCER.

The filent shadowes, with their mother vaile,
The bright lampe of heaven from Thetis hid,
Apolloes sifter, in her starry rayle,
Along her lower sphere in triumpe led.

D. LODGE.

When Cynthia, companion of the night,
With shining brand lightening his eben carre,
Whose axeltree was jet, enchaft with starres,
And rooffe with shining ravens feathers cealed,
Piercing mine eye lids, as I lay along,
Awaked me through.

[*The Honour of the Garter*, 1593.]

G. PEELE.

Thus, whiles dumb signs their yeelding hearts entangled,
The aire with sparks of living fire was spangled ;
And Night, deepe drencht in mistie Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and halfe the world upon
Breath'd darknes forth : darke night is Cupids daie.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. I.]

CH. MARLOW.

..... From deepe of regions underneath
Nights vaile arofe, and funnes bright luster chace.

ED. FAIRFAX.

Invested in her starrie vale, the Night
In her kind armes embraced all this round ;
The silver moone, from sea uprising bright,
Spred frostie pearle upon the canded ground.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. vi, st. 103.]

IDEM.

Now blacke-browde Night, plaft in her chaire of jet,
Sat wrapt in cloudes within her cabinet,

And with her dufkie mantle over-fspread
 The path the funnie palfraies ufde to tread ;
 And Cynthia, fitting in her cristall chayre,
 In all her pompe now rid along her fphere :
 The honyed dew defcended in foft showres,
 Drizled in pearle upon the tender flowers,
 And Zephire hufht, and, with a whifpering gale,
 Seemed to harken to the nightingale,
 Which in the thornie brakes, with her sweet fong,
 Unto the filent Night bewrayde her wrong.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594) Sig. C 3 b.]

M. DRA.

Noctis concubium.

Now was the heavenly vault deprived of the light
 With funnes depart ; and now the darknes of the Night
 Did light thofe beamy ftars which greater lite did dark :
 Now each thing that injoy'd that fierie quickning fpark
 (Which life is cald) were movd their fpirits to repofe,
 And wanting ufe of eyes, their eyes began to clofe :
 A filence fweete, each where, with one confent imbraft,
 (A muficke fweete to one in carefull mufing plaft) :
 And mother earth, now clad in mourning weed, did breathe
 A dull defire to kiffe the image of our death.

[*Arcadia*, 4to, 1590, 272 b ; fo. 1598, p. 260.] S. PH. SYDNEY.

It was the time when reft, foft fliding downe
 From heavens height into mens heavie eyes,
 In the forgetfulneffe of fleepe doth drowne
 The carefull thoughts of mortall miferies.

[*Visions of Bellay*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... The funne alreadie fanke
 Beyond our world, and ere I got my boothē,
 Each thing with mantle black the night doth sooth,
 Saving the glow-worm, which would courteous be
 Of that small light oft watching shepheards see.
 The welkin had full niggardly inclosed,
 In coffer of dimme cloudes his silver groates,
 Iclepēd starres ; each thing to rest disposed.
 The caves were full, the mountaines voyde of goates,
 The birds eyes clofde, clofed their chirping notes :
 As for the nightingale, woods musickes king,
 It Auguft was ; hee daind not then to fing.

[*Arcadia*, 4to, 1590, p. 90 ; fo. 1598, p. 384.] S. PH. SYDNEY.

..... Now the fable fhade,
 Iclepēd Night, had thicke enveloped
 The funne in vaile of double darknes made :
 Sleepe eafed care, rest brought complaint to bed.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. iii, st. 71.] ED. FAIRFAX.

Now from the fresh, the soft, and tender bed
 Of her still mother, gentle Night out flew :
 The fleeting balme on hilles and dales shee shed,
 With honey drops of pure and precious dew ;
 And on the verdure of greene forrests spred
 The virgin prime-rose, and the violet blew,
 And sweete-breath'd Zephire, on his spreading wings,
 Sleepe, ease, repose, rest, peace, and quiet brings.
 The thoughts and troubles of broad-waking day
 They softly dip in milde oblivions lake.

[*Ibid.*, B. xiv, st. 1.]

IDEM.

Intempesta Nox.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie,
 Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iii, st. 16.]

ED. SPENCER.

Midnight was come, when everie vitall thing
 With sweete found sleepe their wearie limbs did rest ;
 The beafts were still, the little birds that sing
 Now sweetely slept besides their mothers brest ;
 The old and all were shrowded in their nest,
 The waters calme, the cruell seas did cease,
 The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.
 The golden starres were whirled amid theyr race,
 And on the earth did laugh with twinckling light,
 When each thing nestled in his resting-place,
 Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the night :
 The hare had not the greedie hounds in sight,
 The fearefull deare of death stood not in doubt,
 The partrich dreamd not of the falcons foot,
 The ugly beare now minded not the stake,
 Nor how the cruell mastiffes doe him teare ;
 The stagge lay still unroufed from the brake,
 The foamie boare fear'd not the hunters speare ;
 All things were still in defart, bush and breere :
 The quiet heart now from their travailes ceast,
 Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

[*Complaint of D. of Buckingham, M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 448.]

M. SACKVILLE.

..... The Midnights waking starre,
Sad Cassiopeia, with a heavie cheere
Pusht forth her forehead, to make knowne from farre
What time the deadly dole of earth drewe neere.

[*Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

With falling mists the darksome Night extended
Her fable wings, and gently over-spread
Heavens gloomie vaile, whence Phœbus lampe was fled,
Dead time of rest to everie mortall wight ;
No musicke to the silence of the night.
To cheerefull mindes that bringeth wanton sleepe,
With many a phantasme and deluding toy ;
And pensive heart it doth detaine and keepe
From tedious companie, that would annoy
Dull saturnists, that have abjurd all joy.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Now spread the Night her spangled canopie,
And summond everie restlesse eie to sleepe ;
On beds of tender grasse the beasts downe lie,
The fishes slumbred in the silent deepe ;
Unheard was serpents hisse and dragons crie,
Birds left to sing, and Philomene to weepe ;
Onely that noyse heavens rolling circles keft
Sung lullaby, to bring the world to rest.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ii, st. 96.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Noctis initium.

When loe ! the Night, with mistie mantles spread,
Gan darke the day, and dimme the azure skies,

And Venus in her meffage Hermes sped
 To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,
 While shee her selfe approacht in speedie wife ;
 And Virgo, hiding her disdainfull breast,
 With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest :
 Whiles Scorpio, dreading Sagitarius dart,
 Whose bow, prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,
 Downe slid into the ocean floud apart ;
 The Beare, that in the Irish seas had dipt
 His grisly feete, with speede from thence he whipt ;
 For Thetis, hasting from the Virgins bed,
 Pursude the Beare, that ere she came was fled ;
 And Phaeton, now neere reaching to his race,
 With glistering beames gold streaming where they bent,
 Was prest to enter in his resting place :
 Eurythius, that in the cart first went,
 Had even now attain'd his journeyes stent,
 And, fast declining, hid away his head
 While Titan coucht him in his purple bed.
 And pale-fac'd Cynthia, with her borrowed light
 Beginning to supplie her brothers place,
 Was past the noone-sted fixe degrees in fight ;
 When sparkling starres amid the heavens face,
 With twinckling light shone on the earth apace,
 That while they brought about the nights black chaire,
 The dark had dimd the day, ere I was ware.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 255.]

M. SAC.

Such time as from her mothers tender lap
 The Night arose, guarded with gentle winds,
 And with her precious dew refreshd the sappe

Of bloome, and barke (whilst that her mantle blindes
The vaile of heaven) and every birde was still
Save Philomele, that did bemone her ill :
When in the west Orion lift aloft
His starrie crest, and smilde upon the Twins,
And Cynthia seemely bright (whose eye full oft
Had watcht her love) with radiant light begins
To pierce the vaile of silence with her beames,
Sporting with wanton cleere in ocean streames.
When little winds, in beating of their wings,
Did woe the eyes to leave their constant wake,
And all was husht, save Zephirus that sings
With lovely breathings for the sea-nymphs sake,
My watchfull greefes perplext my mind so fore,
That forth I walkt, my forrowes to deplore.

[*Discontented Satire*, 1589, Sig. D 2.]

D. LODGE.

POETICAL DESCRIPTIONS.

Of Theology.

IN chariot framed of celestially mould,
And simple pureness of the purest skie,
A more then heavenly nymph I did behold,
Who glauncing on mee with her gracious eye,
So gave mee leave her beautie to espie ;
For sure, no fence such sight can comprehend,
Except her beames theyr fayre reflection lend.
Her beautie with eternitie beganne,
And onely unto God was ever scene ;
When Eden was possessed with sinfull man,

She came to him, and gladly would have beene
 The long succceeding worlds eternall queene,
 But they refused her (O hainous deede!)
 And from that garden banisht was their feede.
 Since when, at fundrie times and fundry wayes,
 Atheisme and blinded Ignorance conspire
 How to obfcure thofe holy burning rayes,
 And quench that zeale of heart-inflaming fire,
 As makes our foules to heavenly things aspire :
 But all in vaine ; for, maugre all their might,
 She never loft one fparkle of her light.
 Pearles may be foyld, and gold bee turn'd to droffe,
 The funne obfcur'd, the moone bee turn'd to bloud ;
 The world may forrow for Aftreas losfe,
 The heavens be darkened like a dufkie wood,
 Waft deferts lie where watrie fountaines flood ;
 But fayre Theologie (for fo fhee hight)
 Shall never loofe one fparkle of her light.
 Such one fhe was, as in his Hebrew fong
 The wifeft king for faireft creature prooves,
 Embracing her the cedar-trees among,
 Comparing her to rofes and to doves,
 Preferring her before all other loves :
 Such one fhe was, and everie whit as fayre ;
 Befide thefe two was never fuch a payre.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

•
Aftrologic.

Her hand-maides, in Amazon-like attire,
 Went chafte and modeft, like Dianæ's traine :

One, by her gazing lookes, seemes to aspire
Beyond the moone ; and, in a high disdaine,
To deeme the world and worldly treasures vaine :
She hight Astrologie ; on whose bright lawne
Spheres, astrolabes, and skilfull globes are drawn.

[*No author named, but T. Storer's Life & Death of Wolsey, 1599.*]

Reticke.

The next, fayre smiling with a pleasing cheere,
Had power to ravish and inchaunt mens cares,
Hight Rhetorick, whose shadowed vaile shoven cleere
With silver tongues ; and over it she weares
A wimpled scarfe, bedewd with hearers teares,
Whose captive hearts she should detaine long while
With pleasance of her unaffected stile.

[*No author named, but Ibid.*]

Of Logicke.

The third, a quick-eyde dame of piercing sight,
That reasons worth in equall balance wayd ;
The truth shee lov'd above all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her love ; but what shee sayd
Was certaine true, and shee a perfect maide :
Her garment short tuckt up, to worke preparte,
And shee calld Logicke, without welt, or gard.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey, 1599.*]

TH. STORER.

Arith. Musicke. Geometric.

Next these, whose outward lookes I knew aright,
And had some portion of their endlesse treasure,

Fayre Algebra, with figures richly dight :
 Sweete Musicke, foundresse of delightfome pleasure,
 Earth-scanning nymph, directresse of all measure.
 These humbly did her soveraigne highnes greet,
 And meekely layd their garlands at her feete.
 From everie one thee pluckt a speciall flower,
 And layd each flower upon a severall part ;
 Then from her owne a stemme of wondrous power,
 Whose leaves were beames, whose stalke a fiery dart,
 And that she layd upon my trembling heart :
 Those were the buds of art, this plant of blisse,
 This gave them life, they yeelded grace to this.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Of Battaille.

Two greater kings were never seene beforene
 Then camped was in Ragan field at morne,
 With haughtie hearts enarmed, all in ire ;
 Each fouldiour fet another so on fire,
 That scarcely they could keepe them in their bounde
 Till pipe, or cymball, or the trumpets found,
 Denounce the choke ; but, with their furious faces,
 They threate their foes with fell menaces,
 And strokes at hand ; two thousand lads forlorne
 (To blunt the sword) were downe in battaile borne ;
 Upon their flanks flew fervently their stones,
 That bet they bucklers to their brused bones.
 The squadron then steps sternely to the strokes,
 With hearts inhumane all the battaile yoakes,
 And are supplyde with many mightie bands :

Some counters them, and sternely them withstands,
With foote to foote each other overplies ;
Both Medes and Caldes claspe with gastly cryes,
Like Nylus streames that from the rockes do rumble,
Or Encelade, when he in tombe doth tumble.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. v.]

THO. HUDSON.

Of a Kisse.

Best charge, and bravest retrait in Cupids fight ;
A double key, which opens to the heart ;
Most rich, when most his riches it impart ;
Neast of yong joyes, schoolemaster of delight,
Teaching the meane, at once to take and give ;
The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heale ;
The prettie death, while each in other live ;
Poore hopes first wealth, hostage of promist weale,
Breakefast of love.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit., 1598, son. 79.]

S. PH. SYDNEY.

Of People.

People, lesse fetled then the sliding sand,
More mutable then Proteus, or the moone ;
Turnd and returnd in turning of a hand,
Like Euripus, ebbe flowing every noone :
Thou thousand-headed headlesse monster most,
Oft flaine like Antheus, and as oft new rising,
Who hard as steele, as light as wingd art toft,
Camelcon-like, each objects colour prising.

J. SYLVESTER.

Difdaine.

A sturdie villaine, striding stiffe, and bold
As if the higheft God defie he would.
In his right hand an iron clubbe hee held,
But hee himfelfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and fence, and well could weilde
That curfed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld :
Difdaine he called was, and did difdaine
So to be calde, and who fo him did call.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 40.]

ED. SPENCER.

Of the fame.

For, loe ! a knight unto his focour went,
All arm'd in fhining fteele ; and on his shield
He bare a yoake in fundrie peeces rent,
And flames of fire all in a yellow field.
So weaponed he was, as if hee ment
To make all that incountred him to yeeld ;
A fword and fpeare hee had, and to the fame
A mace, from whence he threw continuall flame :
His mace was storde with everlafting fire,
That ever burned and did never wafte ;
No other weapon needed one defire
To make good way with, wherefoere he pafte.
And fure Rinaldoes danger did require
Quicke remedie ; wherefore the knight doth hafte,
And when he faw this monfter and did vew her,
With his ftille fpeare forthwith hee overthrew her.

But this fame fall did her no whit annoy,
Wherefore to use his speare he now misliketh ;
Onely hee will his fierie mace imploy,
And with that fame the monster foule hee striketh :
Then shee no longer could her force enjoy.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlii, st. 51.]

S. J. H.

Of Dearth.

..... Dearth, the lively forme of death,
Still yawning wide with lothsome stinking breath,
With hollow eyes, with meger cheekes and chinne,
With sharpe leane bones, piercing her fable skinne :
Her emptie bowels may bee plainly spide
Cleane through the wrinckles of her withered hide ;
Shee hath no bellie, but the bellies feate,
Her knees and knuckles swelling very great :
Infatiate Orque, that even at one repaste,
Almost all creatures in the world with waste,
Whose greedie gorge dish after dish doth draw,
Seekes meate in meate ; for still her monstrous maw
Voydes in devouring, and sometimes she eates
Her owne deere babes, for lacke of other meates ;
Nay more, sometimes (O strangest gluttonie !)
Shee eates her selfe, her selfe to satisfie,
Lessning her selfe, her selfe so to enlarge,
And cruell thus, shee doth our grandfire charge,
And brings beside from Limbo, to assist her,
Rage, Feeblenesse, and Thirst, her ruthlesse sister.

J. SILVESTER.

Of Thirst.

For cruell Thirst came out of Cyren land,
 Where shee was fostered on the burning sand,
 With hote intractèd tongue, and funken eie,
 With stomacke worne, and wrinckled visage keene,
 With light and meagre corse, and paled vaines,
 In steede of bloud that brimstone hot retaines;
 Her poysoned mouth blew through that holy towne,
 Such hellish aire, that stiffeled up and down.

[*T. Hudson's History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HAD.

Old Woman.

Her eyes were sunk into her head,
 Her cheeks were lean and lanke,
 Out stood her chin.
 Into her mouth her bloudlesse lips they sank:
 Her toothlesse chappes
 Disgrast her tongue in telling of a tale,
 And sucke she might
 A teat, for teeth, and spoonage too did faile.
 Her haire, (since sixtie yeeres
 Not blacke,) was now or white or none;
 The substance of her wrinckled face
 Was onely skinne and bone:
 Dimme were her eyes,
 Deafe were her eares, ranke smelt it, she could sent;
 A palsie made her feeling cease,
 Downe tastlesse foode it went.

[*Albions England*, edit. 1602, B. ii. ch. x.]

W. WARNER.

Of a Combat.

Sometime they proffer, then they pause a while,
Sometime strike out, like masters of the play,
Now stand upright, now stoope another while,
Now open lie, now cover all they may ;
Now ward, then with a flippe the blow beguile,
Now forward step, now backe a little way,
Now round about, and where the tone gives place,
There still the other preffeth in his place.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. ii, st. 9.]

S. J. H.

Of Albion.

..... Faire Albion, glorie of the North ;
Neptunes best darling, held betweene his armes,
Divided from the world, as better worth,
Kept from himselfe, defended from all harmes.

S. DANIELL.

This royall throne of kings, this sceptred yle,
This earth of majestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortresse, built by nature for her selfe
Against infection and the hand of warre ;
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone sette in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moate, defensive to a house,
Against the envie of lesse happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurfe, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
 Fcarde by their breede, and famous by their byrth,
 Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
 For Christian service, and true chivalrie,
 As is the fepulchre in ftubburne Jewrie.

[*Shakespeare's Richard II*, act ii, sc. 1.]

M. DR.

Of Ægipt.

The faireft flower that glories Affrica,
 Whofe beautie Phebus dare not dash with fhowres,
 Over whofe climate never hung a cloude,
 But fmiling Titan lights the horizon.

[*History of Orlando Furioso*, 1594, act i, sc. 1.]

R. GREENE.

Hicrusalem.

Hierufalem is feated on two hilles,
 Of height unlike, and turned fide to fide ;
 The fpace betweene a gentle vallie filles,
 From mount to mount exspanfed faire and wide ;
 Three fides are fure imbarde with crags and hilles,
 The reft is eafie, fcant to rife efpipe ;
 But mightie bulwarks fence that plainer part,
 So art helps nature, nature ftrengh'neth art.
 The towne is ftorde of troughs and cefturnes, made
 To keepe frefh water ; but the countrey feemes
 Devoyde of graffe, unfit for plowmens trade,
 Not fertill, moyft with rivers, welles, and ftreames :
 There grow few trees to make the fummers fhade,
 To fhield the parched land from fcorching beames,

Save that a wood stands fixe mile from the towne,
With aged cedars darke, and shadowes browne.
By east, among the dustie vallies glide
The silver streames of Jordans christall flood ;
By west, the midland sea, with bounders tyde
Of sandie shores, where Joppa whilom stood :
By north Samaria stands, and on that side
The golden Calfe was reard in Bethell wood ;
Bethlem by south, where Chriftnate was,
A pearle in steele, a diamond fette in brasfe.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. iii, st. 55.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Of Deluge.

Heavens cristall windowes with one hand God opes,
Where on the world a thousand seas he droppes ;
With th' other hand hee gripes, and wringeth forth
The spungie globe of the execrable earth,
So straightly prest, that it doth strait restore
All liquid floods that it had drunke before.
In everie rocke new rivers doe beginne,
And to his aide the snowes came tumbling in :
The pines and cedars have but bowes to shew ;
The shoares do shrink, the swelling waters grow.

[*The Ark*, from *Du Bartas*.]

J. SYLVESTER.

Of a Courtier effeminate.

About his necke a carknet rich hee ware
Of precious stoncs, all fette in gold well tried ;
His armes, that carst all warlike weapons bare,

In golden bracelets wantonly were tied ;
 Into his eares two rings convayed are
 Of golden wire, at which on either side
 Two Indian pearles, in making like two peares
 Of passing price, were pendant at his eares.
 His locks, bedewd with waters of sweete favour,
 Stood curled round in order on his head ;
 He had such wanton womanish behaviour,
 As though in Valence he had long beene bred ;
 So changd in speech, in manners, and in favour,
 So from himselfe, beyond all reason, ledde
 By these inchauntments of this amorous dame,
 He was himselfe in nothing but in name.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. vii, st. 46.]

S. J. H.

Of Eden.

For Adam God chose out an happie feate,
 A climate temperate both for cold and heate,
 Which daintie Flora paveth sumptuously
 With flowrie Vers inameld tapiftrie ;
 Pomona prancks with fruits, whose taste excelles,
 And Zephir filles with muske and amber smelles,
 Where God himselfe (as gardiner) treades the allies,
 With trees and corne covers the hilles and vallies ;
 Summons sweete sleep with noyse of hundred brooks,
 And sunne-proofe arbors makes in fundrie nookes ;
 Hee plants, hee proines, he pares, he trimmeth round,
 The ever-greene bewties of a fruitfull ground :
 Heere, there, the course of th' holy lakes he leades,

With thousand dies he motleth all the meades.

[*Second Day, by Du Bartas, 1598.*]

J. SYLVESTER.

Of Winds.

..... O heavens fresh flames ! quoth hee,
Earths sweeping broomes ! O forrests enmitie !
O you ! my haraulds and my harbengers,
My nimble posts, and speedie messengers ;
My armes, my finewes, and my eagles swift,
That through the ayre my rowling chariot lift.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of a drunken Man.

His head growes giddie, and his foote indents,
A mightie fume his troubled braine torments ;
His idle prattle, from their purpose quite,
Is abrupt, fluttering, all confusde, and light ;
His wine stuft stomacke, wrung with wind he feeles,
His trembling tent all topsi-turvie wheeles ;
At last, not able on his legges to stand,
More like a foule swine then a sober man,
Opprest with sleepe, hee wallowes on the ground,
His shamelesse snorting trounke so deeply drownd
In selfe-oblivion, that he did not hide
Those parts that Cæsar covered when hee died.

IDEM.

A Palmer.

A fillie man, in simple weede forworne,
And soyld with dust of the long dryed way :

His fandales were with toylefome travell torne,
 And face all tand with fcorching funnie ray,
 As hee had travaild many a fummers day
 Through boyling fands of Arabie and Inde ;
 And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to ftay
 His wearie limbs upon ; and eke behind
 His fcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. vi, st. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

Of Harpies.

Seven of them came together in a knot,
 With womens faces, wanne with deadly cold,
 So hunger-ftarv'd, as death it felfe might not
 Be, at firft fight, more hidious to behold :
 Their wings were great, but foule black wings, (God wot)
 Theyr tallents fharp to gripe, but ftiong to hold ;
 A large foule panch, a filthy tayle and long,
 From whence there came an odour mighty ftiong.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xxxiii, st. 111.]

S. J. HARR.

Of Cyprus.

..... With filled fayles, in little while,
 They came as farre as Cyprus, Venus ile :
 Heere every place was full of odours sweet,
 Of gardens fayre, of fpyce of pleafant taft ;
 The people luftfull (for dame Venus meete)
 From tender yeeres to doating age doe laft ;
 With wanton damfels walking in each ftreet,
 Inviting men to pleafure and repaft.

[*Ibid.*, B. x, st. 77.]

IDEM.

Of the Rainbow.

Noah lookes up, and in the ayre he viewes
A femicircle of a hundred hewes,
Which, bright ascending toward th' ætheriall thrones,
Hath a line drawne betweene two horizons,
For juft diameter : an even bent bow
Contriv'd of three ; whereof the one doth shew
To be all painted of a golden hew ;
The second greene, the third an orient blew ;
Yet fo, that in this pure blew-golden greene,
Still (ô pall-like !) fome changeable is feene :
A bow bright fhining in th' archers hand,
Whofe fubtile string feemes levell with the land ;
Halfe parting heaven, and over us it bends,
Within two feas wetting his horned ends ;
A temporall beautie of the lampfull fkyes,
Where powerfull Nature fhewes her fresh-red dies :
And if you onely blew and red perceave,
The fame as signes of fea and fire conceive,
Of both the flowing and the flaming doome,
The judgement paff, and judgement yet to come.

[*From Du Bartas.*]

J. SILVESTER.

Of Paradise.

Soone after, he a chriftall ftream efpying,
From foote to head he wafht himfelfe therein ;
Then up he gets him on his courfer flying,
And of the ayre he more and more doth win,
Affecting heaven, all earthly thoughts defying

As fishes cut the liquid streame with fin,
 So cutteth he the ayre, and doth not stop
 Till he was come unto that mountaines top.
 This hill nie toucht the circle of the moone,
 The top was all a fruitfull pleasant field,
 And light at night, as ours is heere at noone,
 The sweetest place that ever man beheld ;
 (There would I dwell, if God gave me my boone)
 The soyle thereof most fragrant flowers did yeeld,
 Like rubies, gold, saphire, pearles, topaze stones,
 Chrysolites, diamonds, jacinths for the nones.
 The trees that there did grow were ever greene ;
 The fruites that thereon grew were never fading ;
 The fundry coloured birds did sit betweene,
 (Singing most sweet) the fruitfull boughes them shading,
 Rivers more cleere then chrystall to be seene,
 The fragrant smell, the fence and soule invading ;
 With ayre so temperate and so delightfome,
 As all the place beside was cleere and lightfome.

[*No author named: Harington's Orlando Furioso, B. xxxiv, st. 49.*]

Of Diana.

The first, with cloths tuckt up, as nimphs in woods doe range,
 Tuckt up even with the knees, with bow and arrowes prest ;
 Her right arme naked was, discovered was her brest :
 But heavy was her pace, and such a megre cheere,
 As little hunting mind (God knows) did there appeere.

[*Arcadia, 4to, 1590, 272 b; fo. 1598, 261.*] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

And now great Phœbe in her tryumph came,
 With all the titles of her glorious name,

Diana, Delia, Luna, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and Elythia,
Prothiria, Dictinna, Proserpine,
Latona, and Lucina, most divine.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), Sig. F 2.]

M. DRAYTON.

Cynthia.

The silver Moone, dread soveraigne of the deepe,
That with the floods fills up her horned head,
And by her waine, the waining ebs doth keepe.

[*Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville*, 1595.]

IAR. MARKHAM.

Behind her, with a brafte of silver hindes,
In ivorie chariot, swifter then the windes,
Is great Hyperions horned daughter drawne,
Enchauntresse like, deckt in disparent lawne :
Circled with charmes and incantations,
That ride huge spirits and outrageous passions ;
Musicke and moode she loves, but love she hates,
(As curious ladies doe their publique cates.)

[*Hymnus in Noctem*, 1594]

G. CHAPMAN.

Natures bright eye-sight, and the nights faire foule,
That with thy triple forehead doost controule
Earth, seas, and hell ; and art, in dignitie,
The great'st and swiftest planet in the skie.

[*Hymnus in Cynthiaem*, 1594.]

IDEM.

Venus.

..... Mounting in the caft,
Faire Venus in her ivorie coach did haft,

And toward thofe penfive dames her courfe addrest :
 Her doves fo plied theyr waving wings with flight,
 That ftraight the facred goddeffe came in fight.
 Upon her head fhe bare that gorgious crowne
 Wherein the poore Amyntas is a ftarre ;
 Her lovely locks her bofome hang adowne,
 (Thofe nets that firft infnard the God of warre ;)
 Delicious lovely fhine her prettie eyes,
 And on her cheekes carnation clowdes arife.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. C.]

D. LODGE.

Of Venus.

The other had with art more then our women know,
 (As ftuffe meant for the fale, fet out to glaring fhow)
 A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd
 Her haire, which, by the help of painters cunning, fhin'd.

[*Arcadia*, 4to, 1590, 374; edit. fo. 1598, p. 261.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Of Cupid.

Amongft this gamefome crue is feene
 The iffue of the Cyprian queene,
 Whofe head and fhoulders fethered beene ;
 And, as the ftarres, his countenance sheene.
 In his left hand his bow he bare,
 And by his fide his quiver ware ;
 In power he fits, paff all compare,
 And with his flames the world doth dare :
 A fcepter in his hand he held,
 With Chloris native flowers untild,

And nectars deathleffe odours stild,
From his bright locks the sun did guild.
The triple Graces there assist,
Sustaining with theyr breasts commist,
And knees, that Tellus bosome kist,
The chalice of this amorist.

[*Phyllis and Flora*, 1595, st. 91.] G. CHAPMAN, *Transl.*

For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
Borne without fyre, or couples of one kind ;
For Venus selfe doth folie couples seeme,
Both male and female through commixture joynd.
So, pure and spotlesse, Cupid forth she brought,
And in the gardens of Adonis nurst ;
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And shortly was of all the gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That Jove himselfe his power began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
From thence he shoots his arrowes every where
Into the world at random, as he will,
On us frayle men.

[*Spenser's Colin Clout's come home again*, 1595] S. DANIELL.

Venus.

..... Now, in ire,
Shee mounts her chariot, swifter then the winde
Or subtill comprehension of the minde,
Which by two nimble cock-sparrowes was drawne,

Caparifond but lightly, with the lawne
 Tooke from the flowere-deluces inner skin,
 Trapt and imboft with marigolds : within
 Sits Venus naked, holding in her hand
 A tumbling fhelfifh, with a mirtle wand ;
 Wearing a garland on her wimpled head,
 Compacted of the white rofe and the red.
 None but the blinde boy, Cupid, durft approch
 For to be whurried with her in her coach ;
 The fnow-white Graces, running by theyr fides,
 Were through the heavens theyr wagoners and guides,
 Lashing the fparrowes under quivering wings,
 With whyps of twifted gold, and filver strings ;
 A beavie of white doves, ftill fluttring over,
 From the funnes fight fuch beautie feem'd to cover ;
 And thus fhee rode in tryumph in her throne,
 Whole radiant luftre like the funne-beames fhone.

I. WEEVER.

Calm Weather.

As then no winde at all there blew,
 No swelling clowde accloyd the ayre,
 The fkye, like graffe of watchet hue,
 Reflected Phœbus golden haire :
 The garnisht trees no pendant ftird,
 Nor voyce was heard of any bird.

[*Elgy on Sir P. Sydney.* 1595.]

MAT. RAYDON.

The king of windes calls home his pofts againe,
 And Amphitrite fmoother her watry plaine ;

The ayre his clowdes hath chang'd to cristall cleere,
And now the lamps of lightfome heaven appeare.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.]

J. SYLVESTER.

Of Tempests.

On Neptune war was made by Æolus and his traine,
Who, letting loose the winds, toft and tormented the ayre,
So that, on every coast, men shipwracke did abide,
Or els were swallowed up in open sea with waves ;
And such as came to shore, were beaten with dispayre.

EDM. SPENCER.

But afterward, within a little season,
The winde discovered his deceite and treason.
First, from the poepe it changed to the side,
Then to the prore ; at last, it whirled round ;
Long in a place it never would abide,
Which doth the pilots wit and skill confound ;
The surging waves swell still in higher pride,
Proteus white flocke did more and more abound,
And seem'd to them as many deaths to threaten,
As the shyps sides with divers waves are beaten.
Now in theyr face the winde, straight in theyr back,
And forward this, and backward that it blowes,
Then on the side it makes the shyp to crack :
Among the marriners confusion growes,
The maister doubts ruine and present wrack ;
For none his will, nor none his meaning knowes :
To whistle, becken, cry, it nought avails,
Sometime to strike, sometime to turne theyr failes.

But none there was could heare, nor see, nor marke ;
Theyr eares so stopt, so dazeled were theyr eyes,
With weather so tempestuous, and so darke,
And blacke thick clowdes, that with the storme did rise :
From whence sometimes great ghastly flames did spark,
And thunder claps that seem'd to rent the skies ;
Which made them, in a manner, deafe and blind,
That no man understoode the maisters mind.
Nor lesse, nor much lesse fearefull, is the sound
The cruell tempest in the tackle makes ;
Yet each one for himselfe some busines found,
And to some speciall office him betakes :
One this untide, another that fast bound,
He the maine bowling now restraines, now flakes ;
Some take an oare, some at the pump take paine,
And powre the sea into the sea againe.
Behold ! a horrible and hideous blast,
That Boreas from his frozen lips doth send,
Doth backward force the saile against the mast,
And makes the waves unto the skies ascend :
Then brake theyr oares, and rudder eke ; at last,
Nothing was left from tempest to defend,
So that the ship was swai'd now quite a-side,
And to the waves laid open her naked side :
Then all aside the staggering ship did reele,
For one side quite beneath the water lay,
And on the tother side the very keele
Above the water plaine discerne you may :
Then thought they all hope past, and down they kneele,
And unto God to take their soules they pray.
Worse danger grew than this, when this was past,

By meanes the ship gan after leake so fast.
 The winde, the waves, to them no respite gave,
 But ready every houre to overthrow them ;
 Oft they were hoist so high upon the wave,
 They thought the middle region was below them ;
 Oft-times so low the same their vessell drave,
 As though that Charon there his boat wold shew them :
 Scant had they time, or power, to fetch their breath,
 All things did threaten them so present death.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xli, st. 8.]

S. J. HARR.

But lo ! an hoast of blacke and fable clouds
 Gan to eclipse Lucinaes silver face,
 And with a hurling noyse, from forth the south,
 A gust of winde did rear the billowes up.
 Then scantled we our failes with speedy hands,
 And tooke our drablers from our bonnets straight,
 And severed our bonnets from the courses.
 Our top-failes up we trusse, our sprite-failes in ;
 But vainely strive they that resist the heavens :
 For loe ! the waves incense them more and more,
 Mounting with hideous rorings from the depth ;
 Our barke is battered by encountring stormes,
 And wel nie stemmd, by breaking of the floods.
 The steerer-man, pale and carefull, holds the helme,
 Wherein the trust of life and safety lay ;
 Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)
 Our failes were split by Bifas bitter blast ;
 Our middle broke, and we bereft of hope.
 There might you see, with pale and ghastly lookes,
 The dead in thought, and dolefull marchant list

Their eyes and hands unto their Countries Gods.
 The goods we cast in bowels of the fea,
 A sacrifice to swage proud Neptunes ire.

[*Looking-glass for London and England*, 1594.] D. LODGE.

Now Nereus foames, and now the wrackfull wave,
 Toft and turmoild by angry Aeol's slaves,
 Doe mount and rowle : gainst Thetis heaven doth fight ;
 And she (inrag'd) ufurpt on Rhea's right.
 An ayre, black, fable, fad, ore-fpreads the skies,
 And reaves all light from wofull faylers eyes :
 Or if some beames breake through their pitchy night,
 'Tis naught but lightnings flashes, full of fright.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.] J. SYLVESTER.

The easterne winds drives on the roring traine
 Of white blew billowes, and the clouds againe
 With fresh seas crosse the fea, and she doth fend
 In counter-change a raine with salt yblend :
 The heavens doe seeme in Thetis lap to fall,
 The fea scale skies, and God, to arme this all
 Against one ship, that skips from starres to ground,
 From wave to wave, (like windy balloones bound)
 The whilst the pylot, on a foamy mount,
 Thinks from the pole to see hells pit profound ;
 And then, cast downe unto the sandy shole,
 Seemes from low hell to see the lofty pole,
 And feeling foes within, and eke without,
 As many waves, so many deaths doth doubt :
 The fea, sharp-furging round about the ship,
 Uncaulks her keele, and doth her seames unrip,

Whereby the waters entring uncontrold,
 Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold ;
 For every tun the plied pump doth free,
 A flood breakes in ; the amazed maister, hee
 His cunning conquered by the perill plaines
 Doubts what to fay, or where to turne his raines,
 Which wave to meete, or which salt surge to flie,
 So yeelds his charge in fea to live or die.

[No author named, but *Sylvester's Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.]

Strike faile, (the maister cries) strike faile amaine !
 Vaile misfme and sprit-faile : but the winds constraine
 With boistrous blasts, that beate upon his face,
 His sea-shapt speech, to fly before their chace ;
 Of men diſmay'd the ſad confuſed cries,
 Wroath Neptunes noyſe, and bellowing winds likewise,
 Heavens thunderclaps, the tacklings whistling,
 (Strange minſtrells) doe dire dreadfull deſcant ſing.

[*Shipwreck of Jonas*, 1592.]

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

The day with cloudes was ſuddaine overcaſt,
 And angry Jove an hideous ſtorme of raine
 Did poure into his lemmons lap ſo faſt,
 That every wight to ſhroud it did conſtraine.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, ſt. 6.]

ED. SPENCER.

The ayre doth on the ſuddaine grow obſcure,
 Lightened ſometimes with lightnings dreadfull light,
 And, ſave their houre-glaſſe kept the reckning ſure,
 'Twas hard for to diſcerne the day from night :
 The deſperate marriners doe all indure,

As men inured to the waters spight ;
 The heavens above, the waves beneath do roare,
 Yet are they not difmai'd one whit therefore.
 One, with a whistle hang'd about his necke,
 Shewes by the found which cord must be undone ;
 And fraite the ship-boy, ready at a becke,
 Unto the tops with nimble fleight doth runne :
 The other marriners upon the decke,
 Or at the steere, the comming waves doe shunne ;
 And then by turnes they pump the water out,
 By paine and care preventing every doubt.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xviii, st. 65.] S. J. HARRINGTON.

The heavens on every fide inclofed be,
 Black stormes and foggs are blownen up from farre,
 That now the pilot can no load-starre see,
 But skies and seas do make most dreadfull warre ;
 The billowes striving to the heavens to reach,
 And th' heavens striving them for to impeach.

R. GREENE.

Of the Spring.

The foote seafon, that bud and bloome foorth brings,
 With greene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
 The turtle to her make hath told her tale :
 Sommer is come, for every spray now springs ;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
 The bucke in brake his winter-coate he flings ;
 The fishes fleete with new-repared scale,

The adder all her flough away she flings ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale,
 The busie bee her honey now she mings ;
 Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.

[*Description of Spring. Tottell's Miscellany, 1557.*] *E. of Surrey.*

The winters wrath begins to quell,
 And pleasant Spring appeareth ;
 The grasse now gins to be refresht,
 The swallow peepes out of her nest,
 And cloudy welkin cleareth.

[*Shepherd's Calendar, 1579. March.*]

ED. SPENSER.

Flora now calleth forth each flower,
 And bids make ready Maias bower,
 That new is up-rist from bed.

[*Ibid., ibid.*]

IDEM.

The earth, late choakt with showres,
 Is now arai'd in greene,
 Her bosome springs with flowers,
 The ayre diffolves her teene ;
 The heavens laugh at her glorie,
 Yet bide I fad and forie.
 The woods are deckt with leaves,
 And trees are cloathed gay ;
 And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
 With oaken boughs doth play ;
 Where I am clad in blacke,
 The token of my wracke.
 The birds upon the trees
 Doe sing with pleasant voyces,

And chaunt, in their degrees,
 Their loves and luckie choyces,
 When I, whilst they are singing,
 With fighs mine armes are wringing.

[*Sonnets, in Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. F 1 b.] D. LODGE.

The tenth of March, when Aries receav'd
 Dan Phœbus rayes into his horned head.

[*No author named.*]

In flowry feason of the yeare,
 And when the firmament was cleare,
 When Tellus herbals painted were
 With issue of disparant cheere;
 When th' usher to the morne did rise,
 And drive the darknes from the skies,
 Sleepe gave their visuall liberties
 To Phillis and to Floraes eyes.

[*Phillis and Flora*, 1595, st. 1.]

G. CHAPMAN.

The ayre was calme, the day was cleare,
 Loves wanton winds, with wooing breathe,
 Gan greeete the sweetest of the yeare;
 The flower forgot his winters death,
 The earth, revived by the funne,
 To jet in gay attire begunne.
 The leafe allied unto the tree,
 By helpe of Spring in coate of greene,
 Stole forth my wandring eye to see
 The beauties of the fommers queene.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

The winter with his grisly stormes no longer dare abide,
The pleafant grasse with lufly greene the earth hath newly
died,
The trees hath leaves, the boughs do fpred, new changed
is the yeare,
The water-brooks are clean funk down, the plefant banks
appeare,
The Spring is come, the goodly nimphs now dance in every
place :
Thus hath the yeare, moft pleafantly, of late ychang'd her
face.

[*Uncertain authors. Tottel's Miscellany, 1557.*] *E. of Surrey.*

Now each creature joyes the other,
Paffing happy dayes and howers ;
One bird reports unto an other,
In the fall of filver showers ;
Whilst the earth, our common mother,
Hath her bofome deckt with flowers :
Whilst the greateft torch of heaven
With bright rayes warmes Floraes lap ;
Making nights and dayes both even,
Chearing plants with fresher fap.

[*Ode appended to Delia, 1592, Sig. H 2.*]

S. DANIELL.

Of Winter.

The wrathfull Winter, proching on a pace,
With bluftring blafts had all ybard the treene,
And old Saturnus, with his frofty face,
With chilling cold had pearft the tender greene ;

The mantles rent, wherein inwrapped beene
 The gladfome groves that now lay over-throwne,
 The tapets torne, and every tree downe blowne.
 The foyle, that erst so seemely was to feene,
 Was all despoiled of her beauties hewe,
 And foote fresh flowers, (wherwith the somers queene
 Had clad the earth) now Boreas blasts downe blew ;
 And small fowles flocking, in their songs did rew
 The Winters wrath, wherewith each thing defast
 In wofull wife, bewayl'd the sommer past.
 Hawthorne had lost his motly liverie,
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
 And, dropping downe, the teares abundantlie,
 Each thing (me thought) with weeping eye me told
 The cruell season, bidding me withhold
 My selfe within ; for I was gotten out
 Into the fields, whereas I walkt about.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 255.] M. SACKVILLE.

But eft when ye count ye freed from feare,
 Comes the breame Winter with chamfred browes,
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrowes,
 Drerely shooting his stormy dart,
 Which cruddles the blood and pricks the hart.

[*Shepherd's Calendar.* February.] ED. SPENSER.

Januarie.

But now fad Winter welked hath the day,
 And Phœbus, weary of his yearely taske,
 Ystabled hath his steeds in lowly lay,

And taken up his inne fishes hafke.

[*Shepherd's Calendar.* November.]

ED. SPENSER.

Autumnus.

The wearied nights approached on a pace
With darksome shades, which somewhat breedeth care ;
The funne hath take more neere the earth his race,
In Libra then his greatest fway he bare :
For, pardy, then the dayes more colder are ;
Then fades the greene fruite, lively hearbs are done,
And winter gins to waft that sommer wone.

J. H., *Mir. of Mag.*

Sommer. Julic.

And now the funne hath reared up
his fierie-footed teame,
Making his way betweene the cup
and golden diademe :
The rampant lyon hunts he fast,
with doggs of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking brings, in haft,
pine, plagues, and drery death.

[*Shepherds Calendar.* July.]

EDM. SPENSER.

August.

That time of yeere when the inamoured funne,
Clad in the richest roabes of living fires,
Courtred the Virgin figne, great Natures nunne,
Which barraines earth of all what earth desires :

Even in the month that from Augustus wone
His sacred name, which unto heaven aspires,
And on the last of his tentrebled dayes.

[*I. Markham's Tragedy of Sir R. Grinvile, 1595.*]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

It was the month in which the righteous mayde,
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraid,
Fled backe to heaven, where she was first conceived,
Into her silver bower the sunne received ;
And the hote Syrian dog, on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powrd on th' earth plague, pestilence and death.

[*Ed. Spenser : Mother Hubbard's Tale, 1591.*]

ROB. GREENE.

Now was the month that old Sextilis name,
Changd by the Romaine senates sage decree,
And glorying so to innovate the fame,
To have himselfe new christned did agree,
Proude that Augustus godfather should be ;
 Whilst Ceres clad him in a mantle fayre
Of bearded corne, still quavering with the ayre.

[*Life and Death of Drake, 1596, st. 238.*] CHAR. FITZJEFFREY.

Julie.

What time sleepest nurse, the silent night, begun
To steale by minutes on the long-liv'd dayes,
The furious dog-starre chafing of the sunne,
Whose scorching breath adds flames unto his raies,
At whose approach the angry lyon braies ;

The earth now warm'd in this celestial fire,
To coole her heate puts off her rich attire.

[*Robert Duke of Normandy*, 1596, st. 1.]

M. DRAYTON.

Of Morpheus.

Morpheus, the livelie sonne of deadly Sleepe,
Witnes of life to them that living die,
A prophet oft, and oft an historie ;
A poet eke, as humors flie or creepe.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit., 1598, son. 32.]

S. PHIL. SID.

Hee making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire,
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe ;
And lowe, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is ; there Thetis his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever drouping head,
While sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st. 39.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnish'd ivorie,
The other all with silver over-cast ;
And wakefull dogs before them farre doe lie,
Watching to banish Care, theyr enemye,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 40.]

IDEM.

Of Neptune.

First came great Neptune, with his three forkt mace,
 That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall ;
 His dewey locks did drop with brine a pace
 Under his diademe imperiall ;
 And by his side his queene, with coronall,
 Fayre Amphitrite, most divinely fayre,
 Whose ivory shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver hayre,
 And deckt with pearles, which th' Indian seas for her
 prepare.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. xi, st. 11.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Of Proteus.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of Neptunes mightie heard ;
 An aged fire, with head all frothy hoare,
 And sprinckled frost upon his dewie beard.

IDEM.

Of Thetis.

Thetis, the mother of the pleasant springs,
 Grandame of all the rivers in the world,
 To whome earths vaines a moystning tribute brings ;
 Nowe, with a mad disturbed passion hurl'd,
 About her cave (the worlds great treasure) flings,
 And with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs uncurl'd,
 Within herselfe laments a losse unlost,

And mones her wrongs before her joyes be croft.

[*Tragedy of Sir R. Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Of Phæbus.

The golden ofspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Joves progenie,
Phæbus!

EDM. SPENCER.

..... Dayes king, god of undaunted verfe.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Seneca*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Of Neptune.

O Neptune! never like thy felfe in fhew,
Inconfant, variable, mutable,
How dooft thou, Proteus-like, thy forme renewe?
O whereto is thy change imputable?
Or whereunto art thou beft futable?
Rightly the moone predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as fhee.

[*Life & Death of Sir F. Drake*, 1596, st. 242.] CH. FITZ JEFFREY.

Of Apollo.

Sacred Apollo, god of archerie,
Of arts, of pleafure, and of poetrie,
Joves faire-haired fonne, whose yellow trefles fhine
Like curled flames, hurling a moft divine
And dazeling splendour, in thofe leffer fires
Which from thy guilt beames (when thy car retires,)
Kindle thofe tapers that lend eyes to night.

O thou! that art the land-lord of all light,
 Bridegroome of morning, dayes eternall king,
 To whom nine Muses (in a sacred ring)
 In daunces sphericall, trip hand in hand,
 Whilst thy seven-stringed lute theyr feete commaund;
 Whose motion such proportioned measure beares,
 That to the musicke daunce nine heavenly spheares.
 Great Delian priest! we, to adore thy name,
 Have burnt fat thighes of bulls in hallowed flame,
 Whose favour, wrapt in smoake and clowdes of fire,
 To thy starre-spangled pallace did aspire.

[*Comedy of Fortunatus*, 1600.]

TH. DEKKAR.

Of Rome.

O thou worlds queene! ô towne! that did extend
 Thy conquering armes beyond the ocean,
 And throndest thy conquests from the Libian shores
 Downe to the Scythian swift-foote fearlesse porters,
 Thou art embas'd; and, at this instant, yeeldst
 Thy proud necke to a miserable yoke.

[*Tragedy of Cornelia*, 1594, act iii.]

THO. KYD.

Of Heate.

When Phœbus rose, he left his golden weede,
 And dond a gite in deepest purple dyed;
 His sanguine beames about his forehead spread
 A sad presage of ill that should betide;
 With vermilion drops at even his tresses bleed,
 Foreshewes of future Heate from th' ocean wide
 When next he rose, and thus increased still

Their present harmes with dread of future ill.
While thus he bent gainst earth his scorching raies,
He burnt the flowrets, burnt his Clitie deare ;
The leaves grew wan upon the withered spraes,
The grasse and growing hearbes all parched were ;
Earth cleft in rifts, in floods theyr streames decaies,
The barren clowdes with lightning bright appeare,
And mankind feard leaft Clymenes child againe
Had driven awry his fyers ill-guided waine.
As from a fornace flew the smoake to skies,
Such smoake as that when damned Sodome brent ;
Within his caves sweete Zephyre silent lyes :
Still was the ayre, the racke nor came nor went,
But ore the lands with luke-warme breathing flies
The southerne winde, from sun-burnt Affrique sent,
Which, thicke and warme, his interrupted blasts
Upon theyr bosoms, throates, and faces casts.
Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night :
In her thicke shades was burning heate uprold,
Her fable mantle was imbrodered bright
With blazing starres, and gliding fires for gold.
Nor to refresh (sad earth) thy thirsty spright,
The niggard moone let fall her May-dewes cold ;
And dried up the vitall moisture was
In trees, in plants, in hearbs, in flowers, in grasse.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. xiii, st. 54.]

ED. FAIREFAX.

Of Thirst.

When wells grew dry, the commons ran in rage,
And fought out every sincke, their thirst t'asswage ;
And dranke, with longsome draught, the pooles in haft

To quench theyr thirst, with ill-contented tast,
Which poysoned ayre infect theyr purest breath,
Whereby the drinker dranke his present death.
O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!
Drinke or not drinke, both waies must lose theyr life:
For he that dranke, and he that did refraine,
Had of theyr enemies both an equall paine:
For why? the water vile flew them throughout,
No lesse then did theyr enemies them about.
That wretched towne had never a street nor rew,
But Parcas there had found some fashions new
To murder men, or martyr them with feares,
As mov'd the most indurate hart to teares;
If so much water in theyr braines had bene
As might forbear a drop to wet their eyne.
There plained the old man, that the fouldier strong
Had rest his bottell from his head with wrong;
But while he spake, his hart (for thirst) did faint;
And life him left, which frustrate his complaint.
The fouldiour brave (oh! hartbroke for to tell)
His proper urine dranke, thirst to expell:
The wofull mother with her spittle fed
Her little child, halfe dead, in cradle-bed:
The lady, with her lord, at poynt of death,
Embracing falls, and yeelds theyr latest breath.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

THOM. HUDSON.

Of an Assault.

And they no lesse provided are within
With rampires, bulwarks, and with double dikes:

And where theyr foes to clime doe once begin,
 They push them down with bills, with staves, and pikes.
 If one be kild, another steppeth in,
 No man his place for feare of hurt mislikes ;
 Some throw downe bricks, some stones, some scalding water,
 Greeving them much with all, most with the latter.
 Some throw among them newly flaked lime,
 That burneth most when most it seemes to quench ;
 With pots of brimstone, pitch and turpentine,
 Annoying them with heate, and smoake, and stench.
 The rest are still imployd, and leese no time
 With wreathed stakes to fortifie the trench :
 Thus all within are busie, all without,
 Fortune on both sides standing still in doubt.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xiv, st. 95.]

S. J. HARR.

Of an Hoast.

Their Hoast with arrowes, pykes, and standards stood
 As bristle-poynted as a thornie wood ;
 Theyr multitude of men the rivers dried,
 Which through the wealthy Juda swift did slide ;
 So that flood Jordan, finding dry his banke,
 For shame he blusht, and downe his head he shrank,
 For woe that he his credite could not keepe,
 To pay one wave for tribute to the deepe.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

THO. HUDSON.

Of a Skirmish.

Then grew the fight on both sides firm and stable,
 Both sides defend, both sides alike invade ;

They cast on both sides dartes innumerable,
 Making therewith a darke unpleasing shade.
 An endlesse worke it were to write the rable
 The Christians kild, with bow, with bill, with blade :
 Sometime the sway goeth hither, sometime thether,
 Like waters driven with doubtfull tydes and wether :
 When one is flaine, his roome another fills,
 When one is hurt, another takes his place,
 And he that now another smites and kills,
 Falls dead him selfe within a little space.
 Great heapes of bodies dead make little hills ;
 The earth it selfe lookes with a bloody face ;
 The greene where-with it erst was overspred,
 Turneth to fanguine, and vermillion red.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xvi, st. 44.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

Of Discontent.

Disquiet thoughts, the minutes of her watch,
 Forth from her cave the fiend full oft doth flie ;
 To kings she goes, and troubles them with crownes,
 Setting those high aspiring brands on fire,
 That flame from earth unto the seate of Jove :
 To such as Midas, men that dote on wealth,
 And rent the bowels of the middle earth
 For coine ; who gape as did fayre Danae
 For showres of gold ; there Discontent, in blacke,
 Throwes forth the violls of her restlesse cares :
 To such as sit at Paphos for releefe,
 And offer Venus many solemne vowes ;
 To such as Hymen, in his saffron robe,

Hath knit a gordian knot of passions ;
To these, to all, parting the gloomy ayre,
Blacke Discontent doth make her bad repaire.

[*Perymedes*, 1588. *This extract, in the original, follows the next quotation.*]

R. GREENE.

Obscure and darke is all the gloomy aire,
The curtaine of the night is over-spread ;
The silent mistresse of the lowest spheare
Put on her fable-coloured vail, and lower[s].
Nor starre, nor milk-white circle of the skie,
Appeares where Discontent doth hold her lodge.
She sits shrin'd in a canopy of clouds,
Whose massie darknes mazeth every fence ;
Wan is her lookes, her cheekes of azure hue,
Her haire as Gorgons foule retorting snakes ;
Envie, the glasse wherein the hag doth gaze,
Restlesse the clocke that chimes her fast a sleepe.

[*No author named: R. Greene's Perymedes*, 1588.]

Of Adams Feare, after his Transgression.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a river trembles ;
His rosie cheekes are chang'd to earthen hue,
His dying body drops an icie dew ;
His teare-drown'd eyes a night of clouds bedims,
About his eares a burning horror fwims,
His fainting knees with feeblenes are humble,
His faultring feete doe slide away and stumble ;
He hath not now his free, bold, stately port,

But downward lookes, in fearefull flavish fort.
 Now naught of Adam doth in Adam reft,
 He feeles his fences pain'd, his foule opprest ;
 A confus'd hoast of violent passions jarre,
 His flesh and spirit are in continuall warre.
 And now no more, through conscience of his error,
 He heares or sees th' Almighty, but with terror ;
 And loth he aunsweres, (as with tongue distraught)
 Confessing (thus) his feare, but not his fault.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of the Vacation.

Now, at such times, when lawyers walk the streetes
 Without long rowles of papers in their hands ;
 When friendly neighbour with his neighbour meetes,
 Without false challenge to each others lands ;
 The counsellour without his clyent stands :
 When that large capitall lies void and wast,
 Where fenatours and judges late were plast.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Ceremonie.

When, sodainly, a light of twenty hewes
 Brake through the rooffe, and like the rainebow viewes
 Amaz'd Leander ; on whose beames came downe
 The goddesse Ceremonie, with a crowne
 Of all the starres, and heaven with her, descended :
 Her flaming haire to her bright feete extended,
 By which hung all the bench of deities ;
 And, in a chaine, compact of eares and eyes,

She led Religion : all her body was
Cleare and transparent as the purest glasse,
For she was all presented to the sence ;
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadowes were, Society, Memorie :
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she weares,
Drawne full of circles and strange characters :
Her face was changeable to every eye,
One way lookt ill, an other graciouslie ;
Which, while men view'd, they cheerefull were and holy,
But looking off, vicious and melanchollie :
The snakie paths to each observed law,
Did Pollicie in her broade bosome draw.
One hand a mathematicke christall swayes,
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rayes
From her bright eyes, Confusion burnes to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth :
By it Morality and Comlineffe
Themselves in all their sightly figures dresse.
Her other hand a laurell rod applies,
To beate back Barbarisme and Avarice,
That followed, eating earth and excrement,
And humane limbs ; and would make proud ascent
To seates of gods, were Ceremonie flaine.
The Houres and Graces bore her glorious traine,
And all the sweets of our societie
Were speard and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1600, Sest. 3.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Of Lovers.

Who with a mayden voyce, and mincing pace,
 Quaint lookes, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face,
 Base coward hart, and wanton soft aray,
 Their manhood onely by their beard bewray,
 Are cleanly call'd ; who, likeliest greedy goates
 Brothell from bed to bed ; whose fyren-notes
 Inchaunt chaft Sufans, and like hungry kite
 Fly at all game : they Lovers are behight.

J. SYLVESTER.

Who beare upon their French-ficke-backs about,
 Farmes, castels, fees, in golden shields cut out,
 Whose hand had at one Primero rest,
 One pompous turney, or on[e] pampering feast,
 Spends themselves ; scrapt by the usurie and care
 Of miser parents, liberall counted are.

IDEM.

Who by false bargaines and unlawfull measures,
 Robbing the world, have heaped kingly treasures :
 Who cheat the simple, lend for fifty, fifty,
 Hundred for hundred, are esteemed thrifty.

IDEM.

Renowne.

A trump more shrill then tritons is at sea,
 The fame Renowne, precurfour of the traine,
 Did found ; for who rings louder then Renowne ?
 He mounted was upon a flying horse,

And cloath'd in faulcons feathers to the ground :
By his escochion justly might you geffe,
He was the herauld of eternity,
And pursevant at armes to mightie Jove.

[*The Honour of the Garter*, 1593.]

G. PEELE.

Of Doubt.

His name was Doubt, that had a double face ;
Th' one forward looking, the other backward bent,
Therein refembling Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the in-gate of the yeare ;
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. x, st. 12.]

ED. SPENSER.

Of a Gunne.

Vulcan begot me, Minerva me taught,
Nature my mother, Craft nourisht me yeare by yeare ;
Three bodies are my foode, my strength is naught :
Anger, Wrath, Waft, and Noife, my children deere.
Gesse, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought ;
Monster of sea, or of land, or of else-where.
Know me and use me, and I may thee defend ;
And I be thy enemy, I may thy life end.

[*Tottell's Miscellany*, 1557.]

S. TH. W.

Of an Hargabush.

He hath, his other weapons strange among,
A weapon strange, before this seene but seeld :

A trunk of iron hollow made within ;
 And there he puts powder and pellet in,
 All clofed, fave a little hole behind,
 Whereat no fooner taken is the flame,
 The bullet flies with fuch a furious wind,
 As though from clouds a bolt of thunder came ;
 And what-fo-ever in the way it finde,
 It burnes, it breakes, it teares, and fpoiles the fame :
 No doubt fome fiend of hell, or devillifh wight
 Devifed it to doe mankind a fpight.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. ix, st. 24.]

S. J. HARRINGTON.

Of an Horfe.

Round hoof'd, fhort joynted, fetlocks fhag and long,
 Broad breaft, full eye, fmall head, and nofthrill wide,
 High creft, fhort eares, ftraite leggs, and paffing ftrong,
 Thin maine, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide ;
 Looke, what an horfe fhould have he did not lacke,
 Save a proud rider on fo proud a backe.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 50.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Among a hundred brave, light, lufty horfes,
 (With curious eye marking their comly forces)
 He choofeth one, for his induftrious prooffe,
 With round, high, hollow, fmooth, browne, jelly hooffe,
 With pafternes fhort, upright, but yet in meane,
 Dry finewie fhanks, ftrong flefhleffe knees and leane,
 With hart-like leggs, broad breaft, and large behinde,
 With body large, fmooth flanks, and double chinde :
 A crefted necke, bowed like a halfe bent bowe,

Whereon a long thin curled maine doth flowe ;
A firme full taile, touching the lowly ground,
With dock betweene two faire fat buttocks drownd ;
A pricked eare, that rests as little space
As his light foote ; a leane bare bony face,
Thin jowle, and head but of a middling fize,
Full, lively, flaming, quickly rowling eyes ;
Great foaming mouth, hote fuming nofthrill wide,
Of chest-nut haire, his forehead starrified ;
Three milky feete, a feather on his brest,
Whom feaven yeares old at the next graffe he gef.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of a starved Man.

His fad dull eyes, deepe funke in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted funne to view ;
His bare thin cheekes, for want of better bits,
And empty fides, deceived of their due,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rue ;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to rive steele plates and helmets hewe,
Were cleane consum'd ; and all his vitall powres
Decai'd, and all his flesh shrunk up like withered flowers.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. viii, st. 41.]

ED. SPENSER.

Of the confusion of Languages.

This said, as soone confusedly did bound
Through all the work, I wote not what strange found ;
A jangling noyse, not much unlike the rumors
Of Bacchus swaines, amid their drunken humors :

Some speake betweene the teeth, some in the nose,
 Some in the throate their words doe ill dispose ;
 Some howle and cry, and some stut and straine,
 Each hath his gibberish, and all strive in vaine
 To finde againe their knowne beloved tong,
 That, with their milk, they suckt in cradle yong :
 Arise betimes, while th' opal-coloured morne,
 In golden pompe, dooth May dayes doore adorne ;
 And, patient, heare th' all differing voyces sweet
 Of painted fingers, that in groves doe greete :
 There love *bon-jours*, each in his phraze and fashion,
 From trembling pearch, uttering his earnest passion ;
 And so thou mayst conceite what mingle-mangle
 Among this people every where did jangle.
 Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quicke !
 One brings him up a hammer ; hew this bricke
 Another bids, and then they cleave a tree :
 Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee ;
 One calls for planks, another mortar lacks,
 They beare the first a stone, the last an axe :
 One would have spikes, and him a spade they give ;
 Another askes a sawe, and gets a five.
 Thus crossly croft, they prate and poynt in vaine,
 What one hath made, another marris againe.
 Nigh breathlesse all, with theyr confused yawling
 In bootelesse labour, now begins appawling.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of Posteritie.

Daughter of time, sincere Posteritie !
 Always new borne, yet no man knowes thy birth ;

The arbitresse of pure sinceritie,
 Yet, changeable (like Proteus) on the earth ;
 Sometime in plenty, sometime joynd with dearth ;
 Alway to come, yet alway present heere,
 Whom all runne after, none come ever neere.
 Unpartiall judge of all, fave present state,
 Truth's idioma of the things are past ;
 But still pursuing present things with hate,
 And more injurious at the first then last,
 Preserving others, while thine owne do wast :
 True treasurer of all antiquitie,
 Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

[*Life & Death of Sir F. Drake*, 1596, st. 63.] CHAR. FITZ JEFFREY.

Discriptions of Beautie and Personage.

What tongue can her perfections tell,
 In whose each part all pennes may dwell ?
 Her hayre, fine threds of finest gold,
 In curled knots mans thoughts to hold,
 But that her fore-head saies, in mee
 A whiter beautie you may see.
 Whiter indeed ! more white then snow
 Which on cold winters face doth grow ;
 That doth present those even browes,
 Whose equall line their angles bowes.
 Like to the moone when, after change,
 Her horned head abroad doth range ;
 And arches be to heavenly lids,
 Whose wincke each bold attempt forbids.
 For the black starres those spheres containe,

The matchleffe paire even praise doth staine.
No lampe whose light by art is got,
No funne which shines and seeth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Save one as much as other cleere ;
Which onely thus unhappy bee,
Because themselves they cannot see.

Her cheeks, with kindly claret spred,
Aurora-like new out of bed,
Or like the fresh queene-apples side,
Blushing at sight of Phœbus pride.

Her nose, her chin, pure ivory weares,
No purer then the pretty eares :
So that therein appeares some blood,
Like wine and milke that mingled stood ;
In whose incirclets if yee gaze,
Your eyes may tread a lovers maze :
But with such turnes the voyce to stray,
No talke untaught can finde the way ;
The tippe no jewell needes to weare,
The tippe is jewell of the eare.

But who those ruddy lips can misse ?
Which, blessed still, themselves doe kisse ;
Rubies, cherries, and roses new,
In worth, in tast, in perfect hew ;
Which never part, but that they show
Of precious pearle the double row :
The second sweetly-fenced ward,
Her heavenly-dewed tongue to gard,
Whence never word in vaine did flow.

Faire under these doth stately grow

•

The handle of this precious work,
The necke, in which strange graces lurke.
Such be, I thinke, the sumptuous towres
Which skill doth make in princes bowres.
So good a fay invites the eye
A little downward to espie
The lively clusters of her breasts,
Of Venus babe the wanton nests :
Like pommels rounde of marble cleere,
Where azurde vaines well mixt appeare,
With dearest tops of porphirie.

Betwixt these two a way doth lie,
A way more worthy beauties fame,
Then that which beares the milkie name :
This leades into the joyous field
Which onely still doth lillies yeeld ;
But lillies such, whose native smell
The Indian odours doth excell :
Waste it is calld ; for it doth waste
Mens lives, untill it be imbrast.

There one may see, and yet not see,
Her ribs in white all armed bee ;
More white then Neptunes foamy face,
When, strugling, rocks he would imbrace.

In those delights the wandering thought
Might of each side astray be brought,
But that her navell doth unite
In curious circle busie fight ;
A daintie seale of virgine-waxe,
Where nothing but impression lacks.

Her belly their glad fight doth fill,

Justly intituled Cupids hill :
A hill most fit for such a master,
A spotlesse mine of alablafter ;
Like alablafter fayre and flecke,
But soft and supple, fatten like :
In that sweete seate the boy doth sport,
Loth I must leave his cheefe resort ;
For such a use the world hath gotten,
The best things still must be forgotten.

Yet never shall my song omit
Her thighes, for Ovids song more fit,
Which, flanked with two sugred flancks,
Lift up theyr stately swelling banks,
That Albion cliffes in whitenes passe,
With hanches smooth as looking-glasse.

But bow all knees ; now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancie sees,
The knots of joy, the jems of love,
Whose motion makes all graces move ;
Whose bought, incav'd, doth yeeld such sight,
Like cunning painter shadowing white.
The gartring place, with child-like signe,
Shewes easie print in metall fine :
But then againe the flesh doth rise
In her brave calves, like cristall skies,
Whose Atlas is a smallest small,
More white then whitest bone of all.

Thereout steales out that round cleane foote,
This noble cedars precious roote,
In shew and sent pale violets,
Whose steppe on earth all beauty sets.

But backe unto her backe, my Mufe,
Where Ledas swan his feathers mewes ;
Along whose ridge such bones are met,
Like comfets round in marchpane set.

Her shoulders be like two white doves
Pearching within square royall rooves,
Which leaded are with silver skin,
Passing the hate-spot ermelin.
And thence those armes derived are :
The Phenixe wings are not so rare
For faultlesse length, and stainelesse hue.
Ah ! woe is mee ; my woes renew.

Now course doth leade me to her hand,
Of my first love the fatall band,
Where whitenes doth for ever sit ;
Nature her selfe inameld it :
For there, with strange compact, doth lie
Warmed snow, moist pearle, soft ivorie.
There fall those saphire-coloured brookes,
Which conduit-like with curious crookes
Sweete islands make in that sweet land.
As for the fingers of the hand,
The bloody shafts of Cupids war,
With amatists they headed are.

Thus hath each part his beauties part :
But how the Graces doe impart
To all her limms a speciall grace,
Becomming every time and place ;
Which doth even beauty beautifie,
And most bewitch the wretched eye.
How all this is but a faire inne

Of fayrer guefts, which dwell within ;
 Of whose high praise, and praisefull blisse,
 Goodnes the pen, heaven paper is,
 The incke immortall fame doth lend.

As I began, so must I end ;
 No tongue can her perfections tell,
 In whose each part all tongues may dwell.

[*Arcadia*, 4to, 1590, 150 b. ; fo 1598, p. 141.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly pourtrait of bright angels hue,
 Cleere as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due ;
 And in her cheekes the vermill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers fence with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heale the sick, and to revive the dead.
 In her fayre eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fiery beames out of the same
 So passing perfant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight :
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
 To kindle oft assaide, but had no might ;
 For with dread majestie and awful ire
 Shee broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.
 Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broade table did it selfe dispread,
 For love his loftie triumphs to ingrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhead ;

All good and honour might therein be read,
For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
Sweet words, like dropping honney she did shed,
And twixt the pearles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musick seemd to make.
Upon her eye-lids many graces sate
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgards and amorous retrate ;
And every one her with a grace endowes,
And every one with meekenes to her bowes.
So glorious mirror of celestiall grace,
And soveraigne moniment of mortal vowes,
How shal fraile pen describe her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skil, her beauty to disgrace ?
So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
Shee seem'd, when she presented was to fight,
And was yclad, for heate of scorching ayre,
All in a silken camus, lilly white,
Purpled upon with many a folded plight :
Which al above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets, that glistered bright
Like twinckling starres ; and al the skyrt about
Was hemd with golden frindge.
Below her hamme her weede did somewhat traine,
And her straite leggs most bravely were embaild
In gilden buskins of costly cordwaine,
All bard with golden bends, which were entaild
With curious antiques, and full fayre aumaild.
Before, they fastned were under her knee
In a rich jewell, and therein intrailde
The ends of all the knots, that none might see

How they within theyr foldings clofe enwrapped bee.
Like two fayre marble pillers they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the gods support,
Whom all the people deck with garlands greene,
And honour in their festivall resort ;
Those same with stately grace and princely port
Shee taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace ;
But with the wooddy nymphs when she did play,
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moove, and after flie apace.
And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with Steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The savage beasts in her victorious play ;
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did devide
Her dainty paps, which, like young fruite in May,
Now little gan to swell ; and beeing tyde,
Through her thin weede theyr places only signified.
Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wide despred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered :
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flowring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haire sweete flowers themselves did lap ;
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap,
Such as Diana by the sandy shore
Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
Where all the Nymphs have her unawares forlore,

Wandreth alone, with bow and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game : or as that famous Queene
Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
The day that first of Priam shee was seene
Did shew herselfe in great tryumphant joy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. iii, st. 22.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Her yellow locks exceede the beaten gold,
Her sparkling eyes in heaven a place deserve,
Her forehead high and faire, of comely mould :
Her words are musically, of silver sound,
Her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.
Each eye-brow hangs like Iris in the skyes,
Her eagles nose is straight, of stately frame ;
On eyther cheek a rose and lilly lyes ;
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame ;
Her lips more red then any corall stone,
Her necke more white then aged swans that mone.
Her breast transparent is, like christall rock ;
Her fingers long, fit for Apollos lute ;
Her slipper such as Momus dare not mock ;
Her vertues are so great, as make me mute :
What other parts she hath, I neede not say,
Whose face alone is cause of my decay.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581), son. 7.]

THO. WATSON.

Like to the cleere in highest spheare
Where al imperiall glory shines,
Of selfe same colour is her hayre,

Whether unfolded, or in twines :
Her eyes are saphyres fet in snow,
Refyning heaven by every winke ;
The gods doe feare when as they glow,
And I doe tremble when I thinke.
Her cheekes are like the blushing clowde
That beautifies Auroras face,
Or like the silver crimson shrowde
That Phœbus smiling looks doe grace :
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to intice a deitie :
Her necke like to a stately towre,
Where Love himselfe imprisoned lies,
To watch for glaunces every howre
From her divine and sacred eyes.
Her paps are centers of delight,
Her paps are orbes of heavenly frame,
Where nature moulds the dew of light
To feede perfection with the same :
With orient pearle, with rubie red,
With marble white, with saphire blew,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view :
Nature herselfe her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

[*Rosalynd, Euphues Golden Legacy*, 1590.]

D. LODGE.

She lay, and seemd a flood of diamant
Bounded in flesh ; as still as vespers haire,
When not an aspen leafe is stir'd with ayre :
She lay at length, like an immortal soule
At endlesse rest in blest Elizium ;
And then did true felicitie inroule
So faire a lady, figure of her kingdom.—
Now, as she lay attirde in nakednes,
His eye did carve him, on that feast of feasts,
Sweet fieldes of life which deaths foote dare not presse,
Flowrd with th' unbroken waves of my loves breasts,
Unbroke by depth of those her beauties floods.
See where with bent of gold, curld into nests,
In her heads grove the spring-bird Lamcate broods :
Her body doth present those fields of peace
Where foules are feasted with the soule of ease.
To prove which Paradice that nurseth these,
See, see the golden rivers that renowne it,
Rich Gyhon, Tigris, Phison, Euphrates :
Two from her bright Pelopian shoulders crowne it ;
And two out of her snowy hills doe glide,
That with a deluge of delight doe drowne it :
These higheft two their precious streames divide
To tenne pure floods that do the body dutie,
Bounding themselves in length, but not in beauty.
These wind theyr courses through the paynted bowers,
And raise such sounds in theyr infection
As ceaselesse start from earth fresh sorts of flowers,
And bound that booke of life with every section.
In these the Muses dare not swim, for drowning,
Theyr sweetnes poysons with such sweet infection,

And leaves the onely lookers on them frowning ;
These formes and colour makes them so to shine,
That gods for them would cease to be divine.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Her lilly hand her rosie cheeke lies under,
Coosning the pillow of a lawfull kisse,
Who, therefore angry, seemes to part in funder,
Swelling on eyther side to want his blisse,
Betweene whose hills her head entombed is ;
Where, like a vertuous monument, she lyes,
To be admird of lewd unhallowed eyes.
Without the bed, her other fayre hand was
On the greene coverlet, whose perfect white
Shewd like an Aprill daisie on the grasse,
With pearlie sweat, resembling dewe of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, hath sheath'd theyr light,
And, canopied in darknes, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.
Her haire, like golden threds, playd with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modestie !
Shewing lifes tryumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie :
Each in her sleepe themselves so beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.
Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blew,
A payre of mayden worlds unconquered ;
Save of theyr lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,

Who, like a foule usurper, went about
From this faire throne to heave the owner out.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 57.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Starres fall, to fetch fresh light from her rich eyes ;
Her bright brow drives the funne to clowdes beneath,
Her haire reflexe with red strakes paint the skies,
Sweet morne and evening dew falls from her breath.

T. NASH.

Fayrer then Ifaacks lover at the well,
Brighter then inside barke of new-hewen cedar.
Sweeter then flames of fire perfumed mirrhe,
And comlier then the silver clowdes, that daunce
On zephyrus wings before the King of Heaven.

[*David and Bethsabe*, 1599, Part I.]

G. PEELE.

Her lookes were like beames of the morning funne
Forth-looking through the windowes of the East,
When first the fleecie cattell have begunne
Upon the pearled grasse to make theyr feast :
Her thoughts are like the fume of francenfence,
Which from a golden cenfor forth did rise ;
And throwing forth sweet odours, mounts from thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies :
There she beholds, with hie aspiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation ;
Among the seates of angels, heavenly wrought,
Much like an angel in all forme and fashion.

S. DANIELL.

Her locks are pleighted like the fleece of wooll
That Jafon with his Grecian mates atchiv'd ;

As pure as gold, yet not from gold deriv'd,
As full of sweets, as sweet of sweetes is full :
Her browes are pretty tables of conceate,
Where Love his records of delight doth quote ;
On them her dallying locks doe daily floate,
As love ful oft doth feede upon the baite.
Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the funne, or cheere the day ;
In whom the shining sun-beames brightly play,
Whiles fancie doth on them devine delights.
Her cheekes like ripened lillies steept in wine,
Or fayre pomegranate kirkels washt in milke,
Or snow-white threds in nets of crimson filke,
Or gorgeous clowdes upon the funnes decline.
Her lips are roses over-washt with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus flowre ;
No frost theyr faire, no wind doth waft theyr powre,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.
Her cristall chin like to the purest mould,
Enchast with dainty daiesies soft and white,
Where fancies faire pavilion once is pight,
Whereas embras'd his beauties he doth hold.
Her necke like to an ivory shining towre,
Where through with azure vaines sweet nectar runnes ;
Or like the downe of swanns, where Senessee woons,
Or like delight that doth it selfe devoure.
Her paps are like fayre apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe ;
They never vaile theyr faire through winters frowne,
But from their sweets Love suckt his sommer time.
Her body beauties best esteemed bowre,

Pallas in wit, all three if you well view,
 For beauty, wit, and matchlesse dignitie,
yeelde to Samela.

[*R. Greene's Menaphon*: 1587, Sig. E 3, edit. 1610.] D. LODGE.

Their soft young cheeke-balls, to the eye,
 Are of the fresh vermilion die ;
 So lillies out of scarlet peere,
 So roses bloomed in Lady Vere :
 So shot two wanton starres yfere
 In the eternall burning sphere.

[*Phyllis and Flora*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Her eyes, like Gemini, attend on Jove,
 Her stately front was figured from above ;
 Her dainty nose, of ivory faire and sheene,
 Bepurfurate with ruddy roses beene.
 Her cherry lip doth daunt the morning hew,
 From whence a breath so pleasant did ensue,
 As that which layd fayre Psyche in the vale,
 Whom Cupid wooed, and wooed to his availe.
 Within the compasse of which hollow sweet,
 Those orient rancks of silver perles do meet,
 Prefixing like perfection to the eye
 As silver clowde amidst the sommers skie ;
 From whence such words in wisdom couched be,
 As gods from thence fetch theyr philosophie.
 Her dimpled chin of alabafter white,
 Her stately necke, where nature did acquite
 Her selfe so well, as that at suddaine fight
 Shee wisht the worke were spent upon herselfe,

Her cunning thus was showed upon the shelve ;
For in this pile was fancie painted faire.
In eyther hand an azure pipe she bare :
By one repeating many a sweete consent,
By th' other comfort to the heart she sent :
From which a seemely passage there doth flow
To stranger pleasures that are plac't alow ;
Like to the furrow Phaeton did leave
Amidst the welkin, when he did receive
His fathers charge, and set the world on fire.
In this fayre path oft paced sweet desire,
At every turne beholding with delight
That marble mount that did affect the sight.
Of virgin's waxe the sweet impression was,
The cunning compasse thereof did surpasse,
For arte, concluding all perfections there,
Wrote this report,—All graces bideth heere.
Which Cupid spying, built his mansion so,
As scorning those sweet graces to bestow
On mortall man, with bow ybent doth waite,
Least Jove should steale impressions by deceit ;
And wondring at the crisped coment faire,
In thought concludes it meeter for the ayre
Then mortall mould : next which the stately thighs,
Like two fayre compast marble pillars rise,
Whose white doth staine the dainty driven snow :
Next which the knees with lustie bent below,
Conjoynd with nerves and cordes of amber sweet,
This stately pile with gladsome honour greet ;
Such stately knees as, when they bend a litle,
All knees doe bend, and bow with strange delight.

Her calves with stronger compasse doe succcede,
In which the azure streames a wonder breede :
Both arte and nature therein laboured have
To paint perfection in her colours brave.
Next which, the pretie ground worke of the pyle
Doth shew it selfe, and wonder doth beguile ;
The joynts whereof, combinde of amber sweet
With corall cords, yeeld bent to seemely feete ;
From which whose list to list his gazing eye
Shall greater cause of wonder soone espy.
When on the backe he bends his wavering looke,
In which the worke and taske Diana tooke,
When with Arachne for the prize she strave :
Both arte and nature there excelled have ;
Where from Pigmaliions image seemelie white,
Where close conveyance, passing Gordians plight,
Where lovely nectar, drinke for all the gods,
Where every grace is stained there by ods,
Will, not content which gazing, looke for more,
And spy those armes that stand his sight before ;
Which, for their mould, th' Egyptian wonders passe,
Which, for their beauty, staine the christall glasse ;
Which in theyr motion maister natures sweet,
Where blushing streames present a secret meet,
Will, now amaze, conclude at last of this,
That in the hands all grace concluded is :
Where Nature limits ever fatall time,
Where Fortune figures pleasure in her prime,
Whence spread those fingers, typt with ivory,
Whose touch Medusas turne may well supply :
Where, to conclude, now all the shepheard deemes ;

All grace, all beauty, all perfectiones seemes.

[*Forbonius and Prisceria*, 1584.

D. LODGE.

Yet never eye, to Cupids service vowde,
Beheld a face of such a lovely pride :
A tynfill vale her golden locks did throwde,
That strove to cover what it could not hide ;
The golden funne, behind a silver clowde,
So streameth out his beames on every side.
The marble goddesse, fet at Gnidos naked,
She seemd, were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.
The gamesome winde among her tresses plaies,
And curleth up those growing riches short :
Her sparefull eye to spread his beames denaies,
But keepes his shot where Cupid keepes his fort.

[*E. Fairfax : Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. iv, st. 29.] F. G.

Shee was a woman, in her freshest age
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare ;
With goodly grace and comly personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare ;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated : chaste in worke and will :
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That eye thereof her babes might suck they fill ;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. x, st. 30.]

EDM. SPENCER.

A shape, whose like in waxe 'twere hard to frame,
Or to expresse by skill of painters rare ;
Her hayre was long, and yellow to the same,

As might with wyer of beaten gold compare ;
Her lovely cheekes, with shew of modest shame,
With roses and with lillyes painted are :
Her forehead faire, and full of seemely cheere,
As smooth as polliht ivory doth appeare.
Under two arches of most curious fashion
Stand two black eyes, that like two cleere suns shind,
Steddy in looke, but apt to take compassion ;
Amid which lights, the naked boy and blind
Casteth his darts that cause so many a passion,
Leaving a sweet and curelesse wound behind ;
From thence the nose in such good sort descended,
As envy knowes not how it may be mended.
Under the which, in due and comly space,
Standeth the mouth, staine with vermilion hew ;
Two rowes of precious pearle serve in theyr place
To shew and shut a lip right faire to vew :
Hence come the courteous words, and full of grace,
That mollifie hard harts and make them new :
From hence proceed those smilings, sweet and nice,
That seeme to make an earthly paradise.
Her breasts as milke, her necke as white as snow ;
Round was her necke, most plum and large her breast :
Two ivory apples seemed there to grow,
Tender and smooth, and fittest to be prest,
Waving like seas when wind most calme doth blow.
Argos himselfe might not discerne the rest ;
Yet by presumption well it might be gest,
That that which was concealed was the best.
Her armes due measure of proportion bare,
Her fayre white hand was to be viewed plaine ;

The fingers long, the joynts so curious are
As neyther knot appeard, nor swelling vaine :
And full to perfect all those features rare
The foote, that to be seene doth sole remaine,
Slender and short ; little it was and round,
A finer foote might no where well be found.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. vii, st. 11.]

S. J. HARR.

Apollo, when my mistress first was borne,
Cut off his locks, and left them on her head,
And sayd, I plant these wyres in natures scorne,
Whose beautie shall appeare when time is dead.
From forth the christall heaven when she was made,
The puritie thereof did taint her brow,
On which the glistering sun that fought the shade
Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.
Those eyes, fayre eyes, too faire to be describ'd,
Were those that erst the Chaos did reforme ;
To whom the heavens theyr beauties have ascribd,
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.
When first her fayre delicious cheekes were wrought,
Aurora brought her blush, the Moone her white ;
Both, so combinde as passed natures thought,
Compild those prety orbes of sweet delight.
When Love and Nature once were proud with play,
From both theyr lips her lips their corall drew ;
On them doth fancie sleepe, and every day
Doth swallow joy such sweet delights to view.
Whilom while Venus sonne did seeke a bowre
To sport with Psyche, his desired deere,

He chofe her chin, and from that happy flowre,
 He never flints in glory to appeare.
 Defires and joyes, that long had ferved Love,
 Behold a hold where prety eyes might wooe them ;
 Love make her necke, and for their beft behove
 Hath fhut them there, whence no man can undoe them.
 Once Venus dreamd upon two prety things ;
 Her thoughts they were affections cheefeft nefts :
 She fuckt and figh'd, and bath'd her in the fprings,
 And when ſhe wakt, they were my miſtres breasts.
 Once Cupid fought a hold to couch his kiſſes,
 And found the body of my beſt belov'd,
 Wherein he cloſd the beauty of his bliſſes,
 And from that bower can never be remov'd.
 The Graces erſt, when Acidalian fprings
 Were wexen dry, perhaps did finde her fountaine,
 Within the vale of bliſſe, where Cupids wings
 Doe ſhield the nectar fleeting from the mountaine.

[*Menaphon, or Arcadia*, 1387: edit. 1610, K 2.] R. GREFNE.

Her curled locks of gold, like Tagus fands,
 Her forehead ſmooth and white as ivory,
 Where glory, ſtate, and baſhfulnes held hands :
 Her eyes, one making peace, the other wars ;
 By Venus one, the other rul'd by Mars :
 Her eagles noſe, her ſcarlet cheekes halfe white,
 Her teeth of orient pearle, her gracious ſmile,
 Her dimpled chin, her breaft as cleere as light,
 Her hand like hers whom Tithon did beguile.

[*The Ekatompathia* (1581).] THO. WATSON.

Queene Vertues court, which some call Stellas face,
 Prepaire by natures choicest furniture,
 Hath his front built of alabaster pure ;
 Gold is the covering of that stately place :
 The doore by which sometimes comes forth her grace
 Red porphir is, which lock of pearle makes sure ;
 Whose porches rich, (which name of cheekes endure)
 Marble mixt red and white doe interlace.
 The windowes, now, through which this heavenly guest
 Lookes over the world, and can finde nothing such,
 Which dare claime from those lights the name of best :
 Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,
 Which Cupids felfe from beauties mind did draw ;
 Of touch they are, and poore I am, theyr straw.

[*Astrophel and Stella*, edit. fo. 1598, son. 9.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Two funnes at once from one faire heaven there shind,
 Ten branches from two boughes, tipt all with rofes,
 Pure locks, more golden then is gold refine,
 Two pearled rowes, that natures pride inclofes ;
 Two mounts faire marble, white downe, soft and dainty,
 A snow died orbe, where love increast by pleasure
 Full wofull makes my hart, and body fainty.

[*Rosalynd*, 1590; edit. 1598, Sig. C 2 b.]

D. LODGE.

O! shee doth teach the torches to burne bright.
 It seemes she hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewell in an Ethiops eare ;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too deare :
 So shewes a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady ore her fellowes showes.

[*Romco and Juliet*, act i, sc. 5.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

To make the wondrous power of heaven appeare,
 In nothing more then her perfections found,
 Clofe to her navill ſhe her mantle wrefts,
 Slacking it upwards, and the folds unwound,
 Showing Latonas twins, her plenteous breſts :
 The Sunne and Cynthia, in their tryumph robes
 Of lady ſkin, more rich then both theyr globes.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Senſe*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Upon a bed of roſes ſhe was layd,
 As faint through heate, or dight to pleaſant ſin ;
 And was araide, or rather diſaraid,
 All in a vaile of filke and ſilver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablacter ſkin,
 But rather ſhowd more white, if more might be :
 More ſubtile web Arachne cannot ſpin ;
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven ſee
 Of ſcorched dew, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.
 Her ſnowy breſt was bare, to ready ſpoyle
 Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fild ;
 And yet, through languor of her late ſweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleere then neſtar, forth diſtild,
 That like pure orient pearles adowne it trild ;
 And her faire eyes, ſweet ſmiling in delight,
 Moyſtened their fierie beames, with which ſhe thirld
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not ; like ſtarry light,
 Which, ſparkling on the ſilent waves, does ſeeme more bright.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xii, ſt 77.]

EDM. SPEN.

Her ivory necke, her alablacter breſt,
 Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,

For love in soft delight thereon to rest :
 Her tender sides, her belly white and cleere,
 Which like an altar did it selfe upreare,
 To offer sacrifice devine thereon :
 Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare
 Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
 The spoiles of princes hangd, which were in battaile wonne.

EDM. SPEN.

..... Her sparkling eyes
 Doe lighten forth sweet loves alluring fire,
 And in her tresses she doth fold the lookes
 Of such as gaze upon her golden hayre.
 Her bathfull white, mixt with the mornings red,
 Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheekes :
 Her front is beauties table, where she paints
 The glories of her gorgeous excellence :
 Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,
 Richly inclofd with ruddy currall cleeves.

[*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1594, act i, sc. 1] R. GREENE.

My mistres is a paragon, the fayrest fayre alive,
 Atrides and Æacides for faire lesse faire did strive,
 Her colour fresh as damaske rose, her breath as violet,
 Her body white as ivory, as smooth as polliht jet,
 As soft as down, and were she downe, Jove might come
 down and kisse

A love so fresh, so sweet, so white, so smooth, so soft as this.

[*Albions England*, B. vii, ch. xxxvi, edit. 1602] W. WARNER.

Then cast she off her roabe, and stoode upright,
 As lightning breakes out of the labouring clowde :

Or as the morning heaven casts off her night ;
 Or as that heaven cast off it selfe, and showde
 Heavens upper light, to which the brightest day
 Is but a black and melancholy shrowde ;
 Or, as when Venus striv'd for soveraigne sway
 Of choisefull beauty in young Troyes desire,
 So stoode Corinna varnishing her tyre.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Herewith she rose, like the autumnall starre
 Fresh burnisht in the lofty ocean-flood,
 That darts his glorious influence more farre
 Then any lampe of bright Olympus broode :
 Shee lifts her lightning armes above her head,
 And stretcheth a meridian, from her blood
 That slept, awakt in her Elizian bed :
 Then knit shee up, least, loofd, her glowing haire
 Should scorch the centre, and incense the ayre.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Sweete mouth, that sendst a muskie-rosied breath,
 Fountaine of nectar, and delightfull balme ;
 Eyes, cloudy-cleere, smile-frowning, stormie-calm,
 Whose every glaunce darts me a lyving death ;
 Browes, bending quaintly, your round eben arkes,
 Smile, that then Venus sooner Mars besets,
 Locks, more then golden, curld in curious knots,
 Where in close ambush wanton Cupid lurkes ;
 Grace, angel-like, faire forehead, smooth and hie,
 Pure white, that dimst the lillies of the vale,

Vermilion rose, that mak'ft Aurora pale.

J. SILVESTER.

Such colour had her face, as when the funne
Shines on a watry clowde in pleafant fpring ;
And even as when the fommer is begunne,
The nightingales in boughes doe fit and fing,
So the blind god, whose force can no man fhunne,
Sits in her eyes, and thence his darts doth fling ;
Bathing his wings in her cleare chriftal ftreames,
And funning them in her rare beauties beames :
In thefe he heats his golden-headed dart,
In thofe he cooleth it, and tempered fo,
He levels thence at good Obertos hart,
And to the head he draweth it in his bow.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xi, st. 51.]

S. J. HARR.

And fure Olympias beauties were fo rare,
As well might move a man the fame to note :
Her hayre, her eyes, her cheekes, moft amorous are,
Her nofe, her mouth, her fhoulders, and her throat :
As for her other parts, that then were bare,
Which ſhe was wont to cover with her coate,
Were made in fuch a mould as might have moved
The chaft Hippolytus her to have loved :
A man would thinke them framd by Phidias arts,
Theyr colour and proportion good was fuch ;
And unto them her fhamefaftnes imparts
A greater grace to that before was much.
I ceafe to praife thofe other fecret parts,
Nothing fo fit to talke of as to touch.

In generall, all was as white as milk,
As smooth as ivory, and as soft as filke.
Had thee in vally of Idea beene,
When pastor Paris hap did so befall
To be a judge three goddeffes betweene,
She should have got, and they forgone the ball :
Had she but once of him beene naked seene,
For Helena he had not card at all,
Nor broke the bonds of sacred hospitalitie,
That bred his country wars and great mortalitie.
Had she but then been in Crotana towne,
When Zeuxes, for the goddeffe Junos sake,
To paint a picture of most rare renowne
Did many of the fayrest damfels make
To stand before him, bare from foote to crowne,
A patterne of theyr perfect parts to take,
No doubt he would have all the rest refused,
And her alone in sted of all have chused.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xi, st. 53.]

S. J. HARR.

Faire is my love, for Aprill in her face,
Her lovely breasts September claims his part,
And lordly July in her eyes takes place,
But cold December dwelleth in her hart :
Blest be the month that set my hart on fire,
Accurst that month that hindreth my desire.
Like Phœbus fire, so sparkles both her eyes.
As ayre perfum'd with amber is her breath,
Like swelling waves her lovely teates doe rise,
As earth her hart, cold, dateth me to death.
In pompe sits mercy seated in her face,

Love twixt her breasts his trophies doth imprint,
Her eyes shines favour, curtesie, and grace,
But touch her heart, ah ! that is fram'd of flint.

[*Perymedes, the Blacksmith*, 1588.]

R. GREENE.

Her hayre not trust, but scattered on her brow,
Surpassing Hyblaes honney for the view,
Or softened golden wyers.—
Within these snares first was my hart intrapped,
Till through those golden shrouds mine eyes did see
An ivory shadowed front, wherein was wrapped
Those pretty bowers where Graces couched be :
Next which, her cheekes appeard like crimson silke,
Or ruddy rose bespred on whitest milke.
Twixt which the nose in lovely tenor bends
(Too traitrous pretty for a lovers view)
Next which her lips like violets commends
By true proportion that which doth ensue ;
Which, when they smile, present unto the eyes
The oceans pride, and ivory paradize.
Her polliht necke of milke white snows doth shine,
As when the moone in winter night beholds them ;
Her breast of alabaster cleere and fine,
Whereon two rising apples fayre unfolds them,
Like Cynthias face, when in her full she shineth,
And, blushing, to her love-mates bower declineth.
From whence in length her armes doe sweetly spread,
Like two rare branchie saples in the Spring,
Yeelding five lovely sprigs from every head,
Proportioned alike in every thing ;
Which featly sprout in length, like springborne friends,

Whose pretty tops with five sweet roses ends.
 But why, alas ! should I that marble hide,
 That doth adorne the one and other flank,
 From whence a mount of quickned snow doth glide,
 Or else the vaile that bounds this milkwhite banke,
 Where Venus and her sisters hide the fount,
 Whose lovely nectar doth all sweetes furmount.

[*Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589, Sig. B 2]

D. LODGE.

Whilst thus she meant (unseene) away to slide,
 Her pearles and jewels causde her to be spide ;
 The muske and civet amber as she past,
 Long after her a sweet perfume did cast :
 A carbuncle on her christall brow she pight,
 Whose fierie gleames expeld the shady night :
 Upon her head a silver crispe she pind,
 Loose waving on her shoulders with the wind.
 Gold band her golden hayre, her ivory neck
 The rubies rich and saphires blew did deck,
 And at her eare a pearle of greater vawle
 There hung, then that the Egyptian queene did swallow,
 And through her coller shoud her snowy breft.
 Her utmost robe was colour blew celest,
 Benetted all with twist of perfect gold,
 Beseeming well her comly corps t'enfold.
 What els she ware, might wel be seene upon
 That queene who built the towers of Babylon.—
 Her wavering hayre disparpling flew apart,
 In seemely shed ; the rest with recklesse art
 With many a curling ring decord her face,
 And gave her glashie browes a greater grace.

Two bending bowes of eben coupled right,
Two lucent starres that were of heavenly light,
Two jetty sparks where Cupid chastly hides
His subtil shafts that from his quiver glides :
Tweene those two sunnes and front of equall size
A comly figure formally did rise,
With draught unlevell to her lip descend,
Where Momus selfe could nothing discommend.
Her pitted cheekes appeared to be depaint
With mixed rose and lillies, sweet and faint ;
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath repleat,
Exceld the Saben queene in favour sweet :
Her corall lips discovered, as it were,
Two ranks of orient pearle with smyling cheere ;
Her ivory necke, and breast of alabaster,
Made heathen men of her more idolastre.
Upon her hand no wrinckled knot was seene,
But as each nayle of mother of pearle had beene :
In short, this Judith was so passing faire,
As if the learned Zeuxis had beene there,
And seene this dame when he with pensill drew
The Croton dames, to form the picture true
Of her for whom both Greece and Asia fought,
This onely pattern chiefe he would have fought.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON.

Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive,
Able to melt the hearers hart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead againe alive :
Her deedes were like great clusters of ripe grapes,

Which loade the bunches of the fruitfull vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.

[*No author named: Spencer's Colin Clout's come home again,*
1595.]

Her breast, two hills ore-spread with purest snow,
Sweet, smooth, and supple, soft and gently swelling;
Betweene them lyes a milkie dale below,
Where love, youth, gladnes, whitenes make their dwelling,
Her envious vesture greedy sight expelling:
So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
Should please the eye, the rest unseene the touch:
As when the funne-beames dive through Tagus wave,
To spy the store-house of his springing gold;
Love, percing through, so through her mantle drave,
And in their gentle bosome wandred bold;
It viewd the wondrous beautie virgins have,
And all to finde desire (with vantage) bold:
Alas! what hope is left to quench this fire,
That kindled is by sight, blowne by desire.

[*Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

Fayrer then was the nymph of Mercurie,
Who, when bright Phœbus mounteth up his coach,
And tracks Aurora in her silver steps,
And sprinckling, from the folding of her lap,
White lillies, roses, and sweet violets.

[*History of Orlando Furioso*, 1594, act i, sc. 1.] R. GREENE.

..... Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place :
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace !

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iii, st. 4.]

ED. SPENCER.

Not that night-wandring pale and watry starre
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling carre
From Latmus mount up to the gloomie skie,
Where crownd with blazing light and majestie
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
Then she the harts of those that neere her flood.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1]

CH. MARLOW.

..... O ! Daphne is more fayre
Then angels swimming in the fluxjuyce ayre.
Could loves rich bed-chamber, her two bright eyes,
Lodge but two gueſts at once, Beautie and Mercy ?
Beauty lyes alwayes there, did Mercy too,
Phœbus were then, Daphne ſhould be
Transformd into a ſtately dignitie.

TH. DEKKAR.

Her ſtature comly tall, her gate well graced, and her wit,
To marvaile at, not meddle with, as matchleſſe I omit :
A globe-like head, a gold-like haire, a forehead ſmooth and
hie,
An even noſe, on eyther ſide ſtoode out a grayith eye ;
Two roſie cheeks, round ruddy lips, white juſt-ſet teeth
within,
A mouth in mean, and underneath a round and dimpled chin :
Her ſnowiſh neck with blewith vaines ſtood bolt upright upon
Her portly ſhoulders ; beating balls, her vained breasts, anon
Ad more to beauty : wand-like was her middle, falling ſtill,

And rising whereas women rise ; but over-skip I will
 What males in females over-skip : imagine nothing ill.
 And more, her long and limber arms had white and azure
 wrists,

And slender fingers answer to her smooth and lilly fists :
 A leg in print, a pretty foote, conjecture of the rest ;
 For amorous eyes, observing forme, think parts obscured best.

[*Albions England*, B. iv, ch. xx, edit. 1602.]

W. WARNER.

See where she issues in her beauties pompe,
 As Flora, to salute the morning funne ;
 Who, when she shakes her tresses in the ayre,
 Raines on the earth dissolved pearle in showres,
 Which with his beames the funne exhales to heaven.
 She holdes the spring and sommer in her armes,
 And every plant puts on his freshest robes,
 To daunce attendance on her princely steps,
 Springing and fading, as she comes and goes.

G. CHAPMAN.

Her hayre was loose, and bout her shoulders hung ;
 Upon her browes did Venus naked lye,
 And in her eyes did all the Graces swim.
 Her cheekes, that shoud the temper of the mind,
 Were beauties mornings, where she ever rose ;
 Her lyps were loves rich altars, where she makes
 Her hart a never-ceasing sacrifice :
 Her teeth stoode like a rank of Dians maydes,
 When naked in a secrete bower they bathe ;
 Her long round necke was Cupids quiver calld,
 And her sweet words, that flew from her, his shafts.

Her soft round breasts were his sole travailld Alpes,
Where snow that thawed with sunne did ever lye ;
Her fingers, bounds to her rich deitie.

G. CHAPMAN.

In Paradise of late a dame begun
To peepe out of her bed, with such a grace
As matcht the rising of the morning sunne,
With drops of honney falling from her face ;
Brighter then Phœbus fierie-pointed beames,
Or ycie crust of christall frozen streames.
Her hayre, like amber twisted up in gold,
Passing the pride or riches of the East,
With curious knots were into trammels rould,
As snary nettings for a wandring guest ;
The feathers deckt her with a quaint disdaine,
Like Junos byrd, in pompe of spotted traine.
Her shining forehead doth suppress the starres,
New lightning sparkles from her lovely cheekes,
Her piercing sight the stroke of beauties warres,
Wherewith the conquest of the world she seekes ;
Brave be the darts that from her eyes she throwes,
When Cupid lurkes betweene her lovely browes.
Arabian odours breathe out of her talke,
Which she betweene the pearle and ruby breaketh ;
So smooth a compasse hath her tongue to walke
As makes both heaven and earth blush when she speaketh.
No singing bird in all the ayre but doates,
And lay theyr eares attentive to her notes.
Her necke, her shoulders, and her breasts were bare,
Diana-like, above the water smiling :

No fnow, ivory, or alablafter there,
 No ftatue of white marble, me beguiling ;
 But the fweet feafon of the yeere I found,
 When lillies peepe out of the graffie ground.
 Her other parts unto my view denide,
 Much like the lampe that burnt at Pfyches bed,
 Made fuch a fire into my hart to glide,
 That love awaked, and my body bled :
 O ! had fhe not fo great a force to pleafe,
 Defire had fleep, and I had liv'd at eafe.

S. G.

Aftromomers the heavens doe devide
 Into eyght houfes, where the gods remaines ;
 All which in thy perfections doe abide,
 For in thy feete the queene of filence raignes :
 About thy waft Joves meffenger doth dwell,
 Inchaunting me, as I thereat admire ;
 And on thy duggs the queene of love doth tell
 Her godheads power, in froules of my defire.
 Thy beautie is the worlds eternall funne,
 Thy favours force a cowards hart to darre,
 And in thy hayres Jove and his riches wonne,
 Thy frownes hold Saturne, thine eyes the fixed ftarres.

[*Diana* 1594, Dec. vi, fon. 4.]

H. C.

What length of verfe can ferve, brave Mopfus, good to fhew ?
 Whofe vertues ftange, and beauties fuch, as no man them
 may know.
 Thus fhrewdly burdned, then, how can my Mufe efcape ?
 The gods muft help, and precious things muft ferve to fhew
 her fhape :

Like great god Saturne faire, and like faire Venus chaste,
As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like goddesse Iris faste ;
With Cupid she foresees, and goes gods Vulcans pace,
And, for a taste of all these gifts, she steales god Momus
grace.

Her forehead jacinth like, her cheekes of opall hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedeckt with pearle, her lyps as saphire
blew :

Her haire like crapal-stone, her mouth, ô heavenly wide !
Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like silver ore untride :
As for her parts unknowne, which hidden sure are best,
Happy be they which well beleewe, and never seeke the rest.

[*Arcadia*, fo. 1598, p. 11: 4to, 1590, 12 b.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

O words ! which fall like sommer dew on me,
O breath ! more sweet then is the growing beane,
O tongue ! in which all honnied licours be,
O voyce ! that doth the thrush in shrilnes staine.—
Gay haire, more gay then straw when harvest lies ;
Lips red and plum as cherries ruddy fide ;
Eyes fayre and great, like fayre great oxes eyes ;
O breast ! in which two white sheepe swell in pride.
Joyne you with me to seale this promise due,
That she be mine, as I to her am true.
But thou, white skin, as white as curds well prest,
So smooth as, flecke-stone-like, it smooths each part ;
And thou, deere flesh, as soft as wooll new drest,
And yet as hard as brawne made hard by art.

[*Ibid.*, fo. 1598, p. 344.]

S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

POETICALL COMPARISONS.

Beautie.

As that fayre starre, the meffenger of morne,
 His dewy face out of the sea doth reare,
 Or as the Ciprian goddeffe, newly borne
 Of the oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare;
 Such seemed they, and so theyr yellow haire,
 Christalline humour dropped downe apace.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xii, st. 65; and see *Fairfax's Godfrey*
of Bulloigne, B. xv, st. 60.]

EDM. SPENCER.

As when faire Cinthia in a darksome night
 Is in a noyous clowde enveloped,
 Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
 Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright head
 Discovers to the world discomfited,
 Of the poore traveller that went astray,
 With thousand blessings she is herried;
 Such was the beauty and the shining ray
 With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. i, st. 43.]

ED. SPENCER.

Looke how the crowne which Ariadne wore
 Upon her ivory forehead, that fame day
 That Theseus her unto his bridall bore,
 (When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
 With the fierce Lapiths, that did him dismay)
 Beeing now placed in the firmament,

Through the bright heaven doth her beames display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent ;
Such was the beauty of this goodly band.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. x, st. 13.]

ED. SPENSER.

Even as a stage set forth with pomp and pride,
Where rich men cost and cunning arte bestow,
When curtaines be remoov'd that all did hide,
Maketh by light of torch a glittering show :
Or as the funne that in a clowde did bide,
When that is gone, doth cleerer seeme to grow ;
So Bradamant, when as her head was bareft,
Her colour and her beautie seemed rareft.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxxii, st. 75.] S. J. HARR., *Transl.*

As when fayre Ver, dight in her flowrie raile,
In her new coloured liverie decks the earth,
And glorious Titan spreads his sun-shine vaile
To bring to passe her tender infants birth :
Such was her beauty which I then possesse,
With whose imbracings all my youth was blest.

M. DRAYTON.

Looke how a comet at the first appearing
Drawes all mens eyes with wonder to behold it ;
Or, as the saddest tale, at suddaine hearing,
Makes silent listning unto him that told it ;
So did my speech when rubies did unfold it ;
So did the blazing of my blush appeare
T' amaze the world, that holds such fights so deere.

[*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592, st. 18.]

S. DANIELL.

Even as when gaudie nimphs pursue the chace,
 Wretched Ixions shaggy-footed race,
 Incenst with savage heate, gallop a maine
 From steep pine-bearing mountaines to the plaine ;
 So ran the people forth, to gaze upon her,
 And all that viewd her were inamoured on her.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

C. MARLOW.

Like as an horfe, when he is barded haile,
 And feathered pannache fet upon his head,
 Will make him seeme more brave for to affaile
 The enemie, he that the troopes dois lead,
 Ane pannach on his helme will fet indeid :
 Even so had nature, to decore her face,
 Given her ane tap for to augment her grace.

[*Essays of a Prentice*, 1585. Phoenix.]

REX SCO.

Like as a taper burning in the darke,
 (As if it threatned every watchfull eye
 That burning viewes it) makes that eye his marke,
 And hurles guild darts at it continually :
 Or, as it envyed any eye but it
 Should see in darknes ; so, my mistres beautie
 From forth her secret stand my hart doth hit,
 And like the dart of Cephalus doth kill
 Her perfect lover, though she meane no ill.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Now as when heaven is muffled with the vapours,
 His long since just divorced wife, the earth,
 In envy breaths, to maske his spurry tapers

From the unrich abundance of her birth,
When straight the westernne issue of the ayre
Beats with his floury wings those brats of dearth,
And gives Olympus leave to show his fayre;
So fled the offended shadowes of her cheere,
And shewd her pleasant countenaunce ful as cleere.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Dalliance.

Even as an emptie eagle, sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haft,
Till eyther gorge be stuft, or pray be gone;
Even so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 10.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

And looke how close the ivy doth embrace
The tree, or branch, about the which it growes;
So close the lovers couched in the place,
Each drawing in the breath the other blowes:
But how great joyes they found that little space,
Well we may gesse, but none for certaine knowes;
Such was theyr sport, so well theyr leere they couth,
That oft they had two tongues within one mouth.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. vii, st. 27.]

S. J. HARR.

Like as the wanton ivie with his twine,
When as the oake his rooteleffe body warmes,
The straightest saplings strictly doth combine,

Clipping the wood with his lascivious armes ;
 Such our imbraces when our sport begins.
 Lapt in our armes, like Ledaes lovely twins.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 40.]

M. DRAYTON.

Even like as Castor, when a calme begins,
 Beholding then his starry-tressed brother,
 With mirth and glee these swan-begotten twins,
 Presaging joy, the one embrace the other :
 Thus one the other in our armes we fold,
 Our breasts for joy our hearts could scarcely hold.

[*Ibid.*, st. 147.]

IDEM.

..... As when Jove at once from East to West
 Cast off two eagles to discern the fight
 Of this worlds centre, both his birds joynd brest
 In Cynthia Delphos, since earths navill hight ;
 So, casting off my ceaselesse thoughts to see
 My hearts true centre, all doe meete in thee.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

Like as a well-tunde lute that's toucht with skill,
 In musicks language sweetly speaking plaine,
 When every string it selfe with sound doth fill,
 Taking theyr tones, and giving them againe,
 A diapazon heard in every straine ;
 So theyr affections, fet in keyes so like,
 Still fall in confort as theyr humors strike.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596: edit. 1605, B. iii, st. 59.]

M. DRAYTON.

Sorrow.

Then downe his cheekes the teares so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs ;
So thunder rends the clowde in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

[*Elegy on Sir Philip Sydney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

As, through an arch the violent roring tide
Out-runnes the eye, that doth behold his haft,
Yet in the edie boundeth in his pride
Backe to the straite that forced him so fast,
In rage sent out, recald in rage being past ;
Even so his fighes, his sorrowes, make a saw,
To push greefe on, and back the same greefe draw.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 241.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

..... The storme so rumbled in her breast
As Eolus could never roare the like ;
And shewres downe rained from her eyes so fast,
That all bedrent the place ; till at the last
Well eased they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of raine doth swage the stormie wind.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 259.]

M. SACKVILE.

As in September, when our yeere resignes
The glorious funne unto the watry signes,
Which through the clowdes lookes on the earth in scorne,
The little bird, yet to salute the morne,
Upon the naked branches sets her foote,
The leaves now lying on the mossie roote,

And there a filly chiriping doth keepe,
 As though the faine would sing, yet faine would weepe ;
 Praying faire fommer that too soone is gone,
 Or mourning winter, too fast comming on ;
 In this sad plight I mourne for thy depart.

[*Epistle, Q. Margaret to W. de la Pole*, edit. 1599.] M. DRAYTON.

As, when the fatall bird of augurie
 Seeing a stormie dismall clowde arise
 Within the South, foretells with pittious cry
 The weeping tempest that on suddaine hies ;
 So the poore soule, in view of his disdaine,
 Began to descant on her future paine.

[*Glaucus and Silla*, 1589, Sig. E 2 b.]

D. LODGE.

And even as Hecuba fell raging mad,
 With griefe of minde, and sorrow fore oppressed,
 To see her Polydorus, little lad,
 By fraud of his kinsman unkind distressed,
 So rav'd Olympia fayre.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. x, st. 32.]

J. HARRINGTON.

The raging pang remained still within,
 That would have burst out all at once too fast ;
 Even so we see the water tarry in
 A bottle little mouth'd, and big in waft ;
 That though you topsie-turvie turne the brim,
 The licour bides behind with too much hast,
 And with the striving oft is in such taking,
 As scant a man can get it out with shaking.

[*Ibid.*, B. xxiii, st. 88.]

IDEM.

Sorrow.

As one that saw in Aprill, or in May,
A pleasant garden full of fragrant flowers,
Then when the earth, new clad in garments gay,
Decks every wood and grove with pleasant bowers,
Comming againe on some Decembers day,
And sees it mard with winters stormes and showers ;
So did this Court to Bradamant appeare,
When as she saw Rogero was not here.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlv, st. 23.]

J. HARR.

As gorgeous Phœbus, in his first uprise,
Discovering now his scarlet-coloured head,
By troublous motions of the lowring skies
His glorious beames with fogs are over-spread ;
So are his cheerfull browes ecclipsed with Sorrow,
Which cloud the shine of his youths smiling morrow.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 77.]

M. DRAYTON.

Like as when Phœbus, darting forth his rayes,
Glydeth along the swelling ocean streames ;
And, whilst one billow with another playes,
Reflecteth backe his bright translucent beames :
Such was the conflict then betwixt our eyes,
Sending forth lookes, as teares do fall and rise.

[*Ibid.*, st. 104.]

IDEM.

Like to a vessell with a narrow vent,
Which is fild up with licour to the top,
Although the mouth be after downward bent,
Yet is it seene not to distill a drop ;

Even thus our breasts, brimful with pensive care,
Stopping our tongues, with greefe we silent are.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, st. 167.]

M. DRAYTON.

As the high elme (when his deare vine hath twind
Fast in her hundred armes, and holds imbraft)
Beares down to earth his spouse and darling kind,
If storme or cruell steele the tree downe cast,
And her full grapes to nought doth bruze and grind,
Spoyles his own leaves, faints, withers, dies at last;
And feesmes to mourne and die, not for his owne,
But for her death with him that lyes orethrowne;
So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame
Whom life and death had made for ever his.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. xx, st. 99.]

ED. FAIREFAX.

As when a foggy mist hath over-caft
The face of heaven, and the cleere ayre ingroft,
The world in darknes dwells; till that at last
The watry south-wind, from the sea-bord coast
Up blowing, doth disperse the vapours lost,
And powres it selfe forth in a stormie showre;
So the fayre Britomart, having discloft
Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
The mist of greefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. iv, st. 13.]

EDM. SPEN.

..... As a stroke, given on the righte eye,
Offends the left; even so, by sympathy,
Her husbands dolours made her hart unglad,
And Judiths forrowes made her husband sad.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

T. HUDSON.

Diffimulation.

As when a wearie travailer, that straies
By muddy shore of broad feaven-mouthed Nile,
Unwitting of the perilous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which, in false greefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full fore, and sheddeth tender teares ;
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournfull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that minds anothers cares :
So wept Dueffa, untill eventide.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. v, st. 18.]

EDM. SPENCER.

As cunning fingers, ere they straine on hie
In loude melodious tunes theyr gentle voyce,
Prepare the hearers eares to harmonie,
With fainings sweet, low notes, and warbles choyce ;
So she, not having yet forgot, pardie,
Her wonted shifts and sleights in Cupids toyes,
A sequence first of fighes and fobs forth cast,
To breede compassion deere—then spake at last.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. xvi, st. 42.]

ED. FAIREFAX.

As guilefull goldsmith, that, by secret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely over-spred
Some baser mettle, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold instead ;
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falshood, then if it were true ;
So hard this idole was to be ared,

That Florimell her felfe in all mens view
 She seem'd to passe : so forged things do fairest shew.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. v, st. 15.]

EDM. SPENCER.

As when two funnes appeare in th' azure skie,
 Mounted in Phœbus chariot fierie bright,
 Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
 And both adornd with lamps of flaming light ;
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing nature's worke, nor what to weene,
 Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright ;
 So stooode Sir Marinell, when he had seene
 The semblant of this false by his faire beauties queene.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. iii, st. 19.]

IDEM.

Love.

As men, tormented with a burning feaver,
 Dreame that with drink they swage their greevous thirst ;
 But, when they wake, they feele theyr thirst perfever,
 And to be greater then it was at first :
 So shee, whose thoughts from love sleepe could not fever,
 Dreamt of that thing for which she wake did thirst ;
 But waking, felt and found it as before,
 Her hope still lesse, and her desire still more.

S. J. HARR.

The man that dwells farre north, hath fildome harme
 With blast of winters winde or nypping frost ;
 The negro fildome feeles himfelfe too warme,
 If he abide within his native coast :

So love in mee a second nature is,
And custome makes me thinke my woes are blisse.

[*The Ekatompathia*, son. 57.]

THO. WATSON.

The harpie byrds, that did in such despight
Greeve and annoy old Phineus so fore,
Were chafde away by Calais in fight,
And by his brother Zeth, for evermore ;
Who followed untill they heard, on hie,
A voyce that said,—ye twins ! no farther flie :
Phineus I am, that so tormented was.
My Laura heere I may a harpie name,
My thoughts and lusts be sonnes to Boreas,
Which never ceast in following my dame,
Till heavenly grace sayd unto me, at last,
Leave fond delights, and say thy love is past.

[*Ibid.*, son. 97.]

IDEM.

All as the greedy fisheer layes his hookes
Alongst the coast, to catch some mighty fish,
More for his gaine, then wholsome for the dish
Of him that buies ; even so, these sisters brave
Have lovers more then honest maydens have.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. ii.]

THO. HUDSON.

..... As when mightie Macedon had wonne
The monarchie of earth ; yet, when he fainted,
Greev'd that no greater action could be done,
And that there no more worlds was to subdue ;
So loves defects loves conquerour did rue.

EDM. SPENCER.

Looke, as the faire and fiery-poynted funne,
 Rushing from forth a clowde, bereaves our sight ;
 Even so, the curtaine drawne, his eyes begun
 To winke, beeing blinded with a greater light.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 55.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
 Theyr fellowes being flaine, or put to flight,
 Poore souldiers stand, with fear of death dead strooken ;
 So, at her prefence all surprizd and taken,
 Await the sentence of her scornfull eyes :
 He whom she favours lives, the other dies.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOW.

Fear.

Like as a hinde, forth singled from the heard,
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
 Yet flies away, of her own feete afrayd,
 And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
 Murmure of windes, her terror hath increast ;
 So fled fayre Florimell from her vaine feare.

EDM. SPENCER.

This said, he shakes aloft his Romaine blade,
 Which like a faulcon trowing in the skies
 Toucheth the foule below with his wings shade,
 Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies ;
 So, under his insulting fauchion lyes
 Harmlesse Lucretia, marking what he tells
 With trembling feare, as foule heares faulcons bells.

[*Lucrece*, 1594, st. 74.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

As the poore frighted deere, that stands at gaze
Wildly determining which way to flie,
Or one, incompast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
To live or die which of the twaine were better,
When life is sham'd, and deaths reproch's debtor.

[*Lucrece*, st. 166.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Or, as a snayle, whose tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with paine ;
And there, all smoothred up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe :
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 174.]

IDEM.

As in the night each little fierie sparke
May plainly be discerned with her eyne,
But when the day doth come, we then shall marke
That all are damp't, and doe no longer shine :
So kindles Feare, in minde which doubt made darke,
Untill my sunne in my horizon shine.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xlv, st. 34.]

S. J. HARR.

So great a terror in theyr mindes was bred,
That straight, as if with sprites they had beene skard,
This way and that, confusedly they fled,
And left the gates without defence or gard :
As tumults often are at stage plaies bred,
When false reports of sudden fires are heard :

Or when the over-loaden feates doe cracke,
One tumbling downe upon anothers back.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xx, st. 61.]

S. J. HARR.

Like as in time of Spring the water's warme,
And crowding frogs like fishes there doe swarme,
But with the smallest stone that you can cast
To stirre the streame, theyr crowding staies as fast :
So while Judea was in joyfull dayes
The constancie of them was worthy praise,
For that in every purpofe ye should heare
The praise of God refounding every where :
So that, like burning candles they did shine
Among theyr faithfull flock, like men divine ;
But looke, how soone they heard of Holoferne,
Theyr courage quaild, and they began to derne.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. ii.]

T. HUDSON.

Of Flight.

Looke how a purple flower doth fade and die,
That painefull ploughman cutteth up with share ;
Or as the poppies heads aside do lye,
When it the body can no longer beare :
So did the noble Dardanello die,
And, with his death, fild all his men with feare :
As waters runne abroade that breake theyr bay,
So fled his souldiours, breaking theyr aray.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xviii, st. 71.]

S. J. HARR.

As the swift Ure, by Volgaes rolling flood,
Chafde through the plaine the mastife cures to-forne,

Flies to the succour of some neighbour wood,
And often turnes againe his dreadfull horne
Against the dogs, imbrude in sweate and blood,
That bite not till the beast to flight returne ;
Or, as the Moores, at theyr strange tennis, runne
Defenst, the flying balls unhurt to shunne ;
So ranne Clorinda, fo her foes pursude.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. iii, st. 32.]

ED. FAIREFAX.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall power
A proude rebellious unicorne defies,
To avoyd the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies ;
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside, the whilst that furious beast
His precious horne, fought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yeelds a bounteous feast,
With such fayre sleight him Guion often fayld.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. v, st. 10.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Errour.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell,
With timely pride, above th' Egyptian vale,
His fatty waves doe fertile slime out well,
And over-flow each plaine, and lowly dale ;
But when his later ebbe gins to availe,
Huge heapes of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitfull feede :

Such ugly monstros shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st. 21.] ED. SPEN., *compard to Errors vomit.*

Of Rage.

As savage bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
When rancor doth with rage him once ingore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the floore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
That all the forrest quakes to hear him rore ;
So ragde Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mighty puissance sustaine.

[*Ibid.*, B. ii, c. viii, st. 42.]

IDEM.

Looke what a noyfe an heard of savage swine
Doe make, when as the wolfe a pig hath caught,
That doth in all their hearings cry and whine,
Flocking about, as nature hath them taught :
So doe these fouldiours murmure and repine
To see theyr captaine thus to mischief brought ;
And with great fury they doe set upon him,
All with one voyce still crying—on him ! on him !

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xii, st. 58.]

J. HARR.

As when within the soft and spungie foyle
The winde doth pierce the intrailles of the earth,
Where hurly burly, with a restlesse coyle,
Shakes all the centre, wanting issue forth,
Till, with the tumour, townes and mountaines tremble ;

Even such a meteor doth theyr rage resemble.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 152.]

M. DRAYTON.

As when a comet, farre and wide descride,
In scone of Phœbus, midst bright heaven doth shine,
And tydings sad of death and mischiefe brings ;
To mightie lords, to monarches and to kings :
So shone the pagan, in bright armour clad,
And rold his eyes.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. vii, st. 52.]

ED. FAIREFAX.

Like as a bull when, prickt with jealoufie,
He spies the rivall of his hote desire,
Through all the fields doth bellow, rore, and cry,
And with his thundring voyce augments his ire ;
And threatning battaile to the emptie skie,
Teares with his horne each tree, plant, bush and brier,
And with his foote casts up the sand on hight,
Defying his strong foe to deadly fight :
Such was the Pagans fury, such his cry.

[*Ibid.*, B. vii, st. 55.]

IDEM.

Like as a goshauke, that in foote doth beare
A trembling culver, having spyde on hight
An eagle that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre ; stooping with all his might,
The quarry throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battaile doth herselfe prepare :
So ranne the giantesse unto the fight ;
Her fiery eyes with furious sparks did flare,
And, with blasphemous bans, high God in peeces tare.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. vii, st. 38.]

EDM. SPENCER.

As lyons meete, or bulls, in pastures greene,
 With teeth and hornes, and staine with blood the field,
 Such eager fight these warriours was betweene,
 And eythers speare had peirft the others shield.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. i, st. 62.]

S. J. HARR.

For as with equall rage, and equall might,
 Two aduerse windes combate with billowes proud,
 And neyther yeeld; (feas, skies, maintaine like fight,
 Wave against wave opposd, and clowde to clowde;)
 So warre both sides with obstinate despight,
 With like revenge, and neither party bowd,
 Fronting each other with confounding blowes,
 No wound one sword unto the other owes.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. vi, st. 92.]

SAM. DANIELL.

With equall rage, as when the southerne winde
 Meeteth in battaile strong the northerne blast,
 The sea and ayre to neither is resignd,
 But clowd against clowd, and wave gainst wave they cast:
 So from this skirmish neither part declind,
 But fought it out, and kept theyr footings fast;
 And oft with furious shock together rush,
 And shield gainst shield, and helme gainst helme they crush.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ix, st. 52.]

ED. FAIREFAX, *Transl.*

Such was theyr furie, as when Boreas teares
 The shattered crags from Taurus northerne clift;
 Upon theyr helmes theyr launces long they broke,
 And up to heaven flew splinters, sparks, and smoake.

[*Ibid.*, B. vi, st. 40.]

IDEM.

As when two tygers, prickt with hungers rage,
Have by good fortune found some beaſts freſh ſpoile,
On which they weene theyr famine to affwage,
And gaine a feaſtfull guerdon of theyr toyle;
Both falling out doe ſtirre up ſtrifeſull broyle,
And cruell battaile twixt themſelves doe make,
Whilſt neither lets the other touch the foile,
But eyther ſdeignes with other to pertake;
So cruelly theſe knights ſtrove for that ladies fake.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. iii, ſt. 16.]

EDM. SPENCER

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More ſharpe then poynts of needles, did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming ſtreames,
Full of ſad power, that poyſonous bale did breed
To all that on him lookt without good heede,
And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
Like as the baſiliſke, of ſerpents feede,
From powerfull eyes cloſe venome doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

[*Ibid.*, B. iv, c. viii, ſt. 39.]

IDEM.

As when a dolphin and a ſele are met
In the wide champion of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chafe theyr courages they whet,
The maiſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them doe darraine:
They ſnuſſe, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the ſea, diſturbed with theyr traine,
Doth frie with foame above the ſurges hore;

Such was betwixt these two the troublefome uprore.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. ii, st. 15.]

ED. SPENCER.

As when the fierie mouthed steedes, which drew
The funnes bright waine to Phaetons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous scorpion view
With ugly crapples crawling in theyr way,
The dreadfull fight did them so fore affray,
That their well knowne courses they forewent :
And leading the ever-burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament :
Such was the furie of these head-strong steedes,
Soone as the infants funlike shield they saw.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, c. viii, st. 40.]

IDEM.

Like as the curfed sonne of Theseus,
That following his chace in dewie morne,
To flie his stepdames love outragious,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne ;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woodie nimphs did waile and mourne :
So was the Soldane rapt, and all to rent,
That of his shape appeard no little monument.

[*Ibid.*, B. v, c. viii, st. 43.]

IDEM.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
Shee threw her husbands murdered infant out ;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about ;

Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deere flesh did teare :
Yet neyther Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mænades so furious were
As this bold woman, when she saw that damsell there.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. viii, st. 47.]

IDEM.

As the heate hidden in a watry clowde,
Striving for issue with strange murmures loud,
Like gunnes astuns, with round-round-rumbling thunder,
Filling the ayre with noyse, the earth with wonder ;
So the three sisters, the three hidious rages,
Raife thousand stormes, leaving th' infernall stages.

J. SILVESTER.

Pittie. Curtesie.

Shee, pittious nurse, applyde her painfull thought
To serve and nourish them that her up brought ;
Like to the gratefull storke, that gathereth meate
And brings it to her elders for to eate,
And on a firre-tree high, with Boreas blowne,
Gives life to those of whom she had her owne.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON.

As the bright funne, what time his fierie teame
Toward the westernne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnes of his beame,
And fervor of his flames somewhat adaw ;
So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that majestic and awe,

That whilom wont to doe so many quake,
And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. ix, st. 35.]

EDM. SPEN.

As when the foutherne winde, with lukewarm blast
Breathing on hills where winter long had dwelt,
Resolves the rocks of ice that hung so fast,
And all the new made mounts of snow doth melt :
So with this gentle prayer, though spoke in haft,
The damsell such an inward motion felt,
That suddainly her hardned hart did soften,
As unto women kinde it chaunceth often.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. xxxvi, st. 37.]

S. J. HARR.

Like as the winde, flopt by some wood or hill,
Growes strong and fierce, teares bowes and trees in twaine,
But with mild blasts more temperate gentle still,
Blowes through the ample field, or spacious plaine ;
Against the rocks as sea-waves murmure shrill,
But silent passe amid the open maine,
Rinaldo so, when none his force withstood,
Affwagde his furie, calmd his angry moode.

[*E. Fairfax : Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. xx, st. 58.] IDEM.

Courage.

As when two rammes, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Theyr horned fronts so fierce on eyther side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand fencelesse as a block,

Forgetful of the hanging victorie ;
 So stooode these twaine, unmoved as a rock,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former crueltie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. ii, st. 16.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes,
 To chyde the windes that Trogan ships opprest,
 And with his countenaunce calmd seas, winds, and skies ;
 So lockt Rinaldo when he shooke his crest.

S. J. HARR.

When the ayre is calme and still, as dead and deafe,
 And under heaven quakes not an aspen leafe ;
 When seas are calme, and thousand vessels fleet
 Upon the sleeping seas with passage sweet ;
 And when the variant wind is still and lowne,
 The cunning pilot never can be knowne ;
 But when the cruell storme doth threat the barke
 To drowne in deeps of pits infernall darke,
 While tossing teares both ruther, mast, and faile,
 While mounting seemes the azure skies to scale,
 While drives, perforce, upon some deadly shore,
 There is the pilot knowne, and not before.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. i.]

TH. HUDSON.

As a tall shippe, tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rocks, doe diversly diseafe,
 Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
 That her on eyther side doe fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave,

Shee, scorning both their spights, doth make wide way,
 And, with her breast breaking the foamie wave,
 Doth ride on both their backs, and faire herselfe doth save;
 So boldly he him beares.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ii, st. 24.]

ED. SPEN.

As when a flyp, that flies sayre under faile,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unawares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The mariner, yet halfe amazed, stares
 At perill past; and yet in doubt, ne dares
 To joy at his foolehappie over-fight:
 So doubly is distrest, twixt joy and cares,
 The dreadlesse courage of this elfin Knight.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. vi, st. 1.]

IDEM.

Majestie. Pompe.

Looke as great Cinthia in her silver carre
 Rides in her progresse round about her sphere,
 Whose tendance is the faire eye-dazeling starres
 Trooping about her chariot, that with cleere
 And glorious shoves makes every eye delight
 To gaze upon the beautie of the night,
 Or as the spring comes to regret the earth,
 Clad and attended with the worlds delight;
 So is the Queene in majestie brought forth.

[*Legend of H. Duke of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 153.]

CHR. MIDDLETON.

Like trident-maced Neptune, in his pride,
 Mounted upon a dolphin in a storme,

Upon the tossing billowes forth doth ride,
 About whose traine a thousand Tritons swarme :
 When Phœbus seemes to set the waves on fire,
 To shew his glory, and the gods desire ;
 Or like unto the fiery-faced sunne,
 Upon his wagon prauncing in the west,
 Whose blushing cheekes with flames seeme over-runne,
 Whilst, sweating thus, he gallops to his rest :
 Such was the glory wherein now I stood,
 Which makes the barons sweat theyr deereft blood.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 139.]

M. DRAYTON.

And look how Thames, inricht with many a flood,
 And goodly rivers (that have made their graves,
 And buried both theyr names and all theyr good
 Within his greatnes, to augment his waves)
 Glides on with pompe of waters unwithstood
 Unto the ocean (which his tribute craves)
 And lays up all his wealth within that powre,
 Which in it selfe all greatnes doth devoure,
 So flockt the mightie, with theyr following traine,
 Unto the all-receaving Bullenbrooke.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. ii, st. 7.]

S. DANIELL.

Then thou, on thine imperiall chariot set,
 Crownd with a rich imperled coronet,
 Whilst the Parisian dames, as thy traine past,
 Theyr precious incense in aboundance cast :
 As Cynthia, from the wave-embateled shrowdes
 Opening the west, comes streeming through the clouds,
 With shining troopes of silver-trefted starres

Attending on her as her torch-bearers,
 And all the leffer lights about the throne,
 With admiration stand as lookers on,
 Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
 The Queene of light, along her spheare doth glide.

[*Epistle, Charles Brandon to Q. Mary*, edit. 1599.] M. DRAYTON.

Civill Warres.

Even like to Rheine, which in his birth opprest,
 Strangled almost with rocks and mighty hills,
 Workes out a way to come to better rest,
 Warres with the mountaines, strives against their wills,
 Brings forth his streames in unitie profest
 Into the quiet bed he proudly fills,
 Carrying the greatnes, which he cannot keepe,
 Unto his death and buriall in the deepe ;
 So did the worlds proud mistres, Rome, at first
 Strive with an hard beginning, ward with neede,
 Forcing her strong confiners to the worst,
 And in her blood her greatnes first did breede :
 So Spaine at home with Moores, ere forth it burst,
 Did practife long, and in it selfe did bleed ;
 So did our state begin with her owne wounds
 To try her strength, ere it enlargd her bounds.

SAM. DANIELL.

Like as an exhalation, hote and dry,
 Amongst the ayre-bred moistie vapours throwne,
 Spetteth his lightning forth outrageously,
 Renting the thicke clowdes with a thunder-stone,
 As though the huge all-covering heaven did grone ;

Such is the garboyle of this conflict then,
Brave Englishmen encountring Englishmen.

[*Mortimeriados*, 1596: repeated afterwards, p. 523.] M. DRAVTON.

Like as a clowde, foule, darke, and ugly black,
Threatning the earth with tempest every howre,
Now broken with a fearefull thunder-crack,
Straight powreth downe his deepe earth-drenching showre ;
Thus for theyr wrongs now rise they up in armes,
Or to revenge, or to amend theyr harmes.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 158.]

IDEM.

Death.

That downe he tumbled, as an aged tree
High growing on the top of rockie clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be ;
The mighty trunck, halfe rent, with ragged rift,
Doth rolle adowne the rocks, and fall with fearfull drift.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. viii, st. 22.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious flight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundations forst and feeble quite,
At last downe falls ; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yeelds it selfe unto the victors might :
Such was this giants fall.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. viii, st. 23.]

IDEM.

As when two billowes in the Irish founds,
Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,

Doe meete together, each aback rebounds
 With roring rage ; and dashing on all sides,
 That filleth all the fea with foame, devides
 The doubtfull current into divers wayes ;
 So fell thofe two in fpight of both theyr prides.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. i, st. 42.]

EDM. SPENCER.

Hope.

Yet as through Tagus faire transparent streames
 The wandring marchant fees the sandy gold,
 Or like as Cynthias halfe obscured beames
 In filent night the pilot doth behold
 Through mistie clowdes, and vapours manifold ;
 So, through a mirror of my hop'd for gaine,
 I faw the treafure which I fhould obtaine.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Like as the funne at one felfe time is felt
 With heate to harden clay, and waxe doth melt,
 So Amrams facred fonne, in thefe projects,
 Made one felfe caufe have two contraire effects ;
 For Ifaack humbly knew the Lord divine,
 But Pharo more and more did still repine ;
 Like to the corpflet cold, the more tis bet
 With hammer hard, more hardnes it doth get.

[*History of Fudith*, 1584, B. i.]

TH. HUDSON.

This ill prefage advifedly fhe marketh,
 Even as the winde is hufht before it raineth,
 Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breakes before it ftaineth ;

Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning strooke her, ere his words begun.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 77.]

W. SHAKESPEARE.

Astonishment.

Like as the tiller of the fruitfull ground
With suddaine storme and tempest is astonished,
Who sees the flash, and heares the thunders found,
And for their maisters sake the cattell punished ;
Or when, by hap, a faire old pine he found
By force of raging winds his leaves diminished ;
So stood amazd the pagan in the place,
His lady present at the wofull case.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. ii, st. 65.]

J. HARRINGTON.

Even as a wolfe, by pinching famine led,
That in the field a carrion-beast doth finde,
On which before the doggs and ravens have fed,
And nothing left but bones and hornes behind,
Stands still, and gazeth on the carkasse dead :
So at this sight the pagan prince repind,
And curseth oft, and calls himselfe a beast,
For comming tardy to so rich a feast.

IDEM.

Like to a man, which, walking in the grasse,
Upon a serpent suddenly doth tread,
Plucks backe his foote, and turnes away his face,
His colour fading pale, as he were dead :
Thus he the place, thus he the act doth shun,
Lothing to see what he before had done.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 327.]

M. DRAYTON.

Looke how the god of wifedome marbled stands,
 Bestowing laurell wreaths of dignitie
 In Delphos ile, at whose impartiall hands
 Hang antique scrolles of gentle herauldry,
 And at his feete ensignes and trophies lie ;
 Such was my state, whom every man did follow,
 As living statue of the great Apollo.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Even as the hungry winter-starved earth,
 When she by nature labours towards her birth,
 Still as the day upon the darke world creepes,
 One blossome forth after another peeps,
 Till the small flower, whose roote is now unbound,
 Gets from the frostie prison of the ground,
 Spreading the leaves unto the powrefull noone,
 Deckt in fresh colours, smiles upon the funne.
 Never unquiet care lodg'd in that brest
 Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest.

[*Epistle, Henry II to Rosamond*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

Courage.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
 Hath long beene under-kept and downe suppressed,
 With murmurous disdaine doth inly rave,
 And grudge in so strait prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious infest,
 And strives to mount unto his native seate ;
 All that did erst it hinder and molest
 It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoke, with rage and horror great :

So mightily the Brittain prince him roud
Out of his hold.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xi, st. 32.]

EDM. SPENCER.

As he, that strives to stop a sudden flood
And in strong banks his violence inclose,
Forceth it swell above his wonted moode,
And largely overflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the country seemes to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordone ;
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine
To see his whole yeeres labour lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone :
So him he held, and did through might amate.

[*Ibid.*, B. iii, c. vii, st. 34.]

IDEM.

Like as a saphire, hanging downe the breast,
A farre more orient glittering doth make,
Than doth a diamond of good request
Set in a bracelet, and more glory take,
Not for the vertue but the places sake :
So did a cloudy saphire dimme my light,
Not with his worth, but with his places height.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Of Adam.

Thou see'st no wheat helleborus can bring,
Nor barley from the madding morrell spring,
Nor bleating lambes brave lyons do not breed,
That leापrous parents raise a leaprous seed.
Even so our grandfyr, living innocent,

Had stockt the whole world with a faint descent,
 But suffering finne in Eden him invade,
 His sonnes the sonnes of finne and wrath he made.

J. SYLVESTER.

As done the pots that long retaine the taste
 Of licour, such as first was in them plasfte ;
 Or like the tree that bends his elder braunch
 That way where first the stroke had made his launch ;
 So see we wolves and beares and harts, full old,
 Some tameneffe from their daunted youth to hold.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HUDSON.

..... Loves fiery dart
 Could nere unfreeze the frost of her chaste hart ;
 But as the diamond bides the hammer strong,
 So she refistd all her futers long.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

Drunkards.

The more he dranke, the more he did desire,
 Like to the ocean sea, though it receaves
 All Nilus flouds, yet all fresh water craves
 From east to west ; yet growes he not a graine,
 But still is ready for as much againe.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*]

IDEM.

The staves, like yce, in shivers small did flie ;
 The splints, like byrds, did mount unto the skie.

[*Sir J. Harington's Orlando Furioso*, B. xlvii, st. 98.

M. DRAYTON.

Ill Companie.

Like as the perfect pylot feares to runne
Upon the rocks, with singling sheet doth flunne
Cyadnes straits, or Syrtes sinking sands,
Or cruell Capharois with stormy strands :
So wisely she dishaunted the resort
Of such as were suspect of light report,
Well knowing, that th' quaintance with the ill
Corrupts the good, and though they ever still
Remain upright, etc.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON, fol. 452.

Looke how the peacocke ruffles his flanting taile,
And strutts under his mooned canapie,
And how he quivers with his mooned faile ;
Yet when his lead pale legs he haps to see,
With shame abates his painted jollitie :
The king, as proud as peacocke in his love,
Yet droupes again, when words nor tears will move.

M. DRAYTON.

Night.

Looke how a bright starre shooteth from the skie ;
So glides he in the night from Venus eye ;
Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing upon a late-embarqued frend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend :
So did the mercileffe and pitchy Night

Fold in the object that did feed her fight.

[*Venus and Adonis*, 1593, st. 136.]

W. SHA.

King.

When as the sun forfakes his christall spheare,
How darke and ugly is the gloomy skie,
And in his place ther's nothing will appeare
But cloudes that in his glorious circuit flie :
So when a king forfakes his royall place,
There still succedes oblique and darke disgrace.

[*Legend of Humphrey of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 115.]

CH. MIDDLETON.

Looke how the day-hater, Minervaes bird,
Whilest priviledged with darknes and the night,
Doth live secure t' himselfe, of others feard ;
If but by chaunce discovered in the light,
How doth each little foule, with envy stird,
Call him to justice, urge him with despight,
Summons the feathered flocks of all the wood
To come to scorne the tyrant of their blood :
So fares this King, laid open to disgrace.

[*Civil Wars*, B. ii, st. 99, edit. 1609.]

S. DANIELL.

And forth hee's brought unto the accomplishment,
Deckt with the crowne, and princely robes that day ;
Like as the dead, in other lands, are sent
Unto their graves, in all their best aray ;
And even like good did him this ornament,
For what he brought he must not beare away,
But buries there his glory and his name,

Intomb'd both in his own and others blame.

[*Civil Wars*, B. ii, st. 108.]

S. DANIELL.

Companie.

Remaine upright, yet some will quarrell pike,
And common brute will deeme them all alike :
For looke how your companions you elect
For good or ill, so shall you be suspect.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON.

Of Victorie.

Like as whilome that strong Tirynthian swaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
And, roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull fun, that he might tell
To grisly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghaasts which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth shunne ;
So led this knight his captive, with like conquest woone.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. xii, st. 35.]

ED. SPENCER.

Like as in sommers day, when raging heate
Doth burne the earth, and boyled rivers drie ;
That all brute beasts, forste to refraine from meate,
Do hunt for shade where shrouded they may lie,
And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie,
All travailers tormented are with paine ;
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And powreth forth a suddaine showre of raine.

That all the wretched world recomforteth againe :
So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of mayden-head that day.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. iv, st. 47.]

ED. SPENCER.

As when a troupe of haruest thrifty fwaines
With cutting fythes earth ripened riches mowes,
Whole sheaves of corne lye strowen upon the plaines ;
So fall the Scots before the conquering foes.

D. LODGE.

Death.

On Appenine, like as a sturdy tree
Against the windes that makes resistance stout,
If with a storme it overturned bee,
Falles downe and breakes the trees and plants about ;
So Latine fell, and with him felled hee,
And slew the nearest of the Pagan rout.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. ix, st. 39.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

Like as the sacred oxe, that carelesse stands,
With gilden hornes and flowry girlonds crownd,
Proud of his dying honour and deare bands,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankensence around,
All suddenly, with mortall stroke astownd,
Doth grovelling fall, and with his streaming gore
Distaines the pillars and the holy ground,
And the faire flowers that decked him afore :
So fell proud Marinell upon the precious shore.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. iv, st. 17.]

ED. SPENCER.

Like as a shippe, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible difmay,
Her shattered ribbes in thousand peeces rives,
And, spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray :
So downe the cliffe the wretched giant tumbled.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. ii, st. 50.

ED. SPENCER.

Like an automall starre which, ruddy, doth foreshewe
Some death, some pestilence, some bloody overthrowe,
He buskles with his foe, the assailant he assaults,
And resolute he markes his arrowes weake defaults ;
Then entring in betweene his breft-plate and his bafes,
He seeks his sinful foule, there finds, and thence it chafes.

J. SYL.

Fight.

Like as two mastiffe dogs, with hungry mawes,
Mov'd first to hate, from hate to raging ire,
Approach with grinning teeth and grisly jawes,
With staring eyes, as red as flaming fire ;
At last, they bite and scratch with teeth and clawes,
Tearing them selves, and tumbling in the mire :
So, after biting and reproachfull words,
Sacrapant and Rinaldo drew their swords.

[*Sir J. Harington's Orlando Furioso*, B. ii, c. v] ED. SPENCER.

Like as an exhalation, hot and drie,
Amongst the aire-bred moisty vapours throwne
Spetteth his lightening forth outrageously,
Renting the thick clouds with a thunder-stone,

As though the huge all covering heaven did grone :
 Such is the garboyle of this conflict then,
 Brave Englishmen encountring Englishmen.

[*Repeated from p. 512.*]

M. DRAYTON.

Like as ye see the wallowing fea to strive
 Flood after flood, and wave with wave to drive ;
 Then waves with waves, then floods with floods to chace,
 And eft returnes unto their former place :
 Or, like the crops of corne in midft of May,
 Blowne up with wefterne wind, aside do fway
 Both too and fro, as force doth them conftreine,
 And yet their tops redreffeth up againe :
 So whiles the Sirians are by Medes displaced,
 And whiles the Medes by Syrians are rechaced.

[*History of Judith, 1584.*]

TH. HUDSON.

Like as a puttock, having fpied in fight
 A gentle faulcon fitting on an hill,
 Whofe other wing, now made unmeet for flight,
 Was lately broken by fome fortune ill ;
 The foolifh kite, led with licentious will,
 Doth beat upon the gentle byrd in vaine,
 With many idle ftoopes her troubling ftill :
 Even fo did Radigond with bootlefse paine
 Annoy this noble knight, and forely him conftreine.

[*Fairy Queen, B. v, c. v, st. 15.*]

ED. SPENCER.

Even as an eagle, that efpies from hie
 Among the hearbes a partie coloured fnake ;
 Or on a banke funning her felfe to lie,

Casting the elder skin, a new to make,
 Lies hovering warily till she may spie
 Advantage fure the venomd worme to take ;
 Then takes him by the backe, and beats her wings,
 Maugre the poyson of his forked stings :
 So doth Rogero, both with sword and speare,
 The cruell monfter warily affaile.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. x, st 89]

S. J. HARR.

But as a mountaine, or a cape of land,
 Affaild with stormes and seas on every side,
 Doth unremoved, stedfast, still withstand
 Storme, thunder, lightning, tempest, wind, and tide ;
 The Souldan so withstood Latinus band.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, B. ix, st. 31.]

ED. FAIRFAX.

So thicke flew stones and darts, that no man sees
 The azure heavens, the funne his brightnes lost ;
 The cloudes of weapons, like two swarms of bees
 Met in the aire, and there each other croft :
 And looke how falling leaves drop downe from trees,
 When the moyst fappe is nipt with timely frost,
 Or apples in strong windes from braunches fall :
 The Sarazens so tumbled from the wall.

[*Ibid.*, 1600, B. xi, st. 48.]

IDEM.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hie,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy frowe,
 The cloudes, as things afraid, before him flie,
 But all so soone as his outrageous power
 Is laid, they fiercely then begin to fhowre ;

And, as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all at once their malice forth do powre :
 So did Sir Guion beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffered rash Pyrocles waste his idle might.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. viii, st. 48.]

ED. SPENCER.

As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
 Like eyas hauke upmounts unto the skies,
 His newly budded pinions to affay,
 And marvellis at himselfe still as he flies ;
 So new this new-borne knight to battle new did rise.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. xi, st. 34.]

IDEM.

As gentle shepheard in sweete even-tide,
 When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
 He on an hill, his flocke to viewen wide,
 Markes which do bite their hasty supper best ;
 A cloud of combrous gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stings,
 That, from their noyance, he no where can rest ;
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth off, and oft doth marre their murmurings.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. i, st. 23.]

IDEM.

But they, him spyng, both with greedie force
 At once upon him ranne, and him beset
 With stroakes of mortall steele, without remorse,
 And on his shield like iron sledges bet :
 As when a beare and tigre, being met

In cruell fight on Lybicke ocean wide,
Espie a traveller with feet furbet,
Whom they in equall pray hope to deuide,
They stint their strife, and him assaile on every side.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ii, st. 22.]

ED. SPENCER.

Of Noife. Clamour.

As great a noife, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An herd of bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbor woods around with hollow murmur ring.

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. viii, st. 11.]

IDEM.

Or when the shapelesse huge leviathan
Hath thrust himselfe upon the sandie shore,
Where (monster like) affrighting every man,
He belloweth out a fearefull deadly rore ;
Even such a clamour through the aire doth thunder,
The dolefull prefage of some fearefull wonder.

[*Legend of Pierce Gaveston*, 1596, st. 153.]

M. DRAVTON.

Joy.

Much like as when the beaten marriner,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Oft soust in swelling Tethis saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawnie hide,
With blustering breath of heaven that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound ;
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearefull whistle merily doth found,

And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledge
around ;

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i. c. iii, st. 31.]

ED. SPENCER.

Looke how a troupe of winter prifoned dames,
Pent in the inclofure of the walled townes,
Welcomes the fpring, uſher to ſommers flames,
Making their paſtimes on the flowry downes,
Whoſe beautious arras, wrought in natures frames,
Through eies admire, the heart with wonder crownes :
So theſe wood-walled citizens at ſea
Welcome both ſpring and ſommer in a day.

[*Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinville*, 1595.]

I. MARKHAM.

Like as a ſhip, with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Having ſpent all her maſts and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour, likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold :
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight.

[*Ibid.*, B. vi, c. iv, st. I.]

IDEM

Pollicie.

As when, to purge exceſſive moiſt deſcending
From Saturns ſpheare, or elſe ſuperfluous heate,
Jove ſtird up by Mars (common good entending)
Sends lightning flaſh to lay their angry threate :
So wiſer heads, that knew the ſcourage of warre,
Sought ſooth-ſaſt meanes to mitigate the jarre.

[*Elſtred, appended to Phillis*, 1593.]

D. LODGE.

As when a skilfull marriner doth read
A storme approaching, that doth perill threate,
He will not bide the danger of such dread,
But strikes his failes, and vereth his mainsheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie aire to beate ;
So did the faiery knight himselfe abeare.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. xii, st. 18.]

ED. SPENCER.

As pilot, well expert in perillous wave,
That to a steadfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mists or cloudie tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lamp yblent,
And covered heaven with hidious dreriment,
Upon his card and compasse firmes his cie,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steddie helme applie,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward flie ;
So Guyon.

[*Ibid.*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 1.]

IDEM.

Labour.

Like as ye see, sometimes, the honey-bees
Exerce themselves on buds of sweetest trees,
Where they sometime assault the buzzing waspe,
That come too neare, their flames away to claspe :
Or, when they honey draw from smelling time,
Or from the palme, or roses of the prime,
And how they draw their waxe with wondrous art,
Observing joynture just in every part,
Both up and downe they build ten thousand shops,

With equall space fulfild up to the tops :
 Or where the maister-bee of thousand bands
 Conduëts the rest in legions through the lands,
 Who daily keepes, within their citie-wall,
 Their house, their worke, their lawes, and maners all ;
 So thus the sonnes of Jacob plide their paine,
 With whole desire their quarell to sustaine.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON.

As do those emmets, that in sommer tide
 Come out in swarmes their houses to provide,
 In harvest time their toile may best be scene,
 In pathes where they their carriage bring betweene ;
 The sick and old at home do keepe the score.—
 And over grainell great they take the charge,
 Oft turning corne within a chamber large,
 (When it is dight) leaft it do sprout or feed,
 Or come againe, or weevils in it breed.
 While the armorers, with armour hard and great,
 On studies strong the sturdie Steele do beate ;
 And makes thereof a corpslet or a jacke,
 Sometime a helme, sometime a mace doth make ;
 Whiles shepheards they enarme, unuse to danger,
 Whiles simple heards, and whiles the wandring stranger :
 The tilling culter then a speare was made,
 The crooked fithe became an evened blade :
 The people foode forgets, no ease they take,
 Some on an horse, some on his proper backe,
 Some on a cart, some on a camell beares
 Corne, wine, and flesh, to serve for many yeares.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Warre.

Like to a river, that is stopt his course,
 Doth violate his bankes, breakes his owne bed,
 Destroyes his bounds and overruns by force
 The neighbour fieldes, irregularly spread :
 Even so this sudden stop of Warre doth nurse
 Home broiles within it selfe from others lead ;
 So daungerous the chaunge thereof is tried,
 Ere mindes 'come soft, or otherwise imploide.

[*Civil Wars*, edit. 1609, B. i, st. 83.]

S. DANIELL.

Astonishment.

As when the mast of some well timbred hulke
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
 Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
 And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne,
 Whilst still she stands astonisht and forlorne :
 So was he stound with stroake of her huge taile.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. xi, st. 29.]

ED. SPENCER.

Where lying still a while, both did forget
 The perillous present stownd in which their lives were fet.
 As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
 With murdrous weapons armd to cruell fight,
 Do meete together on the watrie lea,
 They stem each other with so fell despight,
 That, with the shocke of their own heedlesse might,
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh afunder.
 They which from shore behold the dreadfull fight
 Of flashing fier, and heare the ordinance thunder,

Do greatly stand amazd at such unwonted wonder.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. ii, st. 15.]

IDEM.

Care of Children.

All as the painefull ploughman plies his toile,
 With share and culter shearing through the foile
 That cost him deare, and ditches it about,
 Or crops his hedge to make it underprout ;
 And never staies to ward it from the weede,
 But most respects to sowe therein good feede,
 To th' end, when sommer decks the medowes plaine,
 He may have recompence of costs and paine :
 Or like the maide who carefull is to keepe
 The budding flowre, that first begins to peepe
 Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
 To make it seemely shew the head aloft,
 That it may (when she drawes it from the stocks)
 Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks ;
 So wife Merari all his studie stild,
 To fashon well the maners of this child.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON.

Libertie.

For like a lion that escapes his bownds,
 Having bene long restraind his use to stray,
 Raunges the reftlesse woods, staies on no ground,
 Riots with bloudshed, wantons with his pray,
 Seekes not for need, but in his pride to wound,
 Glorying to see his strength, and what he may :
 So this unbridled king, freed of his feares,

In libertie himfelfe thus wildly beares.

[*Civil Wars*, B. i, st. 56.]

S. DANIELL.

Like as the hawke which foareth in the skie,
And climes aloft for folace of her wing,
The greater gate ſhe getteth up on hie,
The truer ſtoope ſhe makes at any thing ;
So ſhall you ſee my muſe, by wandering
Find out at laſt the right and ready way,
And keepe it ſure, though erſt it went aſtray.

[*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*, 1587, st. 34.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Like as a ſhip, that through the ocean wide
Directs her courſe unto one certaine coaſt,
Is met with many a counterwind and tide,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe herſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt ;
Yet making many a boord and many a bay,
Still winneth way, and hath her compaſſe loſt :
Right ſo it fares with me, in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtaid, yet never is aſtray.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. xii, st. 1.]

ED. SPENCER.

..... As ſhe was looking in a glaſſe,
She ſawe therein a mans face looking on her ;
Whereat ſhe ſtarted from the frighted glaſſe,
As if ſome monſtrous ſerpent had bene ſhewen her :
Riſing as when the ſunne in Leo ſigne,
Auriga, with the heavenly goale upon her,
Shewes her hornd head, with her kids divine,
Whoſe riſe kils vines, heavens face with ſtormes diſguiſing,

No man is fafe at fea, the Hædy rifing.
 So ftraight wrapt ſhe her body in a cloude,
 And threatned tempeſt for her high diſgrace ;
 Shame, from a bowre of roſes did unſhrowde,
 And ſpread her crimſon wings upon her face.

G. CHAPMAN.

Multitude.

Like, when ſome maſtiffe-whelp, diſpoſd to play,
 A whole confuſed heard of beaſts doth chafe,
 Which with one vile conſent runne all away ;
 If any hardier then the reſt in place
 But offer head, that idle feare to ſtay,
 Backe ſtrait the daunted chacer turnes his face,
 And all the reſt, (with bold example led)
 As faſt runne on him, as before they fled :
 So, with this bold oppoſer, ruſhes on
 This many-headed monſter, Multitude !

[*Civil Wars*, B. ii, ſt. 11.]

S. DANIELL.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
 Hath in a watry cloud diſplaied wide
 Her goodly bowe, which paints the liquid aire,
 That all men wonder at her colours pride ;
 All fuddenly, ere one can looke aſide,
 The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide :
 So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
 And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. v, c. iii, ſt. 25.]

ED. SPENCER.

Beautie.

Like as a tender rofe, in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head ; foone as fewe drops of raine
Thereon diftill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with frefh wonted grace
Dispreds the glory of her leaves gaye ;
Such was Irænas countenance, fuch her cafe.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. xii, st. 13.]

ED. SPENCER.

Now like the wind and tide, when they do meet
With envious oppositions, do affright
The leffer ftreames, running for to regret
The ocean empire ; fo do thefe two fight :
One labours to brings all things to his will,
The others care workes to prevent that ill.

[*Legend of Humphrey of Gloucester*, 1600, st. 41.] CH. MIDDLETON.

Descriptions of Pallaces, Castles, &c.

A ftately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whofe walles were high, but nothing ftrong nor thick,
And golden foyle all over them difplaid,
That pureft fkie with brightneffe they difmaid :
High lifted up were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of fayre windowes and delightfull bowres ;
And on the top a dyall told the timely howres.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. iv, st. 4.]

ED. SP.

The soveraigne Castel of the rocky yle,
 Wherein Penelope, the princess, lay,
 Shone with a thousand lampes, which did exile
 The shadows darke, and turnd the night to day.
 Not Joves blew tent, what time the funny ray
 Behind the bulwarke of the earth retires,
 Is seene to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

[*Orchestra*, 1596, st. viii.]

I. DAVIES.

Logistillaes Castle.

And such a Castle, that in stately shoue
 And costely substance, others all surmounted :
 The valew of the walles can no man knowe,
 Except he first upon the same had mounted.
 Men have not jewels of such price belowe,
 Diamonds are to these but droffe accounted ;
 Pearles are but pelfe, and rubies all are rotten.
 Where stones of such rare vertue can be gotten.
 These walles are built of stones of so great price,
 All other unto these come far behinde ;
 In these men see the vertue and the vice
 That cleaveth to the inward soule and minde :
 Who looks in such a glasse may grow so wise,
 As neither flattering praises shall him blinde
 With tickling words, nor undeserved blame,
 With forged faults shal worke him any shame.
 From hence doth come the everlasting light,
 That may with Phœbus beames so cleare compare,
 That when the Sunne is downe, there is no night
 With those that of these jewels stored are :

These gems do teach us to discern aright,
 These gems are wrought with workmanship so rare,
 That hard it were to make true estimation
 Which is more worth, the substance or the fashion.
 On arches raised of porphyrie passing hie,
 So hie, that to ascend them seemed a paine,
 Were gardens faire, and pleasant to the eie :
 Fewe found so faire below upon a plaine.
 Sweet smelling trees in order standing by,
 With fountaines watering them in stead of raine,
 Which doth the same so naturally nourish,
 As all the yeare both flowers and fruites do flourish.
 No weeds or fruitlesse trees are in this place,
 But hearbes whose vertues are of highest price,
 As soveraigne sage, and thrift, and hearbe of grace,
 And tyme, which well bestowed maketh wise ;
 And lowly patience, proud thoughts to abase ;
 And harts ease, that can never grow with vice :
 These are the hearbes that in this garden grew,
 Whose vertues do their beauties still renew.

[*Orlando Furioso*, 1591, B. x, st. 49.]

S. J. H.

First she them led up to the Castle-wall,
 That was so hie as foe might not it clime ;
 And all so faire and sensible withall ;
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that Egyptian slime
 Whereof king Nine whilom built Babel towre ;
 But O great pity ! that no lenger time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure :
 Soone it must turne to earth ; no earthly thing is sure.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
 And part tryangulare, ô worke divine !
 Those two the first and last proportions are ;
 The one imperfect, mortall, feminine,
 Th' other immortall, perfect, masculine ;
 And, twixt them both, a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seven and nine :
 Nine was the circle set in heavens place,
 All which compacted, made a goodly diapase.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ix, st. 21.]

ED. SPENCER.

Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought :
 That turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted hie above this earthly masse,
 Which it surviewd, as hills doen lower ground ;
 But not on ground mote like to this be found :
 Not that which antique Cadmus whilom built
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound :
 Nor that proud towre of Troy, though richly guilt,
 From which young Hectors blood by cruel Greeks was spilt.
 The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowres and arbors daintily ;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flam'd continually :
 For they of living fier most subtilly
 Were made, and set in silver socketts bright,
 Covered with lids, devizde of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might.

O who can tell the praises of that makers might !

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. ix, st. 44.]

ED. SPENCER.

Faire roome, the prefence of sweet beauties pride,
The place the funne upon the earth did hold,
When Phaethon his chariot did misguide ;
The towne where Jove raine downe himfelfe in gold ;
O ! if Elizium be above the ground,
Then here it is, where nought but joy is found.

TH. NASHE.

Loe, Colin ! here the place whose pleafant fyte
From other fhades hath weand my wandring minde :
Tell me what wants me here to worke delight ?
The fimple aire, the gentle warbling winde,
So calme, fo coole, as no where els I finde ;
The graffie ground with daintie daizies dight,
The bramble bufh, where byrds of every kinde,
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

[*Shepherds Calendar*, 1579. June.]

ED. SPENCER.

In little time, thefe ladies found
A grove with every pleafure crownd ;
At whose sweet entry did refound
A ford, that flowred that holy ground :
From thence the sweet-breath'd windes convey
Odours from every mirtle fpray ;
And other flowers, to whose aray
A hundred harpes and timbrels play.
All pleafures ftudy can invent,
The dames eares instantly prefent ;
Voyces in all forts different,

The foure parts and the diapent.

[*Phyllis and Flora*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... On the other side a pleasant grove
Was shot up hie, full of the stately tree
That dedicated is to Olympicke Jove,
And to his sonne Alcides, when as he
Gained in Nemea goodly victorie :
Therein the merry byrds, of every sort,
Chaunted aloud their chearfull harmonie ;
And made amongst themselves a sweet consent,
That quickened the dull sprites with muscally consent.

ED. SPENCER.

Upon this mount there stood a stately grove,
Whose reaching armes to clip the welkin strove,
Of tufted cedars and the braunching pine,
Whose bushy tops themselves do so intwine,
As seemd when Nature first this worke begunne,
She then conspired against the piercing sunne ;
Under whose covert (thus divinely made)
Phebus greene lawrell flourisht in the shade,
Faire Venus mirtle, Mars his warlike firrhe,
Minervaes olive, and the weeping mirrhe ;
The patient palme which strives in spite of hate,
The poplar to Alcides consecrate :
Which nature in such order had disposed,
And therewithall these goodly walkes enclosed ;
As serv'd for hangings, and rich tapestry,
To bewtifie this stately gallery.

[*Endymion and Phoebe* 1594. Sig. B b.]

M. DRAYTON.

So faire a church as this had Venus none :
The walles were of discoloured jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd ; and over hed
A lively vine of green-sea aggat spred ;
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of christal shining faire the pavement was ;
The towne of Seftos call'd it Venus glasse.
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heddy ryots, incests, rapes.
For know, that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danaes statue in a brazen tower :
Jove fliely stealing from his sisters bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed ;
And for his love, Europa, bellowing loud,
And tumbling with a rain-bow in a cloud :
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the yron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set :
Love kindling fier to burne such townes as Troy,
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy,
That now is turn'd into a cypresse tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to bee.

[*Hero and Leander*, 1598, Sest. 1.]

CH. MARLOWE.

Not that Coloßus reared up in Rhodes,
Nor hanging gardens hovering in the skie,
Nor all the wonderous mansions and abodes
In Egypt, Lemnos, or in Italy,
Either for riches, cunning, or expence,
Might match this labyrinth for excellence.

D. LODGE.

..... Art, striving to compare
 With nature, did an arbor greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flowring faire,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
 His pricking armes, entraild with rofes red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw ;
 And all within with flowers was garnished,
 That when mild Zephyrus amongft them blew,
 Did breath out bountious smelles and painted colour shew.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. vi, st. 42.]

ED. SP.

The tower of Beautie whence alone did flowe
 More heavenly streames then former age had seene,
 Taking their current from that learned hill,
 Where lodge the brothers of admire and skil.
 Amongft the fommer bloffomes of their bowes
 A thoufand feveral coloured byrds was fet,
 Who mov'd (as seem'd) by charitable vowes
 Of excellent compaffion, ever wet
 With honourable teares, (for fates allowes
 That fenfible from fencelefse ftill fhall set
 Modells of pitie) learne there with melodie
 To cheare mens minde, foredone with miferie.

I. MARKHAM.

That done, he leads him to the higheft mount ;
 Such one as that fame mighty man of God
 That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
 On either fide difparted with his rod,
 Till that his army, dry foot through them yod,
 Dwelt fortie dayes upon ; where, writ in ftone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,

The bitter doombe of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.
Or like that sacred hill, whose head full he
Adorn'd with fruitfull olives all around,
Is, as it were, for endlesse memorie
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was found,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd.
Or like that pleasant mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets verse each where renown'd,
On which the thrice three learned ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. x, st. 53.]

ED. SPENCER.

Right in the middest of that paradize
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
Whose shady bowes sharpe Steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compass'd the height ;
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumme did drop,
That all the ground, with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odors, and most sweet delight.
And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbor, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made ;
Which, knitting their ranke braunches, part to part,
With wanton yvie twine intraild athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole among,
Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus beames could through them throng,

Nor Æolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. vi, st. 43.]

ED. SPENCER.

It was an hill plac't in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleffe height, that seemd th' earth disdaine ;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in sommer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre ;
Which in their lower braunches fung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring haukes did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majestie and power.
And at the foote thereof, a gentle floud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud :
Ne mote wild beafts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne ;
But nymphes and fairies by the bankes did sit
In the woodes shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.
And on the toppe thereof a spacious plaine
Did spread it felfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light :
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale,
So pleasantly the hill, with equall height,
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale :
Therefore it rightly cleped was mount Acidale.
They say that Venus, when she did dispose

Her selfe to pleafance, used to refort
Unto this place, and therein to refofe
And reft her felfe, as in a gladfome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and fport.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. x, st. 6.]

ED. SPENCER.

It was a chofen plot of fertile land,
Amongft the wide waves fet, like a little neft,
As if it had by natures cunning hand
Bene choifely picked out from all the reft,
And laid forth for enfample of the beft.
No daintie flower, or hearbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted bloffomes drest
And fmelling sweete, but there it might be found
To bud out faire, and throw her sweet fmels all around.
No tree whose braunches did not bravely fpring,
No braunch whereon a fine bird did not fit,
No bird but did her shrill notes sweetely fmg,
No fong but did containe a lovely dit :
Trees, braunches, birds, and fongs were framed fit
For to allure fraile mind to carelefse ease.

[*Ibid.*, B. ii, c. vi, st. 12.]

IDEM.

Groave.

A fhady Groave not farre away they fpide,
That promifd aid the tempeft to withftand :
Whofe loftie trees, yclad with fommers pride,
Did fpreade fo broad that heavens light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any ftarre ;
And all within were pathes and allies wide,

With footing worne, and leading inward farre.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st. 7.]

ED. SPENCER.

The porch was all of porphyrie and tutch,
On which the sumptuous building raifed was,
With images that seem'd to move, see, touch,
Some hewd in stone, some carv'd and cut in brasse :
Also within the beauty was as much.
Under a stately arch they strait did passe
Unto a court that good proportion bare,
And was each way one hundred cubits square.
Each of these sides a porch had passing faire,
That with an arch is on two cullomns placed ;
Of equall sise they seemed every paire,
Yet fundry workes which them the better graced :
At each of these a wide large easie staire,
Without the which all buildings are defaced ;
And those same staires, so stately mounting, led
Each to a chamber richly furnished.
The cullomns hie, the chapters gilt with gold,
The cornishes inricht with things of cost ;
The marbles fet from farre, and dearly sold,
By cunning workemen carved and embost
With images, and antiques new and old,
(Though now the night thereof concealed most)
Shew that that worke, so rich beyond all measure,
Could scant be builded with a princes treasure.
But nothing did so much the sight inrich
As did the plenteous fountaine, that did stand
Just placed in the middle, under which
The pages spread a table out of hand,

And brought forth napery rich, and plate more rich,
And meats the choyfest of the sea or land :
For though the house had stately roomes full many,
Yet in the sommer this was best of any.
This fountaine was by curious workemen brought
To answere to the rest with double square ;
Eight female statues of white marble wrought,
With their left hands an azure skie upbare ;
Which, raining still, expelled heate and drought
From all that under it or neare it are :
In their right hands was Amaltheas horne
By every one of those eight statues borne.
Each of these statues rested both their feete
Upon two images of men belowe,
That seemd delighted with the noise so sweete,
That from the water came that there did flowe :
Also they seemd the ladies lowly greete,
As though they did their names and vertues knowe.
In all their hands they held long scrowles of writings,
Of their owne pennings, and their owne endightings.
And in faire golden letters were the names
Both of the women wrote, and of the men :
The women were eight chaste and sober dames
That now do live, but were unborne as then ;
The men were poets, that their worthy fames,
In time to come, should praise with learned pen.
These images bare up a brazen treffell,
On which there stood a large white marble vessell :
This tooke the water from that azure skie,
From whence, with turning of some cocke or vice,
Great store of water would mount up on hie,

And wet all that fame court, even in a trice.

[*Orlando Furioso*, B. xlii, st. 68.]

J. HARRINGTON.

..... When many a weary step
 Had brought us to the top of yonder mount,
 Milde Zephirus embrac'd us in his armes;
 And, in a cloude of sweete and rich perfumes,
 Cast us into the lap of that greene meade,
 Whose bosome stucke with purple violets,
 Halfe budded lillies, and yong musk-rose trees,
 About whose waste the amorous woodbine twines,
 Whilst they feeme maidens in a lovers armes.
 There, on the curled forehead of a banke,
 That sweld with camomill, over whose bewtie
 A wanton hyacinth held down his head,
 And, by the winds helpe, oft stole man a kisse,
 He fate us downe, and thus we did arive.

[Some copies of E. P. read *may abide* for "man a kisse",
i. e., probably, many a kisse.]

TH. DEKKAR.

DESCRIPTION OF SEAS, WATERS, RIVERS, &c.

THE fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
 Long Rhodanus, whose fourfe springs from the skie;
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie;
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greekes and Trojans which therein did die;
 Pactolus, gliftring with his golden flood;
 And Tigris fierce, whose streames of none may be withstood.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. xi, st. 20.]

ED. SPENCER.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Meander intricate,
Slowe Peneus, and tempeftuous Phafides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ftill immaculate ;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
Tibris, renowned for the Romans fame.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. xi, st. 21.]

ED. SPENCER.

The Cydnus ftream (who, for his filver flood,
Esteemd a king) ran now with humane blood.

TH. HUDSON.

And faft befide there trickled foftly downe
A gentle ftream, whose murmuring wave did play
Amongft the pumy ftones, and made a fowne
To lull him foft afleep that by it lay.
The wearie traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirftie heate ;
And then by it his wearie limmes difplay,
Whiles creeping flumber made him to forget
His former paine, and wip't away his toylfome sweate.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. v, st. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

Faire Danubie is praifd for being wide,
Nylus commended for the fevenfold head,
Euphrates for the fwiftnesse of the tide,
And for the garden whence his courfe is led ;
The bankes of Rhene with vines are overfpread ;
Take Loyre and Po, yet all may not compare
With Englifh Thamesis for building rare.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Great Nylus land, where raine doth never fall.

[*History of Judith*, 1584.]

TH. HUDSON.

Anon he stalketh, with an easie stride,
By some cleare Rivers lillie paved side,
Whose sands pure gold, whose pibbles precious gems,
And liquid silver all the curling streames ;
Whose chiding murmure, mazing in and out,
With chriftall cesterns moates a meade about,
And th' artlesse bridges, overthwart this torrent,
Are rocks selfe-arched by the eating current ;
Or loving palmes, whose lustie females willing
Their marrow-boiling loves to be fulfilling,
And reach their husband trees on th' other bankes,
Bow their stiffe necks, and serve for passing planks.

J. SYLVESTER.

DESCRIPTION OF SEAS, WATERS, RIVERS, &c.

I WALKT along a streame for purenesse rare,
Brighter then sun-shine ; for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious pray
That in the pibble-paved channell lay.
No molten chriftall, but a richer mine ;
Even natures rarest alchumie ran there,
Diamonds resolvd, and substance more divine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appeare
A thousand naked nymphes, whose yvorie shine
Enameling the bankes, made them more deare
Then ever was that glorious Pallas gate.

Where the day-shining funne in triumph fate.
Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,
The tamoriske, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions in one union growes,
Folding their twining armes, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers either other clofe,
Lending to dulnesse feeling sympathye.
And as a costly vallance ore a bed,
So did their garland tops the brooke orespred.
Their leaves that differed both in shape and shoue,
(Though all were greene) yet difference such in greene
Like to the checkered bent of Iris bowe,
Prided the running maine as it had beene.

[*Hitherto only found in Engl. Parn.*]

CH. MARLOWE.

..... In that meade proud making gaffe,
A River, like to liquid glasse,
Did with such foundfull murmure passe,
That with the fame it wanton was.
Hard by this brooke a pine had feat,
With goodly furniture compleat,
To make the place in state more great,
And lesning the inflaming heat ;
Which was with leaves so bewtified,
And spred his brest so thicke and wide,
That all the funnes estraunged pride
Sustained repulse on every side.

[*Phyllis and Flora*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And gilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away :

Thofe that with ficknes were infected fore,
 It could recure, and aged long decay
 Renew, as it were borne that very day.
 Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
 And the English Bath, and eke the Germaine Spau,
 Ne can Cephife nor Hebrus match this well.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. xi, st. 30.]

ED. SPENCER.

Rich Oranochie, though but knowen late,
 And that huge River which doth beare his name
 Of warlike Amazons, which do poffeffe the fame.

[*Ibid.*, B. iv, c. xi, st. 21.]

IDEM.

..... With the murmuring cadence of the wave,
 Which made a prettie wrangling as it went,
 Chiding the bankes, which no more limit gave,
 There joynd their wel-tund throats with fuch consent,
 That even mad grieve at fight thereof grew grave,
 And, as enchanted, ftaid from languifhment ;
 Proving, then their delight was never greater,
 And grieve how much the more, fo much the better.

I. MARKHAM

..... Laid at eafe, a cubit from the ground,
 Upon a jasper fringd with ivie round,
 Purpled with waves, thick thrumbd with moffie rufhes,
 He falls afleep faft by a filent river,
 Whose captive ftreames, through crooked pipes ftill rufhing,
 Make sweeter muficke with their gentle gufhing,
 Then now at Tivoli, th' Hydrantike brawle
 Of rich Ferraras ftately Cardinall,

Or Ctesibes rare engines, framed there,
Whereas they made of Ibis, Jupiter.

J. SYLVESTER.

*PROPER EPITHITES AND ADJUNCTS
TO DIVERS THINGS.*

Of Trees and Hearbes.

THE sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never drie,
The builder Oake, sole king of Forrests all,
The Aspine, good for staves, the Cypresse funerall,
The Lawrell, meed of mighty conquerours
And poets sage, the Firrhe that weepeth stil,
The Willow worne of forlorne paramours,
The Eughe obedient to the benders wil,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mil,
The Mirrhe sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing il,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward found.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. i, c. i, st 9.]

ED. SPENCER.

Downe came the sacred Palmes, the Athes wilde,
The funerall Cypresse, Holly ever greene ;
The weeping Firre, thick Beech, and sayling Pine ;
The married Elme fell with his fruitful Vine.
The shooter Eughe, the broad leav'd Sycamore,
The barraine Plataine, and the Walnut found,
The Mirrhe that her fowle sin doth stil deplore,

The Alder, owner of all watrifi ground ;
 Sweet Juniper, whose shadow hurteth fore ;
 Proud Cedar, Oake, the king of Forrests crownd.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. iii, st. 75.] ED. FAIRFAX, *Transl.*

Behold, fond boy, this rozen-weeping Pine,
 This mournful Larix, dropping turpentine,
 This mounting Teda, thus with tempests torne,
 With inkie teares continually to mourne.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), Sig. C 2 b.]

M. DRAYTON.

Alcides speckled Poplar tree,
 The Palme that monarchs do obtaine,
 With love-juice staind the Mulbery,
 The fruite that deawes the poets braine,
 And Phillis Philbert there away,
 Comparede with Mirtle and the Bay :
 The tree that coffins doth adorne,
 With stately height threatning the skie,
 And for the bed of love forlorne,
 The black and dolful Ebonie :
 All in a circle compast were,
 Like to an amphitheater.

[*Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney*, 1595.]

MATH. ROYDON.

The Spartane Mirtle, whence sweet gum does flow,
 The purple Hyacinth, and fresh Costmary,
 And Saffron, fought for in Cilician foile ;
 And Lawrel, the ornament of Phæbus toile,
 Fresh Rododaphne and the Sabine flowre,
 Matching the wealth of th' auncient frankenfence ;

And pallid Ivie, building his own bowre,
And Boxe, yet mindfull of his old offence :
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse paramour ;
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience :
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell.

[*Virgil's Gnat*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

Mirtle's due to Venus, greene Lawrell's deare to Apollo,
Corn to the lady Ceres, and vines to the yong mery Bacchus ;
Poplar to Alcides, and Olives unto Minerva ;
But thou, fayre Amaranthus, gentlest floure of a thousand,
Shalt be my floure henceforth, thogh thou cam'ft from a
bleeding,

Yet blood shalt thou stanch, this gift will I give thee for ever.

[*Countess of Pembroke's Izychurch*. Twelfth Day.] ABR. FRANCE.

Dead-sleeping Poppy, and black Hellebore,
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad,
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wife Socrates ; who, thereof quaffing glad,
Powr'd out his life and last philosophie
To the faire Critias, his dearest bel amye.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 52.]

ED. SPENCER.

The wholefome Sage, and Lavender still gray,
Ranke-smelling Rue, and Comin good for eies ;
The Roses rainging in the pride of May,
Sharpe Ifope, good for greene wounds remedies :
Faire Marygolds and bees-alluring Thime,
Sweet Marjoram, and Daizies decking prime.

Coole Violets, and Orpin growing still,
 Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale ;
 Fresh Costmary, and breathfull Camomill,
 Dull Poppey, and drinke-quickning Setuale,
 Veine-healing Vervin, and head-purging Dill,
 Sound Savory, and Bazill harty-hale,
 Fat Colworts, and comforting Perfeline,
 Cold Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

[*Mniopotmos*, 1591.]

ED. SPENCER.

A soft enflowred banke imbrac'd the fount
 Of Chloris enignes, an abstracted field,
 Where grew Melanthy, great in bees account ;
 Amareus, that precious balme doth yeeld :
 Enameld Panfies, usde at nuptialls still,
 Dianaes arrow, Cupids crimson sheeld :
 Ope-morne, Night-shade, and Venus-navill ;
 Sollem Violets, hanging heads as shamed,
 And verdant Calaminth for odour famed :
 Sacred Nepenthe, purgative of care,
 And foveraigne Ruberb, that doth rancor kill :
 Sia and Hyacinth, that Furies weare ;
 White and red Jeffamines, merry Melliphill,
 Faire Crowne-imperiall, emperour of flowres ;
 Immortall Amaranth, white Aphrodit,
 And cuplike twill pants, strewd in Bacchus bowres.

[*Ovid's Banquet of Sence*, 1595.]

G. CHAPMAN.

The Marigold, Phœbus beloved friend ;
 The Moly, which from forcery doth defend.

[*Endymion and Phœbe* (1594). Sig. B 2.]

M. DRAY.

Of Beasts.

The spotted Panther, and the tulked Boare,
The Pardale swift, and the Tygre cruell,
The Antelope and Woolfe, both fierce and fell.

ED. SPENCER.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lyon king, the Elephant ;
The mayden Unicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant.

[*Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

Rivers.

The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame ;
Long Rhodanus, whose fourse springs from the skie ;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie,
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with bloud
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die ;
Pactolus, glistering with his golden flood,
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. xi, st. 20. *Repeated from* p. 548.]

ED. SPENCER.

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Meander intricate,
Slowe Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides.
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus stil immaculate ;
Oraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
Tibris, renowned for the Romaines fame.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 21. *Repeated from* p. 549.]

IDEM.

Fishes.

Spring-headed Hydres, and fea-shouldring Whales,
 Great whirpooles which all Fishes make to flee;
 Bright Scholopendraes arm'd with silver scales,
 Mighty Monoceros with immeasured tales:
 The dreadfull fish that hath deferv'd the name
 Of death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hue;
 The grisly Wafferman, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursue.
 The horrible sea-fatyre, that doth shewe
 His fearful face in time of greatestt storme;
 Huge Ziffius, whom mariners eschewe
 No lesse then rockes, (as travaillers informe)
 And greedy Rosmarines with visages deforme.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii. c. xii, st. 23.]

ED. SPENCER.

Is the brave Normans courage now forgot?
 Or the bold Britons lost the use of shot?
 The big bon'd Almains, and stout Brabanters?
 Or do the Piccards let the crosbowes lie?
 Once, like the Centaurs of old Theffaly.

M. DRAY.

Of Birdes.

The flkie-bred Eagle, royall bird,
 Percht there upon an oake above:
 The Turtle by him never stird,
 Example of immortall love!
 The Swan that sings, about to die,

Leaving Meander, flood thereby.

[*Elegy on Sir Philip Sidney*, 1595.]

M. ROYDON.

The ill fac'te Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere ;
The hoarse night-raven, trompe of doleful dreere ;
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemie ;
The ruful Strich, stil wayting on the bere,
The Whistler thril, that who so heares doth die ;
The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destenie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. xii, st. 36.]

ED. SPENCER.

The red-thankt Orcads, toucht with no remorse,
The light-foote Irish, which with darts make warre,
Th' rancke riding Scot on his swift running horse,
The English archer, of a lyons force,
The valiant Norman, all his troopes among,
In bloody conquest tryed, in armes trained long.

[*Legend of Robert of Normandy*, 1596, st. 132.] M. DRAYTON.

Of Hounds.

..... Grimme Melampus with the Ethiops feete,
White Leucon, and all-eating Pamphagos,
Sharp-sighted Dorceus, wild Oribasus,
Storme-breathing Lelaps, and the savage Theron ;
Wing'd-footed Pterelas, and hind-like Ladon,
Greedy Harpyia, and the painted Stycte,
Fierce Trigis, and the thicket-seacher Agre,
The blacke Melaneus, and the bristled Lachne,
Leane-lustfull Cyprius, and big-chested Aloe.

[*Hymnus in Cynthiam*, 1594.]

G. CHAPMAN.

..... Repentance, fad ;
Praier, sweete, charming ; fasting, hairy clad.

J. SYL.

On th' other side in one confort there fate
Cruell revenge, and rancorous despight,
Disloyall treason, and heart-burning hate ;
But gnawing jealouzie, out of their fight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite,
And trembling feare still too and fro did flie,
And found no place where safe he shrowd him might.
Lamenting forrowe did in darkeneffe lie,
And shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. ii, c. vii, st. 22.]

ED. SP.

Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure ;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watrie shore ;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre of late.

IDEM.

Nymphs.

The wooddy Nymphs, faire hamadryades,
And all the troupes of lightfoot naides.

IDEM.

Satires.

The Fawnes and Satires, from the tufted brakes,
Their brisly armes wreathd all about with snakes,
Their sturdy loynes with ropes of Ivie bound,
Their horned heads with woodbine chaplets crown'd,
With cypresse javelings, and about their thies

The flaggy haire difordered loofely flies.

[*Endymion and Phæbe* (1594), Sig. F.]

M. DRAYTON.

Frefh fhadowes, fit to fhrowd from funny ray,
 Faire lawnes, to take the funne in feafon due,
 Sweet fprings, in which a thoufand bubbles play,
 Soft rombling brookes, that gentle flomber drew ;
 High reared mounts, the lands about to vew ;
 Low looking dales, difjoynd from common gaze ;
 Delightfull bowres, to folace lovers true ;
 Falfc labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze,
 All which by nature made, did natures felfe amaze.

ED. SP.

Behind him were—reproach, repentance, fhame ;
 Reproach the firft, fhame next, repent behinde ;
 Repentance feeble, forrowfull, and lame,
 Reproach, defpightfull, carelefse and unkinde,
 Shame moft il-favoured, beftiall, and blinde ;
 Shame lowrd, repentance fighd, reproach did fcolde :
 Reproach fharp ftings, repentance whips entwinde,
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold ;
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. xii, st. 24.]

IDEM.

Emongft them was ftearne strife, and anger ftout,
 Unquiet care, and fond unthriftie head,
 Lewd loffe of time, and forrow feeming dead,
 Inconftant change, and falfe difloyaltie,
 Confuming riotize, and guiltie dread
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint infirmitie,
 Vile povertie, and laftly death with infamie.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iii, c. xii, st. 25.]

ED. SPENCER.

His angry steed did chide his foaming bitte.

IDEM.

Rich Oranochye, though but knowen late,
And that huge river which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possesse the fame.

[*Repeated from p. 552.*]

IDEM.

Hearbes.

The fable Henbane, Morrell making mad,
Cold poyfoning Poppey, itching, drowfie, fad ;
The stifning Carpefe, th' eyes-foe Hemlock stinking,
Limb-numming, belching, and the finew shrinking ;
Dead-laughing Apium, weeping Aconite,
(Which, in our vulgar, deadly Wolfes Bane hight)
The dropfie-breeding, sorrow-bringing Pfyllie,
(Here called Fleawurt) Colchis banefull Lillie,
(With us wild Saffran) blistering, biting, fell,
Hot Napell, making lips and toong to swell,
Blood-boyling Yew, and coftive Miffeltoc,
With yce-cold Mandrake.

J. SYLVESTER.

..... Through crooked woods he wandreth,
Round-winding rings, and intricate meanders,
Falso guiding pathes, doubtful beguiling straies ;
And right strong errors of an endlesse maze.

IDEM.

There springs the shrub tree, foote above the grasse,
Which feares the keene edge of the curtelace,

Whereof the rich Egiptian fo endeares
Roote, barke, and fruite, and yet much more the teares.
There lives the fea-oake in a litle shell,
There growes untild the ruddy cochenell,
And there the chermez, which on each side armes
With pointed prickles all his precious armes ;
Rich trees and fruitfull in these wormes of price,
Which pressed, yeeld a crimfon coloured juice,
When thousand lambs are died fo deepe in graine,
That their owne mothers know them not againe.
There mounts the melt, which serves in Mexico
For weapon, wood, needle, and thred to fowe,
Bricke, honey, fugar, fucket, balme, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line ;
His wood for fier, his harder leaves are fit
For thousand uses of inventive wit.

J. SYLVESTER.

The pedant minifter, and serving clarke,
The tenpound bafe, frize jerkin hireling,
The farmers chaplaine, with his quarter warke,
The twentie-noble curate, and the thing
Call'd elder ; all these needs will bring
All reverend titles into deadly hate,
Their godly calling, and their hie estate.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Of Trees.

The shady groaves of noble palm-tree spraves,
Of amorous mirtles, and immortall baies.

Never unlearn'd, but evermore there new,
 Selfe arching armes in thousand arbours grew.

J. SYLVESTER.

Rivers.

Swift Gyhon, Physon, and rich Tigris wide,
 And that faire streame, whose silver waves do kis
 The monarch towers of proud Semyranis,
 Euprates.

IDEM.

Of Homer.

..... Sweete-numbred Homer.

J. SYL.

Heart-stealing Homer, marrow of the Muses,
 Chiefe grace of Greece, best pearle of Poetrie,
 Drowner of foules with arts orewhelming fluces,
 Embellished with Phœbus lunarie,
 Deckt with the Graces rich imbroderie :
 Sweete honey-suckle, whence all poets sprights
 Sucke the sweete honey of divine delights.

[*Life and Death of Sir F. Drake*, 1596, st. 140.] C. FITZ-JEFFREY.

Of S. P. S.

Nectar-tongu'd Sydney, Englands Mars and Muse.

[*Ibid.*, st. 195.]

IDEM.

Windes.

..... O heavens fresh fannes, (quoth hee)
 Earths sweeping broomes, of forrests enemie :

O you, my heraulds and my messengers,
My nimble posts and speedy messengers,
My armes, my finewes, and my eagles swift,
That through the aire my rolling chariot lift.

J. SYLVESTER.

The Aeolian crowde.

IDEM.

O faced olive, firftling of the fruites,
Health-boading branch,

IDEM.

The proud horfe, the rough-skind elephant,
The lustie bull, the camell water want.

IDEM.

..... Let the pearly morne,
The radiant noone, and rhumie evening see
Thy necke still yoaked with captivitie.

IDEM.

There natures story, till th' heaven shaker dread,
In his just wrath, the flaming sword had fet,
The passage into Paradiſe to let.

IDEM.

Of the infernall Floud.

..... He summoned up,
With thundring call, the damned crew, that sup
Of sulphurie Stix, and fiery Phlegeton,
Bloudie Cocytus, muddy Acheron.

IDEM.

..... The funne, the seasons flinter.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of Language, before confusion.

..... Ah! that Language sweete,
 Sure bond of cities, friendships masticke sweete,
 Strong curbe of anger, yerft united, now
 In thousand drie brookes straies, I wot not how :
 That rare rich gold, that charme grieffe, fancie mover,
 That calme-rage, harts theefe, quel-pride, conjure-lover,
 That purest coine, then currant in each coast,
 Now, mingled, hath found, waight, and colour lost :
 Tis counterfeit, and over every shoare
 The confusd fall of Babell yet doth roare.

IDEM.

..... Then all spake the speech
 Of God himselfe, th' old sacred idiome rich,
 Right perfect language, wher's no point nor signe
 But hides some rare deepe misterie behind.

IDEM.

Of Scaliger.

..... Scaliger, our ages wonder,
 The learned's funne, who eloquently can
 Speake Hebrew, Greeke, French, Latine, Nubian,
 Dutch, Tuscan, Spanish, English, Arabicke,
 The Sirian, Persian, and the Caldaike.
 O rich quicke spirit ! O wits chamelion !
 Which any authors colour can put on ;
 Great Julius fame, and Silviu's worthy brother,

Th' immortall grace of Gascony, their mother.

J. SYLVESTER.

Wing-footed Hermes, purfevant of Jove.

IDEM.

Of the Hebrew Tongue.

..... All haile, thou sempiternall spring
Of spirituall pictures, speech of Heavens hie King !
Mother and mistresse of all the tongues, the prime,
Which pure hast past such vast deepe gulphs of time ;
Which hast no word but waies, whose elements
Flowe with hid sense, thy points with sacraments.
O sacred dialect ! in thee the names
Of men, townes, countries, register their fames,
In brieft abridgements : and the names of birds,
Of water guefts, and forrest-haunting heards,
Are open brookes, where every man might read.

[*No author named.*]

MISCELLANEA.

Of the Graces. Acidale.

THOSE were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and daunce there day and night ;
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all that Venus in herselfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi. c. x. st. 15.]

IDEM.

They are the daughters of skie-ruling Jove,
 By him begot of faire Eurynome,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 As he, this way comming, from feastfull glee
 Of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,
 In sommers shade himfelfe here rested weary.
 The first of them hight might Euphrosyne,
 Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry,
 Sweet goddeffes al three, which me in mirth do cherry.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. x, st. 22.]

ED. SPENCER.

Therefore, they alwaies smoothly seem to smile,
 That we likewise should mild and gentle bee ;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true, from covert malice free :
 And eke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
 That two of them stil froward seemd to bee ;
 But one stil towards shewd her selfe afore,
 That good should from us go, then come in greater store.

[*Ibid.*, *ibid.*, st. 24.]

IDEM.

Simoniake and unlearned Ministers.

For such men are like curtaines, at their best,
 To make us sleepe, or hinder us from light ;
 Troublers of nature, children of the west,
 Haters of fence, adopted sonnes of night,
 In whom the wise both sorrow and delight.
 Yet were there not such vegetalls the while,
 What had the wifer sort whereat to smile ?

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

Renowned Picus of Mirandula
Hated the substance of a clergy-man
That was unlettered, and made a lawe,—
An ignorant which never had began
To seeke, or after seeking, never scan
Some part of somewhat that might wisdom bring,
Should be accounted but a living thing.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599.]

TH. STORER.

The noble Tichobraghe, for whose deare sake
All Denmarke is in admirations love,
In deepe regard such difference doth make
Betweene those men whose spirits soare above,
And those base essences which only move ;
That, in his iles horizon, he admits
No cloudy meteors of such foggy wits.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Of Beasts.

The multitude to Jove a sute imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring and howling, for to have a king :
A king, in language theirs, they said they would ;
(For then their language was a perfect speech :)
The byrds likewise, which chirpes and puing could,
Cackling and chattering, that of Jove beseech ;
Only the owle still warnd them not to seech
So hastily, that which they would repent ;
But saw they would, and he to desarts went.
Jove wisely said (for wisdom wisely saies)

O Beasts! take heed what you of me desire :
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire.
But since you will, part of my heavenly fire
I will you lend : the rest yourselves must give,
That it, both seene and felt, may with you live.
Full glad they were ; and took the naked sprite
Which strait the earth ycloathed in his clay ;
The Lyon hart, the Owne gave active might,
The Horse good shape, the Sparrow lust to play,
Nightingale voyce entising songs to say ;
Elephant gave a perfect memory,
And Parrot, ready toong that to apply.
The Foxe gave craft, the Dogge gave flattery,
Asse patience, the Mole a working thought,
Eagle high looke, Wolfe secret crueltie,
Monky sweet breath, the Cow her faire eyes brought,
The Ermion whitest skin, spotted with nought ;
The Sheepe mild seeming face, climbing the Beare,
The Stag did give the harme eschuing feare :
The Hare her sleights, the Cat his melancholy,
Ant industry, and Conny skill to build ;
Cranes order, Storkes to be appearing holy,
Camelion ease to change, Ducke ease to yeeld ;
Crocodile teares, which might be falsely spild :
Ape great thing gave, though he did mowing stand,
The instrument of instruments, the hand.

[*Arcadia*, 4to, 1590, fo. 91: edit. 1598, p. 385.] S. PHIL. SIDNEY.

Preparations for Defence.

Some built the breaches of their broken towne,
That heaven and Panim ire had casten downe ;
Some other found a cautell gainst the ramme,
To save the wall unbroken where it came.
Thus Jacobs townes on all sides had their flanks
With gabions strong, with bulwarkes and with bankes.
Some others busie went and came in routs
To terrace towers, some under baskets louts :
Some others, also wanting time and might,
To strength their townes yet used all kind of flight,
To dig up ditches deepe, for cesternes good,
To draw them to the best and nearest flood.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. i.]

TH. HUDSON.

..... The hidden love that now adayes doth hold
The Steele and load-stone, hydrargire and gold,
The amber and straw, that lodgeth in one shell
Pearle-fish and sharpling ; and unites so well
Sargons and goates, the sperage and the rose,
Th' elme and the vine, th' olive and mirtle bush,
Is but a sparke or shadow of that love,
Which at the first in every thing did move :
When as the earths Muses, with harmonious sound,
To heavens sweet musicke humbly did resound.
But Adam, being chiefe of all the strings
Of this large lute, ore-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune : and now, for melody
Of warbling charmes, it yells so hideously,

That it affrights fell Enynon, who turmoiles
To raife againe th' old chaos anticke broiles.

J. SYL.

..... Holy nectar, that in heavenly bowers,
Eternally felfe-powring, Hebe powers,
Or blest ambrosia, gods immortall fare.

IDEM.

..... O who shall shew the countenance and gestures
Of mercy and justice? which faire sacred sisters
With equal poize do ever ballance even,
Th' unchanging projects of the King of Heaven.
Th' one sterne of looke, the other mild aspecting,
Th' one pleas'd with teares, th' other blood affecting :
Th' one beares the sword of vengeance unrelenting,
Th' other Kings pardon for the true repenting :
The one, earths Eden, Adam did dismisfe,
Th' other hath raifde him to a higher blisse.

IDEM.

Day hath his golden sun, her moone the night,
Her fixt and wandring starres the azure skie ;
So framed all by their Creators might,
That stil they live and shine, and nere shall die,
Till (in a moment) with the last dayes brand
They burne, and with them burne sea, aire, and land.

[*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, 1600, B. xviii, st. 13.] ED. FAIREFAX.

..... The wolfe the trembling sheepe pursues,
The crowing cocke the lyon stout eschues,
The pullaine hide them from the puttocks flight,
The masties mute at the hyænas fight.

Yea, who would thinke of this? fel enmities
Rage in the fencelesse trunks of plants and trees :
The vine the cole, the colewort fowbread dreeds,
The fearne abhorres the hollow waving reeds ;
The olive and the oake participate,
Even to their earth, signes of their auncient hate,
Which suffers not (ô datelesse discord !) th' one
Live in that ground where th' other first hath growne.

J. SYL.

So, at the sound of wolfe-drums ratling thunder
Th' affrighted sheep-skin drum doth rent in funder :
So that fell monsters twisted entraile cuts,
By secret power, the poore lambes twined guts ;
Which, after death, in stead of bleating mute,
Are taught to speake upon an ivory lute :
And so, the princely eagles ravening plumes
The feathers of all other fowle confumes.

IDEM.

..... There the tree, from of whose trembling top,
Both swimming shoales and flying troupes do drop :
I meane the tree, now in Juturna growing,
Whose leaves, disappearst by zephyrs wanton blowing,
Are metamorphos'd, both in forme and matter,
On land to fowles, to fishes on the water.

IDEM.

..... The partrich, new-hatched, beares
On her weake backe her parents houle, and weares,
Instead of wings, a bever ruple downe.
F'ollowes her damme through furrowes up and downe.

IDEM.

* We see the new false silly lamb,
 Yet stained with blood of his distressed damme,
 Knowes well the wolfe, at whose fell sight he shakes,
 And right the teate of th' unknowne eawe he takes.

IDEM.

Furies.

..... Alecto, sad Megera, and Thesiphon,
 The Nights blacke saughters, grim-fac'd Furies sad,
 Sterne Plutoes posts.

IDEM.

Nepenthe.

Nepenthe is a drinke of soveraigne grace,
 Devised by the gods for to assuage
 Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chase,
 Which stirres up anguish and contentious rage :
 In stead thereof, sweete peace and quiet age
 It doth establish in the troubled minde.
 Fewe men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the gods to drinke thereof assignde,
 But such as drinke eternall happinesse do finde.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. iii, st. 43.]

ED. SP.

..... Nepenthe, enemy to sadness,
 Repelling sorrows, and repeating gladness :
 Elixer that excels,
 Save men or angels, every creature else.

J. SYL.

Of Echo.

Th' aires daughter Echo, haunting woods among,

A blab that will not, (cannot keepe her tongue)
Who never askes, but ever answeres all ;
Who lets not any her in vaine to call.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of the Marigold.

The Marigold so likes the lovely funne,
That when he fets, the other hides his face ;
And when he gins his morning course to runne,
She spreads abroad, and shewes her greatest grace.

[*The Ekatompathia*, (1581), son. 9.]

T. WATSON.

Of the Eagle.

No bird, but Joves, can looke against the funne.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

..... Envies bird must say, when all is donne,
No bird but one is sacred to the funne.

[*Ibid.*]

IDEM.

Hercules Labours.

Beast, Snake, Bore, Stag, Birds, Belt, Plankes, Bull,
Theefe, Fruite, Dog, Diomedes,
Choakt, scard, pauncht, cought, pierst, prizd,
Washt, throwen, flaine, puld, chaind, horfed.

W. WARNER.

Nylus.

Great Nilus land, where raine doth never fall.

[*History of Judith*, 1584. Repeated from p. 550.] TH. HUDSON.

There quakes the plant, which in Pudefetan
Is call'd the shamefac't ; for, asham'd of man.

If toward it one do approach too much,
 It shrinks the boughes, to shun our hatefull touch ;
 As if it had a soule, a sence, and sight,
 Subject to shame, feare, forow, and despyght.

J. SYLVESTER.

Of Acheron.

Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,
 That boils and bubs up swelth as blacke as hell,
 Where grisly Charon, at their fixed tide,
 Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.

[*Induction to M. for M.*, edit. 1610, p. 268.]

M. SACKVILE.

Echidna.

Echidna is a monster direfull dread,
 Whom gods do hate, and heavens abhorre to see :
 So hidious is her shape, so huge her head,
 That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
 At sight thereof, and from her presence flee.
 Yet did her face and former parts professe
 A faire young maiden, full of comely glee ;
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 A monstrous dragon, full of fearefull uglinessse.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. vi, c. vi, st. 10.]

ED. SPENCER.

Four Cardinall Vertues.

Andronica, that wisely sees before,
 And Phronesis the judge, and chaste Drucilla,
 And she that boldly fights for vertues lore,
 Descending from the Romane race, Camilla.

S. J. HARRINGTON.

Of the Eagle.

The cedar-building Eagle beares the winde,
And not the falchon, though both haukes by kinde :
That kingly bird doth from the clouds command
The fearefull fowle, that moves but nere the land.

[*Epistle, Lady J. Gray to Dudley*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAV.

Phœnix.

..... The bird of fame,
That still renewes it felfe and never dies ;
And onely one in all the world there flies.

S. J. HARRINGTON.

Of all chaft birds the Phœnix doth excell,
Of all strong beafts the lyon beares the bell,
Of all sweete flowers the rose doth sweetest smell,
Of all faire maydes my Rosalind is fairest.
Of all pure metalls gold is onely purest,
Of all high trees the pine hath higheft crest ;
Of all soft sweets I like my mistris breft ;
Of all chaft thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.
Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,
Of pretie fowles kind Venus likes the dove ;
Of trees Minerva doth the olive love.

[*Rosalynd, Euphuus' golden Legacie*, edit. 1590.]

T. LODGE.

Who holdeth league with Neptune and the winde ?

S. DAN.

The Phœnix gazeth on the funnes bright beames,
The echinæus swims against the streames.

[*History of Orlando Furioso*, 1594.]

R. GREENE.

Impossibilities.

He that the number of the leaves could cast,
 That in November falles by winters blast :
 He that could tell the drops of raine and fleete,
 That Hyad, Orion, or Pleyiades weete,
 Sheds on the ground : that man might onely tell
 What teares from Judiths eies inceffant fell.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iv.]

TH. HUDSON.

..... Like Corvine, who forgate
 His proper name ; or like George Trapezunce,
 Learned in youth, and in his age a dunce.

J. SYL.

The firmament shall retrograde his courfe,
 Swift Euphrates go hide him in his fource,
 Firme mountains skip like lambes, beneath the deepe
 Eagles shall dive, whales in the aire shall keepe,
 Ere I prefume with fingers end to touch,
 Much lesse with lippes, the fruite forbid too much.

IDEM.

Flie from thy channell, Thames : forsake thy streames,
 Leave the adamant, iron, Phœbus lay thy beames ;
 Cease, heavenly spheres, at last, your wearie warke,
 Betray your charge, returne to chaos darke :
 At least, some ruthlesse tigre hang her whelpe
 My Catesbye so with some excuse to helpe.

[*Dolman's Legend of Lord Hastings*, p. 420, edit. 1610.] M. M.

Ceston.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love,
 And wivehood true, to all that did it beare :
 But whosoever contrary doth prove,
 Might not the same about her middle weare,
 But it would loose, or else afunder teare.
 Whilom it was (as fairies wont report)
 Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare,
 What time she usde to live in wively fort,
 But laid aside, when so she usde her looser sport.
 Her husband Vulcan, whilome for her sake,
 When first he loved her with heart intire,
 This precious ornament, they say, did make,
 And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire,
 And afterward did, for her loves first hire,
 Give it to her for ever to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
 And loose affections straightly to restraine ;
 Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.—
 This goodly belt was Cestas hight by name.

[*Fairy Queen*, B. iv, c. v, st. 3.]

ED. SPENCER.

The noble lyon never slaies the least,
 But alwaies praies upon some worthy beast :
 The thunder throwes his sulphured shafts adowne
 On Atlas high, or cold Ripheus crowne :
 The tempest fell more fervently doth fall
 On houses high, then on the homely hall.

[*History of Judith*, 1584. B. iii.]

THE HUDSON

Saturn taught men, untaught before, to eare the lusty land,
And how to pierce the pathlesse aire with shaft from bow-
mans hand.

God Dis did quaile to see his gold so fast convaide from hell,
And fishes quakt, when men in ships amidst their flouds did
dwell.

[*Albion's England*, B. i, ch. i, edit. 1602.]

W. WARNER.

Twelve foule Faults.

A wise man living like a drone, an old man not devout,
Youth disobedient, rich men that are charitie without ;
A shameles woman, vicious lords, a poore man proudly stout,
Contentious Christians, pastors that their functions do ne-
glect,

A wicked king, no discipline, no lawes men to direct,
Are twelve the foulest faults that do all common-wealths
infect.

[*Ibid.*, B. ix, ch. liii.]

IDEM.

Engines of Warre.

..... The inginers have the trepan drest,
And reared up the ramme for battery best :
Here bends the briccoll, while the cable crackes ;
There crosbowes were uprent with yron rackses :
Here crooked corvies fleing bridges tall,
Their scathfull scorpions that ruines the wall.
On every side they raise, with joynture meete,
The timber towres for to commaund ech streete :
The painfull pioners wrought against their will,

With fleakes and faggots ditches up to fill.

[*History of Judith*, 1584, B. iii.]

TH. HUDSON.

..... The happie Arabs, those that builds
In thatched wagons, wandring through the fields :
The subtil Tirians, they who first were clarkes,
That staid the wandring words in leaves and barkes.

IDEM.

At Babell first, confused toongs of every nation grew.

[*Albion's England*, B. i, c. i.]

W. WARNER.

..... Idolatry thus grewe
From Ninus first, he first a monarchy did frame,

[*Ibid.*, B. i, c. i.]

IDEM.

Lord Dane the same was called then, to them a pleasing
name,

Now odioufly Lurdane say we, when idle mates we blame.

[*Ibid.*, B. iv, c. xxi.]

IDEM.

The turtle that is true and chaste in love,
Shewes by her mate something the spirit doth move :
The Arabian byrd, that never is but one,
Is only chaste because she is alone ;
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and sparrowes do ;
But, therefore, made a martyr in desire,
And doth her pennance, lastly, in the fire.

[*Epistle, King John to Matilda*, edit. 1599.]

M. DRAYTON.

Jeast not with edge tooles, suffer faints, let mighty fooles
be mad :

Note—Seneca, by Neroes doome, for precepts pennance had.

[*Albion's England*, B. iv, ch. xxi.]

W. WARNER.

The Romane widow dide, when she beheld
Her sonne (whom erst) she counted flaine in feeld.

[*Flowers*, p. 100, edit. 1587.]

G. GASCOIGNE.

Rivers.

Faire Danubie is praisde for being wide ;
Nilus commended for the seven fold head ;
Euphrates for the swiftnesse of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is led ;
The bankes of Rhene with vines are overspred ;
Take Loyre and Po, yet all may not compare
With English Thamesis for building rare.

[*Life and Death of Wolsey*, 1599. *Reprinted from* p. 549.]

TH. STORER.

FINIS.

A Table of all the speciall matters contained in this
Booke.

		Page			Page
<i>A.</i>			<i>Cupid</i>	- - -	418
<i>Albion</i>		408	<i>Ceremonie</i>	- - -	442
<i>Angels</i>		1, 2	<i>Ceston</i>	- - -	579
<i>Ambition</i>		3	<i>Confusion of Languages</i>	- - -	447
<i>Affection</i>		8	<i>Clamour</i>	- - -	527
<i>Affliction (vid. Povertie)</i>		9	<i>Care of Children</i>	- - -	532
<i>Art</i>		11	<i>Chaunge</i>	- - -	35
<i>Audacitie</i>		10	<i>Chance</i>	- - -	36
<i>Avarice</i>		12	<i>Counsaille</i>	- - -	37
<i>August</i>		431	<i>Combat</i>	- - -	409
<i>Autumnus</i>		431	<i>Concord</i>	- - -	38
<i>Apollo</i>		435	<i>Conscience</i>	- - -	40
<i>Acheron</i>		576	<i>Craft. Deceit. Fraud</i>	- - -	43
<i>Assault</i>		438	<i>Conquest</i>	- - -	44
<i>Adam</i>		441, 517	<i>Country. Commonweale</i>	- - -	45
<i>Astonishment</i>		515, 531	<i>Content</i>	- - -	46
<i>Astrologie</i>		402	<i>Court</i>	- - -	50
<i>Arithmeticke</i>		403	<i>Courtier, effeminate</i>	- - -	411
			<i>Courage</i>	- - -	48, 508, 516
<i>B.</i>			<i>Courtesie</i>	- - -	54, 507
<i>Beautie</i>		15, 486, 535	<i>Ciwill Warres</i>	- - -	512
<i>Banishment</i>		25	<i>Crueltie</i>	- - -	56
<i>Bashfulnesse</i>		25	<i>Custome</i>	- - -	56
<i>Blisse</i>		26	<i>Calme Weather</i>	- - -	420
<i>Bountie</i>		27	<i>Companie</i>	- - -	521
<i>Battaile</i>		404	<i>D.</i>		
<i>Beasts</i>		557, 569	<i>Dalliance</i>	- - -	480
<i>Byrds</i>		558	<i>Daunger</i>	- - -	57
<i>C.</i>			<i>Dearth</i>	- - -	407
<i>Care</i>		28	<i>Death</i>	- - -	60, 513, 522
<i>Charitie</i>		30	<i>Dread</i>	- - -	59
<i>Chastitie</i>		31	<i>Delaie</i>	- - -	65
<i>Children</i>		34	<i>Deluge</i>	- - -	411
<i>Christ</i>		33	<i>Delight</i>	- - -	67
<i>Cyprus</i>		414	<i>Desire</i>	- - -	68
<i>Cynthia</i>		117	<i>Destenie</i>	- - -	69
			<i>Dispaire</i>	- - -	71

	Page		Page
<i>Discord</i> - - -	77	<i>G.</i>	
<i>Dissimulation</i> - - -	79, 495	<i>Geometrie</i> - - -	403
<i>Division of the Day naturall</i> -	383	<i>Gentlenessse</i> - - -	128
<i>Diliculum</i> - - -	385	<i>Groave</i> - - -	545
<i>Description of Mammon</i> - - -	303	<i>Gifts</i> - - -	127
<i>Diana</i> - - -	416	<i>Graces</i> - - -	567
<i>Discontent</i> - - -	440	<i>Gentrie</i> - - -	129
<i>Doubt</i> - - -	445	<i>Gluttonie</i> - - -	130
<i>Description of Beautie and Per-</i>		<i>Good name</i> - - -	133
<i>sonage</i> - - -	449	<i>Goodnesse</i> - - -	133
<i>Description of Pallaces, Castles, etc.</i>	535	<i>God</i> - - -	134
<i>Description of Seas, Waters,</i>		<i>Good Deeds</i> - - -	141
<i>Rivers, etc.</i> - - -	548, 550	<i>Greatnesse</i> - - -	142
<i>Drunkards</i> - - -	413, 518	<i>Griefe</i> - - -	143
<i>Divell</i> - - -	75	<i>Gallicinium</i> - - -	384
<i>Disdaine</i> - - -	406	<i>Gunne</i> - - -	445
<i>E.</i>		<i>H.</i>	
<i>Earth</i> - - -	81	<i>Hate</i> - - -	151
<i>End</i> - - -	81	<i>Hargabush</i> - - -	445
<i>Envie</i> - - -	84	<i>Heaven</i> - - -	146
<i>Error</i> - - -	87, 501	<i>Heart</i> - - -	150
<i>Eden</i> - - -	412	<i>Hearing</i> - - -	308
<i>Egypt</i> - - -	410	<i>Haste</i> - - -	152
<i>Echo</i> - - -	574	<i>Horse</i> - - -	446
<i>Eagle</i> - - -	575, 577	<i>Hell</i> - - -	153
<i>F.</i>		<i>Honour</i> - - -	155
<i>Faith</i> - - -	89	<i>Hope</i> - - -	160, 514
<i>Fame</i> - - -	92	<i>Humilitie</i> - - -	164
<i>Famine</i> - - -	100	<i>Hypocrisie</i> - - -	165
<i>Fate</i> - - -	101	<i>Heate</i> - - -	436
<i>Fancie</i> - - -	101	<i>Hoast</i> - - -	439
<i>Feare</i> - - -	104, 498	<i>Hearbes</i> - - -	562
<i>Feeling</i> - - -	312	<i>Harpies</i> - - -	414
<i>Fortitude</i> - - -	107	<i>Hierusalem</i> - - -	410
<i>Felicitie</i> - - -	110	<i>Hounds</i> - - -	559
<i>Folly, Fooles</i> - - -	110	<i>I.</i>	
<i>Flatterer</i> - - -	111	<i>Idlennesse</i> - - -	171
<i>Fortune</i> - - -	113	<i>Jealousie</i> - - -	166
<i>Friendship, Friends</i> - - -	121	<i>Intempesta Nox</i> - - -	398
<i>Frugalitie</i> - - -	125	<i>Ignorance</i> - - -	172
<i>Furie</i> - - -	125	<i>Impatience</i> - - -	173
<i>Fight</i> - - -	523	<i>Joye</i> - - -	177, 527
<i>Furies</i> - - -	574	<i>Infamie</i> - - -	174
<i>Flight</i> - - -	500	<i>Ingratitude</i> - - -	174
<i>Fishes</i> - - -	558		

<i>Innocence</i>	175
<i>Inconstancy</i>	176
<i>Ill Company</i>	519
<i>Injustice</i>	178
<i>Justice</i>	179
<i>January</i>	420
<i>Julie</i>	432

K.

<i>Kings</i>	182, 520
<i>Kingdoms</i>	186
<i>Knowledge</i>	187
<i>Kisses</i>	405

L.

<i>Labour</i>	189, 529
<i>Learning</i>	191
<i>Lechery</i>	192
<i>Larves</i>	195
<i>Liberty</i>	196, 532
<i>Life</i>	197
<i>Love</i>	200, 496
<i>Lovers</i>	444
<i>Logistillaes Castle</i>	536
<i>Logicke</i>	405

M.

<i>Magicke</i>	226
<i>Man</i>	226, 447
<i>Marriage</i>	232
<i>Maladie</i>	237
<i>Might</i>	237
<i>Miserie</i>	239
<i>Melancholy</i>	240
<i>Miscellanea</i>	567
<i>Memorie</i>	241
<i>Mercie</i>	242
<i>Mischiefe</i>	242
<i>Minde</i>	244
<i>Monarchs</i>	247
<i>Murder</i>	248
<i>Muses</i>	249
<i>Musick</i>	252, 403
<i>Mutua nocte in limbo</i>	381
<i>Mum</i>	389
<i>Murder</i>	391

<i>Morphous</i>	433
<i>Multitude</i>	534
<i>Majestic Pomp</i>	510

N.

<i>Nepenthe</i>	574
<i>Nature</i>	254
<i>Nobilitie</i>	256
<i>Noctis initium</i>	394, 399
<i>Noctis concubium</i>	396
<i>Neptune</i>	424, 435
<i>Night</i>	519
<i>Nilus</i>	575
<i>Noise</i>	527

O.

<i>Old Age</i>	258
<i>Old Woman</i>	408
<i>Opinion</i>	260
<i>Opportunitie</i>	261
<i>Occasion</i>	262
<i>Opinion</i>	262

P.

<i>Paine</i>	146
<i>Passion</i>	266
<i>Patience</i>	263
<i>Parents</i>	266
<i>Palmer</i>	413
<i>Peace</i>	268
<i>Pleasure</i>	269
<i>Poesie</i>	272
<i>Poets</i>	276
<i>Poeticall Descriptions</i>	401
<i>Plentie</i>	281
<i>Pollicie</i>	281, 528
<i>Povertie</i>	284
<i>Praier</i>	285
<i>Praise</i>	286
<i>Providence</i>	287
<i>Pride</i>	287
<i>Paradise</i>	415
<i>Phabus</i>	435
<i>Poeticall Comparisons</i>	480
<i>Phonics</i>	577
<i>Phonics</i>	290
<i>People</i>	407

	Page		Page
<i>Proteus</i> - - -	434	<i>Tasting</i> - - -	312
<i>Posteritic</i> - - -	448	<i>Teaves</i> - - -	332
<i>Pittie</i> - - -	507	<i>Temperance</i> - - -	333
<i>Proper Epithites, &c.</i> - - -	553	<i>Thoughts</i> - - -	335
		<i>Thetis</i> - - -	434
Q.		<i>Time</i> - - -	336
<i>Quietnesse</i> - - -	293	<i>Truth</i> - - -	339
		<i>Theologie</i> - - -	401
R.		<i>Treason</i> - - -	340
<i>Rage</i> - - -	502	<i>Trees</i> - - -	563
<i>Reason</i> - - -	294	<i>Tyrannie</i> - - -	341
<i>Religion</i> - - -	296	<i>Thirst</i> - - -	408, 437
<i>Renouance</i> - - -	444	<i>Tempests</i> - - -	421
<i>Repentance</i> - - -	298		
<i>Rest</i> - - -	299	V.	
<i>Revenge</i> - - -	300	<i>Vacation</i> - - -	442
<i>Riches</i> - - -	302	<i>Vertue</i> - - -	342
<i>Reticke</i> - - -	403	<i>Vice</i> - - -	346
<i>Rainbowe</i> - - -	415	<i>Victory</i> - - -	347
<i>Rome</i> - - -	436	<i>Understanding</i> - - -	348
		<i>Vowes</i> - - -	349
S.		<i>Virginitie</i> - - -	349
<i>Sacriledge</i> - - -	306	<i>Victory</i> - - -	521
<i>Secrecie</i> - - -	306	<i>Use</i> - - -	351
<i>Silence</i> - - -	306	<i>Vesper</i> - - -	393
<i>Sences</i> - - -	307	<i>Venus</i> - - -	417, 418, 419
<i>Sight</i> - - -	308		
<i>Smelling</i> - - -	311	W.	
<i>Sinne</i> - - -	313	<i>Warre</i> - - -	353, 531
<i>Slaunder</i> - - -	316	<i>Will</i> - - -	355
<i>Solis ortus</i> - - -	392	<i>Wisedome</i> - - -	357
<i>Solis occasus</i> - - -	392	<i>Wit</i> - - -	359
<i>Spring</i> - - -	426	<i>Woe</i> - - -	361
<i>Sleepe</i> - - -	318	<i>Words</i> - - -	363
<i>Solitarinesse</i> - - -	320	<i>Women</i> - - -	367
<i>Souldiers</i> - - -	320	<i>Wrath</i> - - -	373
<i>Soule</i> - - -	321	<i>World</i> - - -	376
<i>Sorrow</i> - - -	228, 493	<i>Windes</i> - - -	413, 564
<i>Suspition</i> - - -	332	<i>Winter</i> - - -	429
<i>Sommer</i> - - -	431		
<i>Skirmish</i> - - -	439	Y.	
<i>Sorrows</i> - - -	593	<i>Youth</i> - - -	380
<i>Satires</i> - - -	560		

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